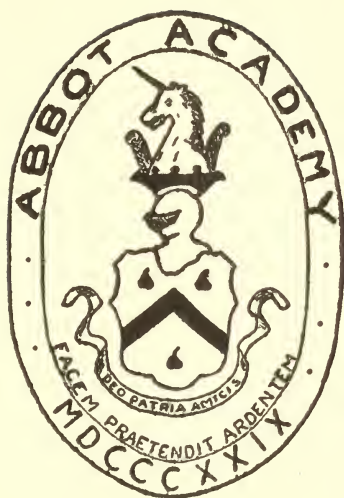


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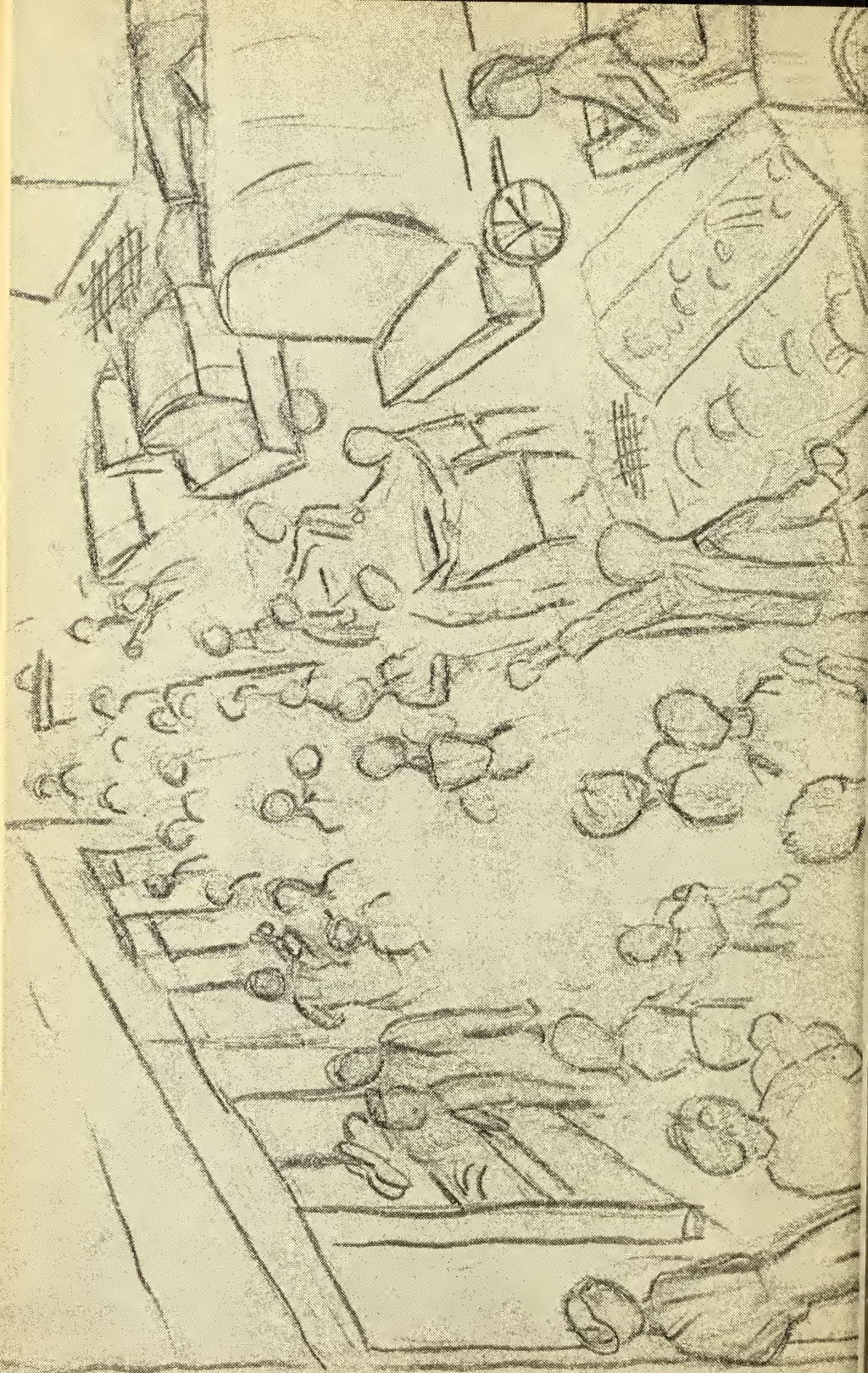
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The Market Square

On a brisk Saturday morning in the city of Boston, where the historical and the modern are side by side, I set out to visit the old Boston market in the heart of Faneuil Square, an experience I had long wanted to have. The day was typical of fall, cool, slightly windy, and the glare of the sun dulled by a soft haze. Full of anticipation, I hurried toward my destination. Rounding a corner, I left behind the bustling, modern street scene and found myself in the old market square.

This being the most important market day of the week, the square was a multi-colored mass of vendors and buyers, and the hum of the business rose ceaselessly. Between the rows of shops and market carts pulled up at the curb, a narrow stream of prospective customers was flowing, hailed and harassed from both sides by shop keepers and farmers. Crossing the cobblestone street, difficult and strange to my stumbling feet, I joined the crowd.

Although a bit frightened by this strange place and by having brought no comrade with me, I soon forgot to be uneasy and became fascinated by the people. I felt as though the imaginative characters of every tale ever told had come to life and were passing down the street with me. I longed to have enough time to study each face, to learn each life's story, to understand what troubles and pains had left scars in the wrinkles and faded eyes, but only a glance or two was allowed me.

Off to my right a tone rose higher than the regular hum, and glancing in that direction, I saw an old, shriveled-up man standing by his cart piled high with cabbages and pointing a crazy finger at me. His shrill voice chanted the virtues of his products, and a single tooth grinned at me encouragingly. Unconsciously I shrank away from his attention, and pressed closer to the shops lining the way. Looking up, I saw a sight which made me start with a smothered cry. A bunch of plucked chickens hung above my head, their long, scrawny necks swaying in the breeze, their sightless eyes closed in dried squints. A boy in a doorway flashed his dark eyes at me; his head, with a ragged cap cocked on one side, tilted back as he burst

into good humored laughter at my shocked expression. I couldn't help but join in laughing with him.

Ahead I saw a large wagon looming above all the others. It looked as though it had once been a covered wagon; the iron braces, bare of cover, curved over the frame, and inside the deep interior were crates full of all sorts of fruits and vegetables. The caretakers of this wagon were five young boys, closely resembling each other with disorderly flaxen hair. They looked young, and yet old in the ways of the world. Their every action and manner denoted defiance of restraint, and a freedom of will like that of a herd of untrained yearlings.

Deciding to return by a different route, I stepped between two carts and out into the street, free of the press of the crowd. Looking behind, I was surprised to see a horse attached to every wagon. I could hardly believe my eyes, that in this modern age, horses were still being used, even to carry products from small farms to the old market square of Boston. I realized then that nothing had really changed in this square since the old colonial times when farmers had come into Boston, then a new and growing town, to sell their goods.

My imagination began to stir. Perhaps I was standing on the spot where the Boston massacre had taken place, or where General Gage had strutted across the square; and I could almost hear the thundering guns of the Revolution. The people about me became the rebels and hard fighters who had rallied around Sam Adams, and who had risked property and life for the cause of freedom. These were the rough, weather-beaten victims of a frontier requiring hard work, and like the boys I had seen on the covered wagon, had loved freedom and hated any infringement upon it.

Suddenly I was no longer alone in the market square. All the people were familiar; they were Americans of every kind and description. We were all bound together by a common bond of gratitude to our forefathers. My eyes lifted proudly skyward, my heart sang and my feet no longer tripped unaccustomedly on the cobblestones.

MARGARET JOHNSON '54

The Gentle Art of Blowing Bubbles

I have, of late, become engrossed in the study of bubbles. Upon referring to the Encyclopedia Bewildera, I discovered that "the pelucid globules commonly known as transpicuous blobs consist of the sodium salt of stearic acid." To clarify the meaning of this I then turned to a volume of Fictional Fables wherein I found this delightful tale concerning the origin of bubbles.

It seems that bubbles were discovered entirely by accident. My friend A. said, "Who would be stupid enough to discover them on purpose?", but let us discard this as a piece of totally irreverent and irrelevant evidence. Anyway, to continue, the practice began with the first anthropoidic incumbent of the earth.

A certain Cro-Magnon possessed an earthen apparatus for the inhalation of certain fumes. This was primitively constructed, with a hollow at one end and a narrow aperture leading to the mouth. When old sticks, leaves, or rags were placed in the bowl, the resulting smoke traveled up through the tube, into the mouth, and out through the nostrils and ears. This immensely pleased that simple soul, or "simplex munditiis" as the Romans say it. For not only was a pleasing sensation produced by the passage of the smoke, but a useful function was performed inasmuch as one could dispose of any superfluity merely by placing it in the bowl and allowing it to be consumed.

But at last, the wife of this certain savage became irked with the odoriferous contraption, and, thinking to abolish the emanations, cleaned it with soap and left it to soak. The poor Cro-Magnon returned from an arduous day of chasing dinosaurs and settled down to enjoy his pipe. Imagine his disappointment and indignation upon finding soap in his mouth, for the soapy water had flowed into the orifice according to the laws established by Newton some five thousand years later.

During the puffings and sputterings that ensued, bubbles originated. Eventually our "simplex munditiis" discovered them, and he was so amazed that he allowed the rest of the soapy water to trickle down his esophagus, an act which resulted in his eventual death.

Mrs. Cro-Magnon, merciless woman that she was, paid no atten-

tion to that at all and, snatching the pipe, could be observed to be carefully putting soap into it. . .

Here the narrative ends, but traces of a strange fatty substance have been discovered at the bottom.

My friend R. offers another opinion as to the origin of bubbles. He insists that they originated from the practice of cleansing small boys' mouths after the utterance of forbidden words. Certainly it is a common occurrence to see small boys seemingly frothing at the mouth, but I have never gone close enough to them to ascertain the cause, maintaining that one can never tell. However, my friend R's reasoning is obviously faulty; and besides, my theory has much more historical significance.

Whatever its beginning, surely no one can contradict me when I say that blowing bubbles is one of the most pleasant of occupations. What delight there is in watching those delicate spheres being wafted by the breeze. What rest for the soul! Whirling, luminous globes, rising and falling. Yet there are some people who assert that such an occupation is not only a waste of time, but that, in addition, it is slothful and unintelligent. How can time so spent be considered wasted and useless? Time spent in the relaxation of the mind is always well spent, the more so if it is pleasant. I am sure that the Being who placed me on this earth would like nothing better than my quiet meditations, even if I happened to be blowing bubbles at the time; therefore, I shall continue to do so!

MARY ANN HOLDEN '55

"And a Child Shall Lead Them"

It was a gray, misty, late afternoon, and through the park one could see only by the dim street lights which lined the paths. An old man sat motionless on a damp bench circled by the light of the lamp above. All around, there was a hushed silence, broken only by the occasional honking of horns or shouting of pedestrians from the busy city outside the park.

A little girl, thin and wistful, came skipping into the circle of light where the old man slumped. She paused in the middle of some tune she had been singing in a high, childish voice. Solemnly she re-

garded the still figure, her eyes wide open with the curiosity and sympathy which most children have towards their elders, who they think don't seem to have much fun out of life because they never skip or sing or laugh freely. She leaned her head to one side, tapped him on the shoulder, and said softly, "Why do you sit here alone?"

The old man stirred and opened his eyes. He looked surprised to see this elfish figure before him, but he did not answer her questions. Timidly, the child sat on the edge of the bench; again she spoke. "My name is Linda." The old man sat straighter and looked again at the child. He smiled, but said nothing.

The little girl was quite puzzled. "Old Man, do you know how old I am? Why, let me see, I'm twelve. No, I'm fifteen!" Then changing her mind, she whispered confidentially, "I'm really only six-and-a-half, but don't tell!"

She edged a little closer, and so deep was her interest in this still, bent figure that she forgot all shyness. She was filled with pity for him, and yet, because of her childish innocence, she did not know why, except that he seemed so lonely and forlorn.

"You know," she reasoned with a strange maturity, "you're like my dolls. They don't speak either. I talk to them all the time, but they just smile and blink their eyes."

The old man put his arms around her, lifted her to his lap, and smiled. She sighed happily, for she felt in some way she had made the man happier. The old man watched this strange little elf-child, who chattered like a self-winding clock, and marveled that she did not run away from him.

Suddenly, Linda glanced up and saw tears stinging in the half-closed eyes of the old man. Impulsively, she drew herself up and gave him a quick little hug, then with a gleeful laugh, she bounded from his lap. She smiled briefly, wistfully, at him; then she skipped out of the circle of light.

The old man straightened up and looked after her, but not a sign of a frail little girl could he see. Slowly he rose from the bench and shook his head sadly. But then, after all, how could the child have realized that this silent old man was deaf and dumb? Slowly, the bent figure walked away, and as he stepped from the circle of light about the bench, he, too, was swallowed up by the misty, gray afternoon.

JEAN DONOVAN '55

Comprehension

Is it beauty? Nay, 'tis night,
Plunging into headlong flight
Before the day which haunts it ever,
Bonds of light and dark to sever.

Is it strength? Nay, 'tis the sea,
Madness, power and ecstasy.
Roaring, flashing, with its tides,
Over earth-bound sins and prides.

Is it tempest? Nay, 'tis the world,
With its troubled flags unfurled.
Crying out for help from High,
With prayers, entreaties, and a sigh.

LUCY LIPPARD '54

Happiness

I walked in the sun. There was warmth like a smile from God. I could hear Brownie running in the bushes, after a rabbit, I supposed. The deep velvet of the lawn tickled my bare feet, a bird poured liquid trills from his tiny throat, and the faint smell of the first lilacs was brought as a gift by the breeze.

It was raining, heavily, noisily, drumming on the roof and tapping at the windows. A great gust of wind blew in, and as I closed the window, the wet spattered my face and the wild sound of the creaking trees made me want to be out there. But the fire was warm, and my place on the floor so comfortable with Brownie dozing beside me that I picked up my book and my hands began to be busy. The sharp crack of the burning logs and their wonderful acrid smell was soon joined by a promising rattle of china in the kitchen and the smell of cinnamon toast. Mum was making tea. She soon came in with the tray and sat down. Presently her knitting needles began to click rhythmically as we chatted. Tea is so delicious, especially with toast, as it slides down your throat in scalding waves, slowly spreading warmth throughout you. It was good to be in; it was

quiet, peaceful. Then the rain stopped. Mum opened the window and the smell of rain-washed earth flooded in.

* * *

The wind blew hard, tugging at my coat, begging me to play, but I just wanted to walk, so it took Brownie as a playmate instead. For me it was enough to walk in the crunchy leaves, to hear their taffeta rustle like a bevy of indignant girls, party-dressed, hurried on by their windy chaperone. The air was crisp and delicious, with a sharp tang to it like my apple. And so I swished through the leaves with Brownie at my side.

* * * * *

The snow crunched beneath my feet. Brownie barked joyously. It was wonderful snow: the crusty kind that crumbles coldly in your hand and melts so quickly on your tongue. There was the crack of a dead branch and the whisper of wind-blown flakes across the crusty snow surface.

* * *

The heat is heavy; the sun is hot. The land is sleepy; so am I. Brownie isn't here now; I miss him so. Mum has taken him to the vet's to have a distemper shot. The drone of bees fills the air and a blanket of mown-grass-and-flowers scent hangs over all. I am very happy. Many people think I am unfortunate, but I'm not. I have Daddy and Mum and Brownie, and I don't know what I'd do without them. But some people don't understand my happiness. For, you see, I am blind.

PEGGINS HOLBROOK '55



McCarthy and Our Freedom

Perhaps the most controversial subject in American politics today is the question of Communism and how to deal with it; undoubtedly the most controversial figure is Senator Joseph McCarthy. Americans everywhere agree that the insidious disease of Communism is a threat to the world and to our country, and that the spread of this disease must be stopped and the world purged of its deadly germs. Americans realize, too, that the Reds have crept into our government and into other organizations, and that our country must find these traitors and deal harshly with them. The senator from Wisconsin has developed and used a method of dealing with what he believes to be Communism; his name and his tactics have become known the world over. He has succeeded in persuading Americans that McCarthyism is the right way, the only way, and the best way to deal with this problem. I have been convinced that McCarthy and all he stands for are completely wrong.

In the first place we already have an organization which was created for the purpose of dealing with problems like Communism: the F.B.I. This bureau is composed of highly trained agents, men who are experts in their field of counter-espionage, and who have had years of experience in such work. McCarthy has not turned up one Red who was not already known to the F.B.I., unless such important Communists as Lucile Ball are to be counted. I have heard it argued that the F.B.I. is snowed under with work and that McCarthy is helping it out. I do not know whether the F.B.I. is overworked or not; if it is, I suggest that its staff be increased to meet the demand put upon it. However, it is not a U. S. senator's business to open the F.B.I. files and to try to do work for which he is not trained.

Another argument pro McCarthy is, "The job had to be done by somebody and it might as well be he." This is the idea with which I disagree most heartily. I realize that Communism must be destroyed and I am sure Senator McCarthy is sincere in his aims and feels that he is promoting a peaceful world and a better America. However, his slander-attack method will not accomplish these ends. McCarthy makes so many accusations without having sufficient proof, that he is often laughable to us; but we must remember that a person

charged with being a Communist sees nothing funny in the situation. He may lose his job or his position as a result of the charge, whether or not he is guilty. McCarthy's tactics are in direct opposition to the spirit of freedom which is the heritage of all Americans; such McCarthyist activities as book burning violate our freedoms as set forth in the Constitution — therefore we cannot say, "McCarthy might as well do it," or, "McCarthy's pretty bad, but how else could a man do the job?" "The end justifies the means" is a Communist slogan; we do not believe in it here in America. I would say that if we cannot find a more decent way of dealing with Communism, if the "land of the Free" cannot rid itself of traitors without stooping to betray its essential liberties, the Communists ought to take over the country.

Senator McCarthy, while he has not succeeded in dealing with Communism, has accomplished one important deed: the lowering of our prestige abroad. For a long time, America has been known as a citadel of freedom; now, people abroad are beginning to ask themselves if the America of their dreams is not a police state as Germany was, or as Russia is. These people read the newspapers and learn of McCarthy's investigations and of the bitter political fights that result over such acts as McCarthy's attack on the clergy or Brownell's statement concerning Truman. Should it surprise us that foreign countries begin to wonder, when all of the news that reaches them proclaims the dominant American feeling to be McCarthyism? The history of the world is at a critical stage; the United States and Russia are vying for world supremacy. At no time have we needed so desperately the support and respect of the nations as we do today. McCarthy is lessening our hopes of winning the struggle between East and West: by slandering the innocent at home, he is helping Russia abroad by providing Malenkov and Molotov with propaganda material as good as any they could wish for.

McCarthy has also succeeded in establishing fear in the hearts of Americans. With McCarthyism rampant in the land, it is not safe to be a liberal, it is not safe to express any views contrary to those expressed by Senator McCarthy. It is not safe to own or read books about Russia, it is not safe to study Communism. The fear can affect everyone in every walk of life. Some of the girls in the forum group here at Abbot wanted to study Marxism and asked that a copy of

Das Kapital be placed on the reserve shelf in the library. This could not be done because interest in such material can be misinterpreted, and in the present "emotional climate" it seemed wiser not to put emphasis on that book. All of which is further small proof of what McCarthyism does.

Recently a friend of mine was in Canada, and while talking to a group of people at a party, happened to say something against McCarthy. One of the men present turned to her, and said with amazement, "But aren't you afraid that you'll be investigated for saying that?" He was not wholly serious, of course, and she immediately dispelled all doubt in his mind as to whether the right of free speech still exists in America. However, the mere fact that someone would ask such a question at all, even in jest, shows how our liberties are being threatened. It is Senator McCarthy, I believe, who has instigated and abetted this feeling of unrest and suspicion in America today. McCarthy and his policy are the complete reverse of all the basic and fundamental principles which Americans hold dear.

LUCY GARRETSON '54

Restraint

She was smiling, complacent and calm, and a moment later, at his words, wrath governed her completely. It boiled up inside of her, threatening to overflow its capacity, menacing her peace of mind, tearing at her senses. She felt herself stiffen with resentment, and her brain was sent whirling in the raging circles of sharp retorts. Her anger was overpowering in its potency and forcefulness, and she felt as though she would break in two if she must control her emotions one instant longer.

Outwardly she smiled again; raised her teacup toward her tormenter, and said, "Touché", for it was necessary to retain a pleasant air. A teacher in her position could not afford to offend a bantering trustee.

LUCY LIPPARD '54

The Last Dance

Her breath quickened, and she slipped and stumbled in her haste. The dancing had begun and above the shouts of laughter and sound of feet the fiddlers could be heard, singing out the monotonous mountain tune, keeping pulsing rhythm. The gay lights from the dance barn called out not to waste a minute, drawing her with a magnetic power not unlike that of a bright lantern attracting an insect.

The ray of beckoning light fell on her face, revealing her to be a young girl of perhaps sixteen or seventeen. Her mouth was a bit small and usually held in a pensive straight line. The long hours of hard work on the farm seldom afforded her reason or chance to laugh, and a mouth unaccustomed to smiling finds trouble in relaxing into a pleasant position. On either side of her freckled and slightly pugged nose were two sparkling brown eyes, well set off by long lashes and slightly arched brows. Her long brown curls lay neatly on her neck, but now as she sprang ahead and reached the entrance of the barn, they tumbled in loose disorder over her shoulders.

Shyly, she slipped through the door with eyes lowered, slightly slumped to attract as little attention as possible by her arrival, and gained the shelter of the crowd. Hastily, she sought the seat closest to the door and pretended to be busily inspecting an imaginary spot on her faded plaid gingham skirt. Gradually, as her courage returned, she raised her eyes and watched the couples swinging and stamping in colorful confusion.

Swiftly she singled out one pair to which she directed her complete attention. The boy was tall and wirily built — a typical mountain boy, with face and arms tanned from constant exposure to wind and sun. Yet how her eyes brightened, and even her lips were forced into a wistful smile as she gazed at the youth! A casual observer would have seen only a lanky son of the mountains with close-set eyes and a mouth drawn slightly to one side in a boyish grin. Through her eyes he was the most charming of all princes. She was blind to his defects and mistook the vacant, spiritless gaze of his eyes to show a deep soul of gentleness and wisdom, instead of the shallow, indifferent mind that was his. His twisted, almost sneering

expression she transformed into a radiant smile of high humor. How she longed to share his laughter!

Closely she scanned the girl at his side. Her eyes narrowed slightly, perhaps with a twinge of jealousy, or was it with the effort of such an intent gaze? She recognized her immediately, a Gracie Bendal — the daughter of the town's clothing merchant. Unconsciously she compared the fine material of Gracie's dress with that of her own faded one.

"Surely he can't really be interested in Gracie!" she argued with herself. "She may have fine clothes and wear paint on her lips, but her straight, bleached hair is too thin and she is much too plump."

The dance was over and the couples were clearing the floor. There he was — Oh! He already had a partner.

"He must not have seen me," she assured herself. "Surely he can't have forgotten — already. At least he has a different partner this time," she sighed.

Dance after dance ended. Throughout the entire evening she had watched him, seen him dance with a different girl each time, and had been sure that at the next dance, her turn would come. Twice she had been asked to dance, but had refused politely with a pretense of being too tired. Actually she hadn't wanted to lose sight of him for even one dance, and besides, this might be the time he would ask her!

Several times she was sure he had been looking at her, but when she raised her eyes to meet his, he always glanced away.

It was time for the last dance. The evening was almost over, and soon she would have to go back to the farm — back to another week of hard work — living for the next Saturday night when she would see him. The caller was shouting, "Everybody get a pard'ner fo' the last square dance," and there was the usual confusion as the boys made their choices, and led them to the floor.

"He has danced with almost every girl here, except me, and none of them twice. Surely, surely he will ask me for the last dance!" she thought desperately, fighting back the tears. "There he is. Oh! He is coming this way. He must be going to ask me!"

Nervously she tucked in her blouse and smoothed back her hair which now hung in limp curls about her face.

"I hope I shall be able to dance without any mistakes —" she

whispered to herself. "He gets so cross with me if I do something wrong."

Hands in pockets and moving with a loose, easy swagger, he crossed the barn floor and headed for a slight girl with long brown hair and eager, expectantly raised eyes. Then surveying the girl with his blank, unfeeling gaze, he turned aside and passed through the door.

MARGARET JOHNSON '54

For a Lady

She lies in lovely peace;
Oh, whispering breeze,
Speak gently, please.
She lies in lovely peace.

She rests in tranquil calm;
Oh still, yon storm,
Thy furious form!
She rests in tranquil calm.

She sleeps in silence now;
Hush, murmuring stream,
Float as a dream.
She sleeps in silence now.

She reigns in sweet repose;
Hold, sobbing sea,
Thy tempest free!
She reigns in sweet repose.

She lies in lovely peace;
Soft! Wind and wave,
Watch o'er her grave.
My lady lies in peace.

PAULA PRIAL '54

Fire

The wail of a siren is heard in the distance. Everyone instantly recognizes the significance of the sound, whether they are in the path of the thundering wheels, stopped on the street, or pulled over in their cars and privileged to see the streak of red flash by, or whether they are confined in an office and can merely stop from their work for a moment to comment to their neighbor, as if he is not as aware of the fact, "There is a fire!" The sound immediately arouses curiosity as to the locality of the blaze, its size, and its consequences. Some follow the fire engine to satisfy their morbid inquisitiveness, a few come to give comfort and assistance to the unfortunate, and those who are unable to pursue, at least for a time desire to see the spectacle for themselves. All will, no doubt, search through the evening paper to find some mention of the results of the fire.

Fire, the strange element so beneficial and yet so disastrous, has never ceased to fascinate men. At the beginning of his existence, it was a bewildering power which warmed his cave and protected him against any prowling beasts; and now, fire is often a comfort, a thing around which to gather on a cold evening, to toast marshmallows in, or to gaze into and lose any thoughts of reality in the fanciful leaps of the flames. Often when man has needed assurance, courage, and boldness, he has rallied around a large blaze, and by whirling in a frenzied war dance, or singing and cheering on a team, as the custom may be, has obtained strength from the power of the fire. The same mysterious influence draws the millions who gather to witness a large building, once a seemingly invincible structure, changed by the lashing tongues into a heap of useless ashes. I shall not deny that I have reacted similarly to the magnetic wail of a fire alarm, and I can remember how I used to beg my parents to chase the rumbling vehicle screaming into the distance, and envy sincerely the black-cloaked men who clung to its sides. However, this summer I went to the last fire I will ever attend in search of excitement, and from this experience I clearly saw the tragedy involved.

A storm of fury was lashing the mountain sides, lightning struck so continuously that the sky was alive with its jagged streaks, and the thunder was one roar with the sound of the wind and hail driv-

ing against the roof. I was frightened, and peering out anxiously at the tall, swaying pines surrounding the cabin, I feared that they or the cabin would be struck at any moment. Suddenly a blinding flash and a dazing crash of thunder rent the air simultaneously. I, the cabin, and the close-by foliage had escaped damage, but I was sure that the lightning had struck nearby. As the rain lessened and the view from the cabin window became less blurred, I could see some smoke rising above the blanket of firs in the valley, and supposed that the lightning had started a fire.

As soon as the storm had dissolved into a drizzling rain, I rushed to my car and set out to find the blaze. In a short time I came upon the source of the smoke which gushed into the sky as if joyous to have been freed from its earthly existence. A small, mountaineer's cabin, away from the road up a rising slope, was in flames, and quite a crowd had already gathered to see the spectacle. I joined the group, struggling up the slippery incline, and approached the blaze.

A large mountain oak which had been growing near the cabin door had been struck by the flash and the sparks had apparently ignited the pine roof. The tree had been snapped in two pieces, and the path of the lightning had been carved deeply into the stump left standing. The cabin was completely in flames and the rain could not begin to quench their appetites. Two men were in the front room trying to salvage as much as possible, and stumbling out, charred and blackened by the heat, their arms full of unrecognizable objects, they barely escaped the collapse of the roof. The structure of the front door and porch, the only parts left standing, were contorted into a leering grin. The two men slowly limped towards the crowd, one almost entirely supporting the other who kept his face turned agonizingly toward the charred refuse of his home. In his hands was a cradle, the paint and blanket badly burned; and looking more closely, I discovered the real cause of the man's grief. The cradle was empty. I stepped back to let the two pass through the crowd.

MARGARET JOHNSON, '54



The Maker

A tree without a rustling leaf
In graceful beauty stands,
And then each bough begins to sway
As touched by Gentle Hands.

A haunting sound strays to the ears
From birds far in the sky;
The faintest whisper of His Voice
Is in its lonesome cry.

Beneath the grove a dainty fawn
Shyly lifts its head;
And as it moves one seems to hear
His Footsteps in its tread.

Then the sun serenely sets,
And 'ere its rays bring night,
A fading vision of His Smile
Is in its glowing light.

SUZANNE KENT '54

The Lighthouse

A long beam of light strode with silent grace along the beach,
and then stepped out and walked around the sea. . . .

Three things moved to take advantage of the darkness: the sea nudged a shell onto the sand and left it there. An uncertain little sandpiper sped in and out of stranded seaweed. He was looking for a snack of supper. Last of all, a dejected piece of paper scuffed along the sand; then turned and flung itself into the sea. . . .

The sandpiper, shocked by the suddenness of this suicide, dropped his snack and bobbed away — uncertainly. The homesick shell cried, echoing the sea. The sea, annoyed, reached out its tongue and licked up the shell.

The searching traveler came striding back; he was afraid that he had either missed or forgotten something. Everything was as before. He stepped out and walked around the sea again.

AUDREY SYNNOTT '54

Marks vs. Comments

The aim of education is three-fold: to give the student some permanent knowledge that will be of use to him in later life; to stimulate the student's interest and thus to encourage him to explore further a certain field of learning; and to inspire the student to set the standards of excellence and honor that will be his guide in the years after his graduation. In the mind of today's student, however, the word education is no longer associated with this three-fold aim, but instead with a single word, marks. Parents blame this preoccupation with marks on the educators and teachers. The real fault, however, may be found in the marking system.

The present system of marking by letters or numbers is injurious to all of the true aims of education. Marks have ended the hope that a student may absorb any permanent knowledge from his schooling. The student, aware that he must acquire a "B" or an "A", crams all night for an exam. When he goes into the exam room he rushes to write down all his newly acquired information before his jumbled thoughts escape. Once outside, he heaves a sigh of relief and the few stray bits of wisdom, that by sheer chance are still there, seek an exit from his worn-out brain. The mark has put an end to the true test of intelligence, and now offers only dubious praise to a student endowed with a photographic mind.

The system of marking is just as fatal to the second aim of education: that of stimulating the student's interest in a certain subject. The enjoyment of a course has long since bowed to the authority of marks. The thought of being interested in a course is in the darkest region of the student's brain compared to his foremost thought, the mark. The stress laid upon marks by the colleges has pushed the thought of intellectual enjoyment even further back into the blur of our students' brains. It is no longer necessary for a teacher to be stimulating, because he can be sure that his words will be visited by no more thought than is required to attain a desired mark.

But the marking system by numbers and letters has wounded the last and most important aim of education even more deeply than its first two aims. The student is certainly not encouraged by the present marking system to set his own standards of excellence and

honor. Instead of setting and meeting his own standards, the student is urged to attain excellence if only to get on the dean's list or to keep up with a fellow student. The brilliant student who settles for the meager "A" that will get him on the dean's list is certainly not setting his own standards of excellence or honor. Marks have also failed to encourage the average and the poor student to set their own standards. The middle-of-the-road student is satisfied to get a passing grade even if he is able to do better work. The effect of marks upon the poor student is psychologically bad. The number or letter cannot indicate appreciation of the effort that he has made to keep his head above water nor can it encourage him, because he can see no inkling of improvement in the same old "C".

Although there are many bad points to the marking system, it must also be said that the purpose of marks is fundamentally good. But the true aim of marks, to tell the student where he stands in relation to other students and how he measures up to his teacher's principles, has been lost by the stress laid upon the mark.

Of course, no grading at all would not help the student, but perhaps a combination of a passing-failing mark and a comment would be the solution to the problem. A comment is infinitely more valuable to the student than just a number or letter. The brilliant, average, and poor students would be encouraged to do their best work, the work that would truly measure up to their standards if the quality of the work was stressed more than the mark. It is important to the future of the world that today's students learn to count up their increase of permanent knowledge, interest and high aims rather than the empty total of marks.

CAROLE COX '54

Elevation

Look up
To seek the face
Of God in each tall tree
And azure sky. Then once again
Look down.

VICKY SCHWAB '54

Christmas Eve

Christmas eve: that was the day Daddy came home early from work and set up the big, spruce pine tree in the living room. That was the day when large cartons packed away for the last twelve months were once again brought forth, and George and I would scamper around the lower branches of the tree hanging up lovely tinted balls that you had to be oh-so-careful not to break, for these were almost as delicate and translucent as bubbles, and would splinter into fragments if pressed too hard or allowed to fall. When the Christmas tree stood before us, colored lights shining from between dark green needles and the angel painstakingly placed at the tippy top, and when all had been duly admired, we would turn to the toy town beneath it and the business of helping Daddy set up his marvelous electric trains. As for Mother, she usually would sit cross-legged on the floor fashioning a wreath around a clotheshanger (Oh, Mummy could do wonderful things!) Then with the extra greens we would jump up on sofas and chairs to stick sprigs of pine and holly behind pictures, clocks, and on mantels and to hang mistletoe from doorways and ceiling lamps.

But the most exciting part of the afternoon came when we ran upstairs to change into our very best clothes to prepare for the great occasion when all the family gathered at "Grandma's and Grandpa's house" to honour the old German custom of celebrating Christmas the night before. After a long drive into the city, we would finally draw up before the large white suburban house and in great anticipation run up the steps to the wreathed door which, before we had a chance to knock, would be ceremoniously opened by Adam, the butler, who greeted us with a beaming smile. Just behind him would appear Grandma and Grandpa, Tante and Uncle Eddie, and with arms outstretched all of us would joyously carol at once, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" Then no sooner were coats, leggings, hats and mittens duly disposed of than the door would open once again to admit Uncle Joe, Aunt Angela, and cousin Peter.

Presently we found ourselves standing around the formal living room; the grown-ups were drinking a rich, creamy liquid which looked deliciously like melted ice-cream but which, when offered a

sample, proved, alas, disappointingly unlike my expectations. They proposed gay toasts to everyone, and George, Peter, and I joined in clinking our coke glasses. I felt a little shy in these surroundings, for I knew of no other occasion when the room was used. Usually it stood dark and sombre, even on brightest days, the rich dark velvet draperies drawn tight across the windows. Sometimes George and I played castle in it or ran down from the upstairs sitting room to steal a lump of sugar from the tea service on one of the tables. Now, however, a bright fire crackled merrily in the fire-place and imparted a rosy glow to the cold white marble mantel, giving the nymphs and little cupids carved in bas-relief along the base an almost human tone. The crystal punch bowl on a coffee table before the fire also caught up the light from the flame to reflect it prismatically on the smooth surface. But in spite of the lamps and gay fire, the corners of the room retained their darkness and the portraits on the walls hid their faces half in shadow even on this joyous occasion.

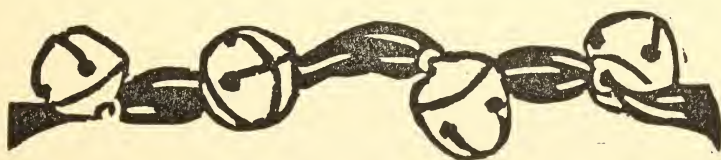
So we children retreated to the bright kitchen to tempt some tidbits from the cooks, until our elders once more called us forth with entreaties to sing some Christmas carols. Then followed the coy confusion, a hesitating start on the most familiar *Jingle Bells*, and, carried away with success, the launching into *Silent Night* and *Oh Little Town of Bethlehem*, until suddenly the doors of the library across the hall were flung open with renewed cries of Merry Christmas to reveal the room all brightly lit and decorated, a beautiful Christmas tree dominating one corner, and piles of presents all around. One year Santa Claus bestowed his presence on us; it was *he* who opened the doors of the room and with great Ho-ho's called us to enter. He was resplendent, just as I had always pictured him, with flowing white beard, red, fur-trimmed suit, a bag bulging with gifts, and merry laugh (his belly really did shake like a bowlful of jelly) — oh, the jolliest man imaginable! But George, on seeing this strange creature suddenly appear before him with his big bag, perhaps to carry away little boys in, gave a terrified shriek and fainted dead away. His heartless older sister scarcely noticed, preoccupied with asking Santa how he ever managed to squeeze down that small chimney in the library, and he confided to me that since it was such a very small chimney, he had climbed in the window so as not to get stuck and perhaps tear his red suit or get it all sooty. As for our presents, well,

little girl, they weren't in the bag for he had already deposited them in the other room. Now Prancer, Comet, Dancer, Blitzen and all his other reindeer were waxing impatient up on the roof, and there were many other children he must visit tonight. About ten minutes later I noticed Uncle Eddie descend the stairs and realized that he had missed the illustrious visitor. "Oh, Uncle Eddie," I cried, feeling almost heart-broken for him, "you didn't see Santa Claus!" And curiously enough, although his words sounded disappointed, there appeared just a twitch of a smile around the corners of his mouth.

Finally, after all the presents were opened, dinner was announced, and I doubt that I could have stayed awake during the meal were it not for the fact that we never saw such a resplendent one at home. I opened my eyes wide at the large table glitteringly set, the multitude of courses, and array of food. From the wall two stags' heads with widespread antlers stared unblinkingly at us, and the turkey which Grandpa carved at the sideboard must have been almost as large as I. But half way through the dinner wide eyes succumbed to weariness, and only hazily do I remember the fingerbowls which marked the end of that meal.

On the drive home the fresh, cold air would rouse me once again to wakefulness, clearing the drowsiness from my nodding head and heavy eyes. I would press close to the window of the car, filled with delight at the tinsel-hung trees glowing behind windows of the houses we passed, or large spruces on lawns lighted in many colors. Even in the dark, one could see that the whole world celebrated this night. Reliving each aspect of the day, I might have thought there was no other to equal it, but I could not dream then that such Christmas Eves would be cherished years later with warmth and nostalgia as among the wealthiest recollections of my childhood.

BETSY HILGENBERG '54



Impressions

The wafting scent of wood-smoke haze,
The flickering lights of fireflies,
The ecstasy of wind-blown days,
The haunting notes of whippoorwill cries:
All this is Autumn.

The fallen snow in twilight drifts,
The peal of church bells in the night,
The frozen mass of streams once swift,
The fire that gives a traveller light:
All this is Winter.

The floral wonders of God's hand,
The rise of dawn in tinted hue,
The meadow which is rainbow-spanned,
The sunset streaked on azure blue:
All this is Spring.

The serenity of clear blue lakes,
The mournful wail of distant loon,
The pines o'er which the moon will break,
The color, Nature's earthly boon:
All this is Summer.

JANET RICHARDSON '54

Round Top

When joyous rounds of daily life
Had ceased, and all was still,
Our weary feet would wander to
The grove upon the hill,

Where every night, when twilight's hush
Had brought an end to day,
We gathered for a little while
To sit, and think, and pray.

Unconsciously, my thoughts would turn
Away from worldly care.
There I would find my soul and mind
And heart lost deep in prayer.

The echoes of the distant chimes
From some small chapel spire,
A radiant brilliance in the west
Which set the sky on fire,

The view of lofty mountains clear
For many miles around,
Filled me with ecstasy unmatched,
Tranquillity profound.

A surge of warmth would fill my soul,
A sudden ease of stress.
For one brief instant, then, I knew
A perfect peacefulness.

And as the twilight turned to dusk,
We left the starlit hill,
Intent to lead a richer life
According to His will.

We pray that in our constant search
For faith by which to live,
We may be mindful of that peace
Which only God can give.

MARTHA BELKNAP '54



Why Should We Read the Newspaper?

As citizens of a democracy, we should be as fully informed as is possible or feasible on world, international, national, and local current events, and so that we may be thus informed, each one of us must carefully follow the news by means of the various media offered, such as newspapers, radio, and television.

First of all, each of us is a citizen of a democracy, but a democracy that is within a world, a world hoping for peace. In order for all the people of the world to live in peace with each other, there must be mutual understanding. Where there is misunderstanding, there is likely to be distrust; where there is distrust, there is likely to be hate; and where there is hate, there is likely to be war. It is not possible for every one of us to live among and become acquainted with the people of every country. The best that most of us can do is try to find out what the problems of a country are, what the sentiments of the people are, and what type of men are their leaders. It is helpful to read books about foreign countries, and books authored by natives of other countries. Also we may profit by reading books on their philosophy and their history. But our knowledge is not complete unless it is current. What was true yesterday about how a nation felt about something is not necessarily true today or tomorrow. You say, "Why become informed about a subject today if it will be totally different tomorrow?" Will it be totally different tomorrow? Each significant event in history is built upon and made up of many small, seemingly insignificant and isolated events or trends. If you are to understand the significant, you must understand the insignificant, that is, the background and the details. Scholars spend their lives studying the details of history. Are not we fortunate in being able, by spending perhaps a minimum of thirty minutes daily, to know more details than the future scholar will ever know about our history as it is being molded right now?

One of the basic rights and privileges of democracy is the citizen's right to vote, suffrage for every single person. This is not just a privilege, it is absolutely a duty. We are all very proud to think that we have a democracy. I believe that we should be willing to take time to prepare ourselves to live more wisely in our democracy. For

instance, it is no longer possible for each of us to know personally every man who is running for an office, even those right in our own community, to say nothing of the candidates for President of the United States. But still we must vote, for surely we realize that to ignore this duty is to evade our responsibility; we must vote intelligently because an unwise government has its effects on every single one of us. Therefore we must gather second-hand material about the candidates through what is said about them in the newspapers and the radio, and make up our own minds intelligently. We can learn what the people who do know them well think. Some people complain that the press is opinionated. The intelligent reader will recognize a slanted article, and after he has read this person's opinion, he can read the opinion of a man holding opposite views. If you have the opportunity to hear or see a candidate speak, as most of us do in this day of television and rapid transportation, that still does not excuse you from your "homework". The candidate is going to make statements about current situations, and he is going to assume either that the audience is well informed, and not qualify every single remark he makes, or he is going to try to take advantage of the fact that the voter is ignorant of the situation under discussion, and he is going to force his views on the assembly, knowing that he will not be questioned. This does not mean that every candidate is going to take his audience for granted, or is dishonest. However, the voter must be able to recognize the one who is. We are all dependent upon one another. What happens to the farmers who are growing the nation's food is important to every individual in the nation. Is it right for any one of us to take our food for granted, complaining every time a price goes up, when we have no idea why it has gone up? The world is committed to a labyrinth of interdependencies which any responsible person simply has to recognize; what we must do is try to find our way in this maze by being informed. The alternative is to become lost. A person today cannot afford to become lost.

There is a great deal more that could be said on why it is our duty to read newspapers and "keep up with the world" by various methods. This really is not such a heavy burden as perhaps it seems. Political news and tragedies are not the only things that occur in a day. There are touching stories, little incidents that make you feel fortunate to be living in this world. There are many articles that have

literary merit in their own right, and many journalistic pieces which have been repeated over and over again because of some very special quality contained in them. Also, there is the pleasure that comes from being "in the know." Part of our pleasure in studying thoroughly Shakespeare's plays, for example, is in being familiar with the famous passages, so that we may recognize them when we come across them. There is this same type of gratification when we hear a subject being discussed, and we are familiar with its details. Some may consider it more worthwhile to be acquainted with Shakespeare's works than with what is India's most recent plan for alleviating her never-ending problem of insufficient food. I believe we can find time to inform ourselves on both. My only insistence is that it be compulsory in the mind of every one of us to make the effort to consider intelligently the latest news, and thereby qualify ourselves to live fuller and more responsible lives.

ANNA HEWLETT '54

Wind

To whom do trees bow down as master?

Wind.

And who drives clouds on fast and faster?

Wind.

Who sends ripples o'er the sea

Or crashing breakers, wild and free,

Depending what his mood may be?

Wind.

Who can whisper through the grass?

Wind.

Who has the strength which none surpass?

Wind.

Who can be a playful breeze?

Who can uproot the massive trees?

Who can churn the mightiest seas?

Wind.

BARBARA HENRY '56

Piano Lesson Day

Every Thursday in the second five years of my life was piano lesson day in our home. On that day there was such activity all day long that it was hard to believe there were only three Jones children instead of ten. The fatal fifth day of the week always seemed to arrive unexpectedly, and we would awake Thursday morning with a hollow feeling in our stomachs, wondering what awful thing was about to happen. Then one of us would remember and gasp, "Piano lessons today!"

And what a stimulus those three words were! Immediately there was a call for preference of practice time, for each had visions of cramming a whole week's practice into a single half hour before the lesson. This placing of reservations usually resulted in quite a bit of confusion, with everyone racking his brain to remember who had gotten the best practice period (the one just before the lesson) in previous weeks, and each insisting that it was his turn to have that privilege.

The most unfortunate of us would have to swallow his breakfast in an unconventional manner when Mother's back was turned, rush to the piano, and proceed to dash off a few vigorous scales at a much too hurried tempo. Unfortunately, it was the custom for us to be unusually quiet in the morning, so that our father could enjoy an extra hour of sleep before it was necessary for him to get up. Not so on Thursdays. The music "must go on", at least when a good lesson was at stake. When this joyous reveille resounded to the second floor, it had quite a pronounced effect; and Mother would be forced to rush to the stairs to remind Daddy that this was piano lesson day, and it really was time for him to get up anyway.

So the morning lengthened and panic increased as the realization came even more strongly that one was not prepared for the afternoon's ordeal. At noon, the second least fortunate of us came tumbling home with the great intention of spending a miraculous half hour becoming completely skilled in the art of piano playing. By this time we had resorted to thinking of many things of exaggerated importance which we simply must do after school; and we proceeded to plead with Mother to call off our lessons so that we could attend

a basketball game or go on a hike. Of course our feeble excuses were of no avail, and we resigned ourselves to thinking of better ones for the next Thursday.

After school there was the same rush home as before, and the most privileged member of the three pounced on the piano. Then the tension increased as the other two got out their music and began nervously drumming on their knees or staring into space for a last-minute memorization job.

Our teacher arrived. We all stumbled through our lessons as well as possible, and heaved a sigh of relief to have them over for another week. Then came the "big conference". The "parent-teacher association" would discuss their problems for a few minutes, and whoever was the less disturbed, Mother or our teacher, would persuade the other to continue the lessons a few more weeks in hopes of some degree of improvement. I don't recall that there was ever much improvement, but the lessons never stopped.

Now, at the respective ages of twenty-one, seventeen, and fourteen, the same three Joneses are still taking piano lessons and still running off vigorous scales. Now, however, the teacher has changed, the scales are played at a much less hurried tempo, and the three would rather play the piano than do almost anything else. Through the patience and faith of our parents in carrying on the customary lessons, the resulting musical interests in our family provide much entertainment and mutual enjoyment for us all.

LINDA JONES '54

The Miscreant

The day had arrived. I walked up to several policemen lounging around a side entrance of the formidable stone building beside me, and asked one, a portly grey-haired officer, the way to the juvenile traffic court. He smiled reassuringly: "Up the stairs to your left and straight ahead."

Yes, this was the result of that beautiful summer morning when I had driven through a stop sign. That it was one of the most open, spacious, and safe corners in Baltimore, my young, rather attractive policeman had readily admitted, but unfortunately pedestrians had

been complaining that during rush hours they never had a chance to cross the street. Well, he might have let me go just that once, but at the moment when, glancing in my mirror, I saw his motorcycle pound up behind me, my heart plummeted with a sickening thump to the pit of my stomach. This had had to be the one morning of all mornings that I had walked out of the house without my wallet.

He grinned as I confessed, and demanded to see the registration card.

"Just a minute...right here in the glove compartment...at least it must be..."

But it wasn't. Thus I acquired a police escort to the front door, an escort who took no chances on my making a mad dash for freedom, but rode four feet behind the rear left wheel. To me the unmistakable roar of his engine could have been a blaring loud speaker attached to one of those trucks which tours the city at election time, so glaringly did it seem to call to the attention of the whole community... "and here is another offender of the law, who..." So, though placated somewhat by the due showing of the registration card and license, he told me his name and when we'd meet again, while, wavering between laughter and tears, I watched his pencil scratch out my fate on a yellow slip of paper.

* * * *

What did that policeman say — Up the stairs and straight ahead? This seemed to be it, this door where about six sloppy boys were loitering and over which hung the sign:

TRAFFIC COURT

HOURS: SATURDAY 9-12 A.M.

Through it there could be seen to pass, every few minutes, groups of officers immaculately uniformed, and usually conversing in abrupt, business-like tones. My companions in crime showed no inclination to enter, and so as the next arm of the law held open the door, I ducked into a spacious, well-lighted room, and there I stopped, completely taken aback. Around my mind raced in a turmoil of confusion some most well established ideas: "...the appalling amount of teen-age driving mishaps...wicked accidents caused by reckless minors...doubled insurance due to the great number of accidents in-

volving people under twenty-five . . . you'll have to wait at least two hours, dear."

Sparsely scattered over this courtroom, which should have been a hot-bed of teen-agers, sat nine or ten adults. As the next few minutes brought no great influx, I found myself growing positively light-hearted at this beautiful piece of contrary evidence before my eyes. Wasn't it wonderful how Baltimore, a city of almost a million people, had improved . . . improved — until the judge walked in, in a brown business suit, and mounting the platform behind his desk, informed the room that juvenile traffic court was down the hall.

A rather crest-fallen young lady got up and walked down the hall to a room overflowing with teen-age boys. They filled the long rows of wooden benches and stood several deep against the wall, mushrooming into a lackadaisical group clustered outside the door. All nationalities and various backgrounds were mingled here; their costumes ranged from blue-jeans topped by chartreuse shirts to dark grey flannels sporting casual tweed jackets. On the far side of the room, about twenty policemen, holding batches of papers, surveyed the mass of lawbreakers noncommittally. Another brown-suited judge sat behind another desk saying, "unfortunately because of the great number of cases this week, the customary lecture and movie have been abandoned. Silence, please. The court will now proceed without further delay."

I had long waited for what would follow with a mixture of anticipation and dread. My imagination was colored by the accounts of murder trials, cases of treason, theft, and espionage that I had read, and my first disillusionment had already come when the judge entered like any common mortal, completely devoid of long black trailing robes. I did not expect a jury, but where were the strings of witnesses, the Bible, the clerk taking minutes in weighty notebooks? And most disappointing, instead of the case being conducted in forceful tones, the miscreant defending himself against the evidence, and the judge pronouncing the verdict in booming voice, inconspicuous groups of two or three conversed confidentially with the judge for a minute or two and walked away without further ceremony.

But the final let-down came when, two and one-half hours later, there remaining only forty boys in the room, (for girls just don't ap-

pear in court) I worriedly approached the judge's desk to ask about my case, only to be informed that it had been postponed until November 1st. Turning, I left. The cheerful policeman whom I had seen near the outside door on my way in called out a greeting.

"You've been in there quite a long spell."

In a burst of confidence I told my woeful story. He rose to the occasion gallantly.

"Why, that is terrible. Say, Joe, little girl here waits two and a half hours and her case is postponed. We'll have to see what we can do."

Back up the narrow stairs, down the dim corridor, into the lighted court-room, and up to the judge's desk. He looked at me with kind eyes from behind a pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

"So you went through a stop sign?"

"Yes (ruefully). It was a very safe one."

"HMMMMMM. Where do you go to school?"

"Abbot Academy."

"Well, I'm glad it wasn't Radcliffe." He tore up the warrant. "That's all. It was nice meeting you, but I hope we don't meet here again."

I joined fervently in the wish, bestowed a radiant smile upon my benefactors, then turning, fled down the long hall and the narrow staircase to freedom.

BETSY HILGENBERG '54

Lord, Have Mercy Upon Us

The moon was soap, and the clouds were foam, and heaven was clean. The iceberg was soap, and the wave was foam, and the earth also was clean. The universe was the wash-tub, and the earth was the scrub board, and God the everlasting Washerman.

And yet he was dirty. How could it be possible to be dirty in this existence? But perhaps he was the filth that this cataclysm was trying to clean. That was possible. He had never been clean, and he had many years behind him. He thought bitterly of the time it would take even this Washerman to cleanse him completely. Then the thought amused him grotesquely — he began a wild, unearthly laugh; a dance caught his feet and whirled him around as he im-

aged how it might be: he would elude the Washerman; he would escape down the clockwise drain to Hell and be dirt forever.

Then he stopped. That was not so. He had always wanted to be clean — to be whole and spotless. Now the very thought of not having wanted to be clean terrified him. It was as though his mind had been playing the traitor, and had believed in all it had formerly taught him to loathe. It had been — but it was not now. The assurance of that truth comforted him and calmed his mind. Yes. Now he was right again. His mind wanted cleanliness for his body. Yes. That was good. That was as it should be.

From across the meadows came pealing of bells. They were summoning the friars to evensong. He smiled with a peculiar mixture of resignedness and hopelessness. He had no need of those bells. He had his own and he rang it.

At the sound a monk paused in his garden. He listened, and nodded as if to say, "Another one," then continued on his way. The plaintive cry that he had heard went on, "Unclean — unclean."

ANN CLARK '55

Autumn

It came quickly,
And like a raven after corn
On the summer's wake was borne —
Autumn.

It came quickly,
And like Aeneas on the blast,
I knew this beauty would not last —
Autumn.

It left quickly,
But this I knew was not the end;
I knew that it would come again —
Autumn.

MARGARETTA FURST '54

The Eternal Water Fall

Tumbling over the jagged lip,
In misting arches rainbow dipped,
Where frothing jets scale high the air,
The fall in plunging leaps her lair
To beat upon the rocks below
With savage roar and crushing flow.

Above the surging whirlpool rise
Twin hand-carved cliffs, an eon's prize;
Eternal, they in man's brief flight,
For but one inch record his might.
These age-worn crags from lofty lie,
Have seen man born, will see him die.

WINIFRED JOHNSON '54

Hill Billy Day

Twenty miles north of the South Carolina-North Carolina boundary line, in the Blue Ridge Mountains, lies Highlands, the highest incorporated town east of the Mississippi. Tourists crowd the resorts in and surrounding Highlands, making it one of the most popular resort areas in the Deep South. Fortunately, Highlands has an excellent chamber of commerce which keeps the town unspoiled and uncheaped by second-rate resorts and businesses, and which encourages only high-class, original advertising. In keeping with this policy, August twelfth is declared Hill Billy Day, and annually the people of Highlands combine to create the most jovial holiday of the year. From miles around, tourists and mountaineers flock to the affair, thus contributing to Highlands' fame, and experiencing a spirit of oneness which results from a community project.

The types of people thrown together are numerous, and yet everyone participates. Here a millionaire strides down the street, while beside him ambles a mountain man with but five dollars in the

patched pocket of his overalls. Old folk line the side-walks to watch, and children scamper among them, engaged in water-gun fights. There are two things these people have in common: the love of a good time and the costume of a hill billy.

Consisting of a double cross-roads with two gasoline stations, three general stores, and one post office, on this day Highlands is crowded to capacity with an oddly dressed multitude. Excepting horse or donkey transportation, all traffic is barred from the main streets, and the thousand people within the area must be masqueraded as hill billies, or be dragged off to the stockade where the bail is three dollars. In an effort to look "hill billyish", tourists appear in gunny sacks, loud bandannas, straw hats and painted freckles. However, by far the most amusing costumes are the authentic ones. Characters brush by with lengthy beards, who must have come straight from their farms or "moonshine" stills, and their women folk seem too natural in long calico skirts with matching sun bonnets, to have recently put them on.

In the morning, such contests as hog calling, wood sawing, log rolling, pig riding and greased pole climbing are held. The men and boys compete while the women and girls look on. City men and mountain men struggle together in the contests, and usually the mountaineers, their sinews toughened by hard labor, defeat their more wealthy opponents. The barbecue is announced by the tolling of the church bell, and with sharpened appetites, everyone rushes to taste the numerous pork, lamb and chicken dishes.

For the afternoon and evening, a parade and a street dance are planned. Filing around the streets, floats of shot-gun weddings and stills, Model T's and wagons, mules and dog carts march, accompanied by anyone who wishes to join them. The parade having been completed to everyone's satisfaction, they depart to rest, returning in the evening for the dance. A bit roughly, perhaps, the tourists are pushed through the squares and intricate steps, while the natives clog step with such vigor that the mountains echo and re-echo with the stamping. In an ever increasing tempo, the fiddles race, the caller can not be heard, but the dance continues until the silver face of the moon has risen on one side of the street, and set behind the other.

Last year, reporters from *Holiday* and *Colliers* magazines were present to write up Highlands' Hill Billy Day. In their efforts to

grasp the facts and record the events, I fear they saw only the physical side, a colorful advertising stunt. But perhaps they realized in this day a deeper meaning, a mixture of people forgetting their differences and prejudices and enjoying themselves in an uproarious but harmonious manner. If this is possible with a thousand people, it must be possible with thousands; if with thousands, why not with the world?

WINIFRED JOHNSON '54

Perfection in Solitude

The gray fingers of morning clutched at the few, remaining stars and extinguished them. A pink tint touched the East. I turned in my bed and suddenly, remembering, sat up. Today was the day! I had it all to myself. I could do anything and everything that I had ever wanted, and on this promising spring morning there was but one thought in my mind. I scrambled into shorts and a shirt and ran swiftly down the stairs, my feet making soft "plop-plops" on the well-polished wood. After gobbling some breakfast and picking up the lunch I had made for myself the night before, I hastened out into the newly-washed day.

Never, never had there been such a day as this, for today I was going to take the old sailboat, and ship out, off down the river, which twisted and turned between its willow-edged banks like a lithe and living thing, sailing to a Land of Heart's Content, to a Land of Dreams all my own. As I went along the path that led to the water, I marveled at the beauty around me. I heard a blackbird start his song, rusty at first, then growing more and more skillful, until at last his full-throated melody burst over me like a wave, and I paused in wonder to listen. As I moved on, my feet scattered dew-drops ahead of me, and the sun, slowly spreading his golden mantle over the earth, lit on each one, and sparkled there. My heart was full of gladness and awe when I saw the fields, green with tender, young sprouts, the small buds bursting with life on the limbs of the newly-awakened trees, a lone fox, who was trotting back to his den, worn-out from a long night of hunting.

Never could there have been such a day as this! The river smiled up at me when I reached its banks, and winked invitingly. The weather-beaten boat looked whiter than usual and it strained at its mooring, as if impatient to be off. I waded out and clambered aboard. The sails were stowed in their proper place beneath the deck, and I quickly dragged them out of the sail bag. As I was pulling them on, I glanced at the shore. The reeds were flirting with the wind, bowing and scraping to each other, bending over the water to look at their reflections. Swallows skimmed between them, looking for some breakfast, and when their dainty wings touched the water, they left minute ripples in their wake. The river life was enjoying the day, and after the tedious jobs of putting in the batons and hauling up the sails were over, I too was ready to enjoy it, with every sense that God had given me. I loosed the boat from its restraining anchor-rope. It came slowly around onto the starboard tack, and as if glad to be free, jerked a few times, and then realizing that there was nothing more binding to hold it back than a few strands of seaweed caught on its rudder, settled down to slipping smoothly and swiftly through the azure water.

Oh, what a glorious sail I had that day! I could feel the boat responding to every command I gave it, and I felt as if within its wooden floorboards and ribs, there must be a living, beating heart. I sat on the leeward side, not only so as to be able to see more easily, but so that, while tending to the tiller with my foot and the jib and main sheets with my right hand, I could trail the other in the water, for the simple pleasure of having its cool softness run through my fingers. Their five, tiny wakes streamed out beside the big one left by the rudder. The sail rose above my head and looking at it, I knew why the boat had been called *Mouette*, for the arch it made as it curved against the piercingly bright blue of the sky, had the soft, white shape of the nether side of a seagull's wing.

At noon, the sun had become uncomfortably hot, and I headed the boat towards a miniature bay, bounded by two sand spits. I pulled up to the shore and after slipping out and tying my craft to a large stump, I ate my lunch on the cool, white sand. All the world was at its siesta; I alone was awake. Nothing stirred, for the wind which had stayed with me so faithfully on the water, was cut off by the land. The leaves of the willows, still new and delicate, wove intri-

cate patterns of shadow on the sand, and none moved. The woods gave off the sweet, fresh smell of spring. The water lapped at the shore, and there was a gentle melody in its lapping. The sky, dotted with dainty cotton-puffs of cloud, looked down peacefully on the lazy scene. Then water, trees and sky became as one, and I slept.

It was late afternoon when I woke, for I had forgotten how early the sun rises in spring and I had arisen with the birds, and then sailed hard for a long time. A cooling breeze had sprung up from somewhere and once again the reeds were dancing. When I had taken the boat out of my little back-water, I saw that the sun was low, and that the cotton-clouds were already dyed pink. The sky was paler than before, and the water darker. It served as a startling contrast for the strip of red-gold painted by the dying sun, a path so glorious that it looked fit only for angels to walk upon. The sun touched the sail then, and it burst into red flames.

And as I watched the splendor of the sky and water, my heart overflowed with a great thankfulness and joy, and into my mind came suddenly the question: Why should I, to whom so much has already been granted, now be given so much more? Why should such marvelous beauty be wasted on me, when there are those far more worthy than myself, who have never been able even to imagine the brilliance of such a perfect day? I thanked God for choosing to give the day to me, and a new resolution welled up inside of me to make the most of what I had been given.

I glanced at the sail, which, with the setting of the sun, had burnt out first to mauve and then to gray ashes. Just ahead, lying in the smooth water, I could see the mooring waiting patiently for the boat and me, like a faithful friend. Overhead the first star, a diamond-like flower, grew in the huge meadow of the sky, soon to be followed by one more. And then another and another. . . Surely, surely there had never been such a day!

EDITH M. WILLIAMSON '54



Reaction to a New England Field

Out by the cemetery on Four-Mile Circuit walk, there is a small farm surrounded by rolling fields, which are met on three sides by deep woods. The buildings are painted a crisp, new red with white trimmings, and there is an air of prosperity and well being which intangibly engulfs the scene. The hills are sometimes a soft green, sometimes tawny, and sometimes white with snow, and always the trees in the background serve as a dark contrast to the seasonal changes of the meadow and some of their fellows. A stone wall encloses most of the open spaces, relieved here and there by a pale gate, over which, in my mind's eye, I can see myself leaping on a willing steed, eager to be away. There are usually a few cows browsing under the trees by the wall, or standing contentedly in the middle of the pasture, complacently chewing their cud and extruding an aura of serenity. They are fat brown and white dairy cows, well satisfied with life and what it holds for them. Often they roll an inquisitive brown eye at me, as I stand staring, drinking in the landscape.

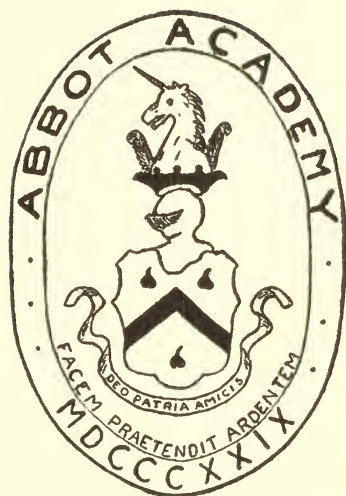
For this place, to me, represents the hills and valleys of Virginia: the woods in autumn, winter or spring with their change of foliage, the fields so peaceful and far away from the bustle of city life, fields where I have spent so many carefree hours hunting or riding alone, at one with my thoughts and my environment. A faraway hill, the cry of a hound, a crisp wind in my face — all this sets the blood running in my veins; to be away — across the fields, through the wood with the air rushing through my hair and the rhythmic pounding of hooves beneath me!

However, it is not only this sensation that I love, but also the quiet walks through deserted groves and unplowed lands, across a river and into landscape which I know and love so well; the scent of the country after rain; the moment of awe when I reach a high point and overlook the terrain; the sight of young horses playing in the grass; or a thunderstorm moving toward me, shadowing my world menacingly with its ominous heaps of deep, grey clouds.

All this I feel when I see a spot such as that. All this I can feel anywhere, in Connecticut, Maine or Louisiana, when a vista such as I have described spreads before me. There need be no farm, no wall, no

special details, just a plain ordinary field or forest. There need be no bright sun high-lighting the surroundings, only a grey or rainy day. The rolling fields will still touch me with a nostalgic pang of remembrance and desire — just for a moment — and then I am happy again, enjoying the day, the landscape, the company. But as I walk away, I cast another look at the red barn standing cheerfully in the shelter of a large tree, the cows spotting the undulating meadow, the impenetrable mass of the beckoning woods behind, the stone wall clearly visible against the yellowing grass, and above all, the atmosphere of peace and clarity that it holds for me. And seeing this, I feel another pang, then turn away in search of an unretainable, less thought-provoking scene.

LUCY LIPPARD '54



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Passage

The gates stand in front of the school, serving at once as entrance and exit. To pass through them in either direction is but the action of an instant, yet we who have lingered inside their custody perceive in them a symbol of all the time spent at Abbot: the gates which welcome us into this bright life release us into the world, to share our discoveries. For if we have become cognizant of the turmoil and suffering not here and yet around us, then we have, for others as well as ourselves, benefited, and may justly journey on.

VALJEANNE BRODEUR '54

Alumnae Note

We feel that this issue of COURANT should not go to press without some reference to the fact that the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the school was celebrated last month with an alumnae reunion. Between three and four hundred "old girls" were back. For some, many years had passed since they had shared in the activities of the school, yet they joined in with generous interest. We of the present Abbot generation were amused when we saw them exclaiming over the various changes which had occurred in the school since their time. We do not know all the memories that we may have helped them recall but the seniors do know when we sang "Fair Alma Mater" that we were all very close and had shared many experiences in our Abbot years.

THE EDITORS

Thoughts On A First Meeting

There is an anticipatory restlessness in the crowd as it eagerly awaits the beginning of the parade. Even in the middle of the summer there is a biting wind; nevertheless there is a sizeable turnout of the city's inhabitants, augmented by visitors from other cities or countries. The occasion is Les Fêtes de Genève, and this afternoon a parade, the climaxing of seven days of festivities is to be witnessed.

On the terrace of a fashionable hotel, directly facing the road, sits the fashionable set, meticulously in style, one member looking very much like another; very well poised, worldly wise and completely occupied by his or her little world of gaiety and ease. One family within the group stands out, although it is very similar to all the other cosmopolitan groups gathered around the tables under the awning. Perhaps it is the presence of younger people that makes it seem a bit incongruous with the ultra-smart set, but this alone is not sufficient to attract attention, for upon closer inspection one can discern a few children, dominated by their parents, but there, nevertheless. Yet it is, in reality, the young people, an odd pair, a *sauve* young gentleman of approximately twenty-six or twenty-seven years facing a young lady, not so assured and actually awkward, about six or seven years his junior, which contributes to the uncommonness of the group. Two middle-aged couples, very similar to the rest of the people on the terrace and obviously the young people's parents, make up the group, except for a small, rather precocious boy of seven or thereabouts. The atmosphere, strained because of the obvious failure of the *jeune fille's* attempt to please her companion, so clearly registered in the *jeune homme's* countenance, is being harmed rather than aided by the older people's transparent disregard of the pair's stilted conversation. Up to a point, small talk has prevailed with some success, but now, all topics have been exhausted, and a silence, anxious on the part of one young person and disdainful on the part of the other, has descended upon them. You can almost hear the thoughts of the two as they sit.

"This is all very silly and boring; my parents should have known better than to hope for a favorable reaction on my part towards this *demoiselle*. Here we've been sitting talking about everything but the weather, and not one comment or opinion from her has penetrated me! I would trade places with almost anyone now. How short-

sighted I was to give in to mama and agree to come with them to meet this *jeune fille absolument charmante*. Oh yes, she is very charming if your taste is for meekly docile creatures with no spirit. Oh how I envy the others speeding on the road to Italy and the times ahead in Florence and Rome! Mais, c'est la vie. I shall soon join them anyway. What a difference between the afternoons I shall spend at the races or swimming in the sea, and this deplorably sedate tea; between Renée, so alive and spirited, and this Marie, so apathetic and faded. What a dull creature she is: so fantastically sheltered and innocent! I wonder if she has anything to say about what she does or wears. From her prudish toilet I doubt very much if she has much voice. Just look at that prim, grey linen dress, so fitted and pressed, and her hair! I shouldn't question it if I were told she has someone arrange her minute curls every morning, noon and night. Mon Dieu, if I had my way, I would change her! I would introduce her to some of my friends who really know how to live. Ma foi, they could teach her a thing or two! Yes, she has a promising physiognomy, with those big eyes that seem too round for that peaked face. How she can stare! She reminds me of a little mouse pleading for understanding. Yes, she even gestures with the timid motions of a mouse — I must stop being so rude to her; the poor thing is practically frantic trying to penetrate my boredom. Oh Dieu, I wish the parade would start soon, so I won't have to continue this silly conversation."

"I am so glad Maman asked me to come along. This is all so exciting, sitting on a hotel terrace with a *jeune homme* waiting for the parade! I can almost believe that Maman and Papa are not here. They are hardly looking at us! Georges is so nice too. I know he's so much older than I, but I don't care. What wonderful manners he has! And how handsome! I've always loved men with a mustache, and he is so dignified and grown up with his! Yes, I do believe I'll remember this day for years afterwards as one of the best. No girl could ask for more! I could close my eyes and pretend he is the man that Miss Smith always tells me I shall meet some day, but I can't do that because that would be very rude to Georges, and Maman said expressly I was to be very careful and not bore him, because he is the son of their good friends the Triboulets. Anyway, I don't want to bore him. He is so considerate and kind; he pays so much attention to me and my ignorant conversation. He must be extremely wise too,

for I've heard that he travels a lot and meets many people. I must be very interesting so he'll tell me all about his voyages and the wonderful acquaintances he makes. I do get tired of seeing Miss Smith all the time; and now that I've finished school I don't see my friends very often. How excited and happy Cécile will be when I tell her all about this! No one in our group has ever had anything so wonderful happen to her. I can't wait to tell them and make them all envious! Oh I shouldn't be surprised if all the girls here were jealous of me with Georges. I wonder if they guess that this is my first real sortie with a jeune homme. I hope not. I do hope I'm dressed properly. Miss Smith said this dress was fine. I wonder if Georges noticed it. I'm sure he must like it; it is so neat and trim, but not school-girlish at all. Maman and Papa seem to be enjoying themselves. I hope they like Georges and don't reprimand me for talking to him all the time. Anyway I don't really think I care because I'm having such a wonderful time! I could look at him all day. He is wonderfully tanned and his hair is so nicely flecked with gold! Oh dear, I mustn't stare! That would be so rude and perhaps would embarrass him. Now, I've annoyed him and he'll never like me again. Goodness, I must find some way to make amends!"

The parade sounds in the distance, and the two turn their attention to the main event of the afternoon. An uncomfortable silence interspersed by occasional toneless comments on the passing scene from Georges and equally stiff answers, caused by misery instead of boredom, falls on the two. At the end of the afternoon, the two part company to leave with their respective families.

"Au revoir, Marie. It has been so pleasant all afternoon, and I am so happy to have met you. Allow me to hope that we shall see each other in the future!"

"Au revoir, Georges! I've had a wonderful time also and enjoyed meeting you."

So the two leave: Georges, anticipating the coming days of pleasure in Italy and forgetting the colorless little girl his parents desired him to meet; Marie, looking back on the afternoon as one of the most exciting in her sheltered life and thinking often of the most gallant and handsome son of her parents' good friends.

JACKIE WEI '54

An Old-Fashioned Story

One hundred years the bridge has stood in the Boston Public Gardens, its stone feet planted in water, its arms stretching from bank to bank, a foot-worn path traversed daily by countless passers-by. Some stride purposefully across its narrow expanse, scarcely aware of the mirroring waters below; some pause to linger a moment, peering at their reflections; while others like the two, on that sunny spring day, press heavily upon the iron grille, their arms resting on the rail as they contemplate the panorama bobbing upon the waters. Many are the human tragedies the bridge has known, and many a tear has fallen on its once fine surface, now coarse and grayed from vicarious moss. The two people had been strolling, together yet apart in their thoughts, their pace falling in unrhythmic beat, and now, halted at this point of greatest depth, they leaned on the bridge, their figures reflected in the water below them.

* * * *

Her eyes fugitively followed the progress of the ripples driven before a sigh of wind, hoping to find in the playfulness of their course an alleviation or distraction for the panic in her mind. Her blue stare seemed fathoms deeper than the water into which she looked, and a tear threatened to appear on the brown lashes. Her pride of youth dictated a stinging command not to admit her weakness, and she half turned from her companion seemingly unaware of his words which continued to flow in a low undertone. The laughing breeze brushing against her pale features and gleefully shaking the soft hair from its prim position seemed a mockery. Tightly she grasped the rim of the bridge rail, deep emotion swaying her slight frame, and with strengthening conviction, she lifted a still tremulous chin. Through blurred mist she saw the skyline of red brick before her, the confining walls of her prison. Little affection had she for the exacting city life about her or for the restrictions and falsities of the social code. Never had she been able to release her spirit from the bonds of timidity in the ebb and rush of conversation in large gatherings. Her social acquaintances found her shy and unresponsive; she in turn resented and envied their aggressiveness. To a few close companions, the heavy door of constraint concealing the inner garden of her mind had been opened a few cracks and from this narrow view they had

found much in her to admire. However, many blossoming qualities and fragrant ideals, barricaded behind impenetrable gates, had been forced to remain unfertile from disuse. Because of the underestimation of her hidden values she felt herself unequal to the complexities of the city; and from any participation in its society she perceived herself excluded as surely as if all the red brick houses were locked against her, for she had no desire to scale the barren peaks of self esteem or worldly recognition, her chosen path a less ambitious road.

* * * *

The man cut short his flow of words abruptly. With his lips compressed to a thin line he stared at his reflection, but his hazel eyes were trained upon a distant dream. They lit up his face with an almost eery light and one sensed behind them a stubborn, almost indomitable will. Determination was etched in the high forehead; nothing could alter his course; nothing could impede his progress toward his twin goals of financial success and entrance to the elite Beacon Hill society. The woman beside him had begun to speak in sweet, urgent tones but as her gaze sought his in the mirroring pond, a spark of anger leapt from his eyes. Nothing must stand in his way, not even the one he loved. Her glance wavered and fell. Suddenly a tide of pity swept over him for his companion, so gentle, so helpless, and forcing himself to stem his resentment he turned toward her endeavoring to smile. Perhaps she sensed his pity, perhaps her pride could bear no more. With a tiny splash, the ring shattered their images as it sank into the water. Two pairs of footsteps, one desperately running, one stalking angrily, echoed from the two ends of the bridge.

* * * *

Thirty years later the bridge still arched its length across the pond in a thin black line, its new layer of concrete obscured, the bright blue paint of its railing dark as before. It was the dim hour of approaching dusk. Setting behind the western skyline, the sun left a glow that bathed the still water in orange, threw up inky silhouettes and etched ever-lengthening shadows. A man's form could be seen moving slowly on to the span, then hesitating at the point of deepest water. Suddenly he seized the rail with a passion that seemed to implore comfort. Overcome by emotion he stared down at the mirrored sunset. Time had taken its toll of the once comely face, raking

a network of wrinkles into the forehead, deeply furrowing the cheeks, but the compact figure still radiated a sense of power, although it seemed to have lost its direction. His was not a material failure; a prosperous business and a place among the elite were his, but his gaze was disillusioned, his expression showed he had tasted the bitterness of a wasted life.

The orange glow from the sinking sun revealed the movement of a figure approaching the man's grey form. This slender shadow moved at first without relation to the man's still figure. The orange had dimmed to a dull rust in the west, but it was still possible to recognize the second visitor. Her features had become more prominent, her lips and eyes hardened and more insensitive from the experiences she had been forced to meet alone. Her expression had become less retiring as if the cultivated shell of her earlier years had dissolved and she had learned to look squarely at the surrounding crowds without her former fears. But as she raised her head to look for the first evening star, her pose betrayed the loneliness and sadness which had been hers to endure.

The umber curtain began rapidly to deepen; a more vigorous breeze shook the black treetops visible only against the western glow. The man steadied himself against the rail as he caught sight of the still figure, then moved soundlessly to the opposite side of the bridge, his form silhouetted in the water beside that of the woman. Their gaze seemed to meet for the first time in the image, but the quickened pace of the gusts shattered their reflections into a thousand pieces. No sound was heard other than the metallic click of ripples against the stone base at the end of the bridge. Then a pair of footsteps echoed from the span; this time they walked together.

WINIFRED AND MARGARET JOHNSON '54

Primaries

Red is passion, yet many are the feelings suggested by its shades. It is the temptation of a candy wrapper which causes a hungry little tongue to twist convulsively in its bright domain. Red is the desire for the lovely coat so carelessly draped on the mannequin in the window. See how the sun catches its richness and throws back its

brilliance before an avid glance! Rose-red is the first glow of love which shows its fond hue on the cheeks of a maiden; the color again is seen rimming her eyes which are filled with the dew-drops of solitude. Scarlet is a slap in the face, an insult that pierces the heart; it is the glow of shame that emerges from a soul to betray the deed. Red is violent, screaming envy and jealousy, seeking to kill what it cannot acquire, a brick colored stream flows from malice and hate. Red is bizarre flame and soul-searing anguish, its unbearable heat making the body writhe in the raw agony of pain. When will this red passion cease?

Yellow is vivacity and life. It is pride in a pencil in a box filled with marvelous things that the others at schools wished they had. It is the sunny laugh of a favorite aunt who always knows just what to bring home. In the summer, of course, it's one's response to that large golden ball which says, "There'll be swimming today." Yellow as assurance, shows the way down a dark country road, and brightens a city's main street. It is the sudden thrill in a flash of lightning which makes the heart stop in alarm and wonder how long terror can last. It is relief when the bulbs glow again to reassure children of all ages that the danger is past. It is radiant health and the lilt in a song when happiness shows its bright form. A butterfly's wing could not be more gay than the fluttering spirit of one who knows yellow.

Blue is quiet, serene calm. It is the pleasure in a clear cloudless sky that is seen on a holiday stroll through the woods, or in the sapphire brilliance of a cool, crystal lake surrounded by guardians of pine. Though the years pass, blue is still tranquil, but maturity intensifies the hue. Now the sorrow and dejection encountered in later life leave their impressions. Blue is the shivering form, whose skin is livid from cold and neglect. A thin woolen shawl cannot greatly comfort a heart which is chilled by keen cutting ice. Blue is despair and intense disappointment, the melancholy arising after a loss has been sustained. It is never passionate, but always deep, wounding and pitifully true.

PAULA PRIAL '54

Why Should Eighteen-Year-Olds Vote?

I do not think that eighteen-year-olds should vote. I see no reason to amend our Constitution and take away a power reserved to the states over this issue. The main argument, indeed the only argument, put forth by the advocates of voting at eighteen is that anyone old enough to fight and die for his country is old enough to have a voice in his country's government. On the strength of this reasoning, the issue is being seriously debated in the Congress of the United States. In theory, it is a noble idea and it sounds right and good; in practice, there is little logic behind it.

First of all, approximately three-quarters of the eighteen-year-old population is not subject to draft by virtue of being feminine or else intellectually or physically exempt. Why should the vote be given to all because a minority might feel they had a right to it? (Let anyone try to give the vote to only the minority, however, and you will hear reverberations of unfair discrimination from all sides quickly enough.) Secondly, I should like to ask why a boy old enough to fight for his country is necessarily old enough to vote. I do not see any particular connection between the two. Out of sheer necessity, the government has been forced to draft very young men. This step does not automatically increase a boy's awareness and knowledge of public affairs. Of course, a boy who is taken away from home and placed in an entirely new environment may be broadened and matured, but this development takes time. When he has served his two years in the armed services, and has had a year to readjust to civilian life and get caught up with normal affairs in his community and nation, then he is quite ready to vote. By this time he is twenty-one. Because we had to lower the draft age, there is no reason to lower the voting age. Two wrongs, perhaps I should say one necessary evil and one wrong, do not make a right.

Why should the youth of today be given responsibility in government that they did not have when our voting system came into being? This question would seem to be the epitome of a conservative, reactionary point of view. It is, but that should not condemn it. Whoever set the present age requirement for voting must have had some valid reason, must have had some feeling that at twenty-one and not

before, a person was mature enough to cast a vote. Then it would not seem logical to change suddenly the age limit unless some new force has come into being to alter the situation. What is this new force? I have dismissed that of military service as irrelevant. If anyone ventures to say that American youth is more mature at an earlier age now than it was in the past, I deny it. As our country has progressed, a person has been expected to spend more time going to schools, then to college, and finally to graduate schools. This is an excellent system, but not one conducive to early maturity and a self-reliant attitude. You mention the large group who do not go beyond high school and who at eighteen are supporting themselves and leading the lives they will be leading at twenty-one. Here you are in a vicious circle. It is generally acknowledged that a better-educated person is better qualified to vote. If a man stays in college to become better educated he is apt to remain dependent upon his family for a longer time and not mature early; if he does not go to college he is not considered well educated, and therefore should not be given the vote before he has at least had the opportunity to get a practical education through his daily living and working. There does not seem to be any valid reason for lowering the age requirement for suffrage in this material. On the other hand, our world is now apparently more complex, and today the voter must evaluate a great deal more detailed information thrown at him from all directions and by all methods than did great-grandfather.

All the preceding reasons have been negative. Perhaps you will excuse this since most arguments against change must be negative. They are in rebuttal. The advocate of reform must always give good cause for proposed changes. So far, I don't believe that he has as far as this issue is concerned. I ask him to give me one substantial, sensible reason why the federal government should insist that eighteen-year-olds be permitted to vote. If the proposal is not just plain politics, what is it that has suddenly brought this issue into the foreground?

ANNA HEWLETT '54

The Sisters

The brisk, static whisper of the brush stopped. The utensil hung limp in the languid grasp of smooth, white fingers, as its owner abruptly lifted her head in response to the sharp sound of scrambled footsteps on the stairs, followed by a quick series of light raps on the door.

"Um?"

The door opened on the instant, and the thin, eager face of her sister peeked through, eyes ashine, to inquire breathlessly,

"Can I come in and watch you dress, Anne? I mean — can I help you any? Please."

"All right, if you'll be careful not — Oh blazes! Get that dirty dog out of here. He's all muddy. Go away, Jeff, go away. Debby, take him out!"

The younger girl dashed for the wriggling, excited nondescript, flung her arms about his neck, and sinking to her knees held him still, close to her.

"Darling, no! You are sweet, and we love you ever so much, but you mess up Anne's beautiful new clothes. Come, Jeffy, I'm sorry. . ."

The door clicked shut and calm descended again. Debby settled herself with a little bounce on her sister's bed, and clasping her hands in her lap looked around the room. Her gaze wandered from clothes tossed carelessly over an armchair to the lacy gown hanging on the closet door, the dressing table whose mirrored top reflected a sparkling array of lipsticks, perfumes and cosmetics, and came finally to rest on the reflection of her sister in the full-length mirror, slim in billowing white crinoline, sheer stockings, slender silver heels. Anne reached for the comb, and in response to a few deft, sure motions the gleaming waves of chestnut hair fell into place. Catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror, Debby reached unconsciously for a straggling lock, and regarded with distaste her own still-unformed countenance of a girl but barely entered her teens. She longed rather wistfully for the composed nineteen-year-old perfection attained by her sister, the regulated charm and cool confidence, never betrayed by any childish blunder.

"Who is taking you to the dance tonight, Anne?"

"Howard."

"Oh goody. I can't wait to see him again. Do you think he'll be in uniform? Do you?"

"Perhaps."

"I like him ever and ever so much — much better than that Phil what's-his-name, who's so conceited. Don't you?" Her eyes lit suddenly on the white box, half open on the dressing table.

"Flowers! Oh Anne, what kind?" She slipped off her perch, danced across the room, and hesitated a moment in anticipation before lifting the top. "Roses! Oh, they are lovely!"

Anne emerged from the closet, a slight petulance shading her face.

"Comme ci — comme ca, except that he bought them the wrong color, and I can't wear my red dress. Thoughtless boy. I prefer orchids anyway. Phil has seen my blue dress twice."

"But you are going with Howard."

"Phil will be there."

"I don't like him. All he does is swagger around looking handsome and pleased with himself, and as if everyone ought to faint with delight because the great Philip Thornton is —"

"Oh forget it! I don't want to argue. Here, powder my back, will you?"

Debby took the proffered puff, biting her lip. Why did she and Anne always disagree about boys and flowers? ("When I get older I hope I don't like boys just because they dance well or play varsity football or hand out a big line. The other day in the drugstore he repeated the same thing to Anne as he'd just finished saying to some other girl, 'Well hello, beautiful. Would the most lovely lady of Philadelphia deign to take a spin with a lowly admirer?' Anne shouldn't fall for that mush!") She closed the powder box and blew gently at the fine dust clouding the mirror, then stood aside to watch her sister's intent, immobile face subtly change under a series of cosmetics to that of a fairy doll. Suddenly the purr of an eyebrow pencil startled her as it rolled across the table top, precipitating itself over the edge. Debby made a grab after it, lost her balance, and stumbled against the table. A clatter of lipsticks tumbled like bowling pins, the white fingers carefully wielding the lipstick jerked slightly, and Anne sprang up like a tensed wire released. From her narrowed lips the words shot forth, "Clumsy. Now you've done it!"

A slight red line disturbed the cheek where the lipstick had gone astray. As if paralyzed, the child stared at her sister.

"I'm sorry. I'm awfully sorry." She reached quickly for a Kleenex. Without a word Anne accepted the tissue and repaired the damage deftly, ignoring the other. Silence — until the hanger on the closet door bobbed and clattered, relieved of its burden. An excited rustle, swish, the sound of a closing zipper, and the dress adorned its mistress. Pirouetting before her mirror, Anne glanced through the open door into the hall whence her sister had disappeared, then, shrugging her shoulders, turned toward the jewelry box. Seconds passed. Without warning, a voice at her side spoke shyly.

"Anne, would you like to use my rhinestone bracelet, the one I got for Christmas?" In a grubby hand outstretched, lay the trinket. Impulsively the older girl stooped and gave her sister a hug.

"Sweetheart, I'd love to. I was just wondering how to ask you."

The worried face broke into a smile. Downstairs the doorbell sounded.

"Oh Debs, keep Howard amused for a few minutes."

The younger girl flew from the room. The clatter of her footsteps tumbled down the steps. She flung open the door at the bottom and gazed at the tall, gangly Howard, not changed one bit by his navy uniform.

"Hi, Howard!"

"Hi, peaches." He glanced toward the top of the stairs. "Your sister going to keep me waiting long tonight?"

"I guess not. Gosh, it's wonderful that you are back!"

His eyes smiled at her. "Get older every time I see you. How's life?"

"Fine. Have you been doing much — um — sailing?"

"No. It's mostly school all over again. I did go down in a submarine, Peaches — about two weeks ago, but that wasn't part of training."

"Tell me about it. Did —"

But he didn't heed her and she broke off, following his gaze upturned towards Anne perched at the top of the stairs as a butterfly might hover on the petal of a flower before fluttering down to earth. Then, as always, the slow, charming smile irradiated her countenance, and, rising briefly on her toes, she streamed down the steps in

a silken rustle undisturbed by a single bounce or clatter, stretching out both hands to the admiring boy at the bottom, surveying him ingenuously.

"Howard. You look marvelous in a uniform."

As the door closed behind them Debby sprang to a window and watched the two start down the path below.

"Good-bye. Have fun!"

Howard half turned and raised one arm in a sweeping wave. But Anne must not have heard, for only the silver tinkle of her laughter floated back as she disappeared on her escort's arm into the night.

BETSY HILGENBERG '54

Decision

In immaturity, when self is all,

And that all is undefined:

Elusive grains of sand dispersed and incoherent;

A shallow, sliding silver pool of mercury,

Unconfined,

Unbounded,

Lacking wisdom, and concrete and clear concept

Of worth —

Of individual ideal —

A fear of irrevocable decision;

Of standing straight without support,

Of spoiling with a sorry cough the caroling of

The glowing,

Pulsing,

Rhythmic,

Joyous,

Vibrant song

That life should be;

This terror of a forward step

Can stop forever all creative force,

And brings forth only might-have-beens.

LUCY GARRETSON '54

Just Once More

He stared down at the yellow paper in his hand.

"Yahoo! This is it, my boy, this is it!" He thumped the grinning captain on the back and whirled about him in an impromptu jig. "Orders to report!"

"Where, John? Calcutta or Delhi?"

"No, you hardheaded mule, you — don'cha know big stuff when you see it, Bud? Nothing but the best for me — the States — I'm heading stateside."

"Congratulations, old man." Now it was Bud's turn to do some back-thumping. "About time! How many missions have you flown? Sixty, seventy?"

John, whistling a jaunty tune, picked up in some forgotten pub, moved across the small room and consulted a gaudy pin-up calendar that had a big, black "1945 — Win the War" printed on each page. After flipping several of the worn sheets and mumbling his computations to himself between snatches of the song, he wheeled about, sharply saluted and announced, "Captain John Mathews, Sir, reporting one hundred missions over the hump, and," he continued, noting the astonishment on his associate's face, "have to fly across it only once more — back to India, clean sheets and the fastest plane, home! Oh, I'm going to be the most envied man around this stinking pothole!"

He eased his six feet four inches onto the bed wearily and sighed contentedly, displaying his put-on angelic smile that he used to tease Bud. "It is a pleasant life now, isn't it?"

"Aw, watch your language or I'll heave you out'a here on your ear."

"Well, this is startling!" John rose from the cot with mock dignity. "A man's not safe even in the spacious confines of his own two-by-four suite! How outrageous!"

"John, s'help me, you shoulda been an actor, with your build and mug and such charming manners — but enough, sir, let me assist you."

With a most formal bow, bordering on the burlesque, Bud fell to his knees, reached under the cot and withdrew a dirty flight bag

with the initials J.H.M. embossed on it. Placing it upon the bed gently and wiping the leather mold from it, he nodded his head.

"I, sir, most exalted sir, am Captain B. Thomitri Riszattas, sent by the United States High Command to be your humble valet, to prepare the master for the forthcoming excursion across the perilous mountains; say, when do you plan to leave?"

"As soon as possible, man — Think Anderson's due in about three o'clock. I'll hop back with him."

"You'll be outa here by five then. We got the O.K. signal from him an hour ago — he's right on schedule."

The smile left his mouth, he threw a dejected glance about the small room.

"Well, you got packing. I gotta go check over at the radio shack. Don't be too slow. Turk's always in a hurry to be outa here — can't blame him. See ya."

John watched Bud as he walked across the clearing to the radio shack; he was a good man, Bud, and he'd miss him.

Slowly John turned and stared meditatively at the brown beaten wooden chest in the corner that served as foot-locker, closet, and dresser. He crossed the room and stood, looking at it, concentration furrowing his face. Suddenly his eyes lighted, he breathed a soft, relieved, "Yeah, that's it. He'll like it. I'll be able to get plenty more where I'm going."

Stooping swiftly, he opened the chest and began tossing its contents on the cot. Some clean clothes, some dirty ones, a flashlight, socks, boots, some writing paper, two bundles of neatly-tied letters, one packet from his family and friends, the other from his fiancée, and then almost reverently, he removed the last item, held it up to the light and turned it slowly; one bottle of Haig & Haig, the seal unbroken. He put his nose against the cap and sniffed gingerly. "Yeah, he'll like this."

He sat back on his heels, looking into the chestnut-hued liquid; he saw his own hand dimly on the other side of the bottle, strangely magnified, but there was something else in front of it. He squinted, trying to make it out; it was his girl, her laughing eyes, glistening bobbed hair; it was his mother, younger looking and gayer than ever, standing on her tip-toes trying to kiss him; it was his father, strong, silent. John felt the pride inside him making a hard knot in

his chest. It was Joe, his brother, nodding his red-head wisely, brown eyes sparkling with joy and affection, and his sisters crying in his arms, the kids from next door clambering to get near him and Luke, the dog, jumping all over him, getting in everybody's way.

He felt his father's firm handshake and his powerful arms about him, welcoming him home; he felt his arms encircling his mother's tiny waist, sweeping her up off her feet; he heard himself laughing as his sisters gave him sweet, sisterly kisses wet with tears and he tried to brush them away. He felt Joe pounding him on the arm, shouting in his ear. "How's it feel to be home, General Mathews?" He felt the dog pawing his legs and something grew bigger and bigger inside him and it hurt.

He felt something hot and sticky; he looked and saw some chestnut-hued liquid, but he saw something else — his own hand dimly on the other side of the bottle, strangely magnified.

* * * *

At four-fifty p.m. John wiped the sweat from his face, zipped up his flying jacket, and raised his voice above the roar of the C-49 warming up beside him. "Well, Bud, don't let the Japs get ya. Oh yeah, here's something for your health." He passed Bud the paper bag roughly and stuck out his hand. Bud gripped it hard, their mouths smiled but their eyes were serious.

John clapped him on the shoulder, turned, and swiftly hoisted himself into the plane.

At 5:05 p.m. Bud watched a silver speck in the sky hurrying toward the west where the mountains tore into the blue vault, high, arrogantly. They'd have a good flight, John was headed home, no storms were brewing — it would be a good flight. The last one should be.

* * * *

It doesn't take a storm. These mountains are high, they don't even know how high some of them are. It's wild up there. Real wild, even without a storm; you know, up-drafts, down-drafts, that sort of thing; instruments go haywire. Anything can happen. They don't know what happened — they never found the plane, never even found his body.

ELISABETH OPPMANN '55

Concerning An Avoided Element

Few will deny that conversation satisfies many of our needs. There is an everyday conversation through which we acquire such basic things as food, medicine and clothing; much of this intercourse is easily forgotten. But there is, in addition, conversation in which ideas may be exchanged and clarified; or in which painful emotions may be brought to the surface of one's mind, where they may be wiped away or clarified by the trusted advice of a friend. What most people fail to realize is that in this second, more genuine type of conversation, silence is as integral an element as speech.

Most people are horrified at the occurrence of silence, but for some there is a certain pleasure, a relaxation rather like wearing old shoes, in talking with those who allow silence to share their conversation, to come of its own accord; who have self-confidence enough to pause and think between the dropping of one subject and the beginning of another; who are as willing to consider other people's opinions as to formulate their own.

By silence I do not mean to imply the whole world of silence, which includes every absence of sound from the muteness of grief to the stillness of air before a storm; rather I allude to only that category of silence which concerns the meeting of people and the discussion that occurs between them. It is necessary to realize that even within this limited field there are silences which damage rather than enrich the benefits of conversation. Imagine, for example, walking into a roomful of unacquainted or excessively formal people. There is a certain amount of static nervousness in the air, which is caused by the general worry among those present of what to say next. What little conversation there is, is brittle, and it is passed among those speaking like French porcelain, only to be shattered at the slightest slip of the tongue.

Thus the silence that is natural to real conversation is not an accidental absence of sound, but is indicative of calmness, is spontaneous and sincere. And who will remember words unless they arise clearly from the silence of the mind?

AUDREY SYNNOTT '54

The Landing

Gerry studied his reflection in the dingy glass panel of the door. He was tall and dark — he stepped away from the door. No, he wasn't really that tall; he was medium height — never quite tall enough for a lead, and of course the juvenile must be blond. His face wasn't a typical actor's face; it wasn't handsome, or even very interesting. But it was a mobile face — you could do almost anything with it. He scowled at his reflection. "Even a frown is hollow today." His eyes and face looked particularly discouraged and grey at that moment. He rubbed his hand across the glass and stared dejectedly at the black spots on his fingers.

He turned the brass knob and pushed through the doorway. Automatically his hand reached into his mailbox; he didn't bother to lock it anymore; he never got any mail that would interest anyone else. They had their own bills. Inside was a thick envelope — it must be from his mother. As he climbed up the stairs he looked down at the familiar handwriting and wondered why she wrote so often. Any other mother would have disowned him long before this — a good-for-nothing. He wrote so few letters; he never seemed to have the time. There were many hours when he wanted to talk with someone, but he'd just worry her if he called; she'd think he wasn't getting along all right. He was getting on — he had enough to eat. She worried so much about his eating, but she needn't have. His stomach would worry enough about that.

He rested on the bannister when he reached the landing. The stairs were steeper than usual — perhaps it was because he had been doing a lot of "pavement pounding" that day. What was it that mother used to say? "Every stairway must have a landing." Whenever things got tough, she'd say that. "You can't expect to be climbing all the time, Gerald. You've got to have a place where you can stop and look at yourself — that's what hard times are for." When he was in college, he'd become impatient with the drama department there. He wanted to be out on his own, he wanted to be acting all the time. How well he remembered her writing: "This is the reason we sent you to college. So you'd find out for certain that you're happy only when you're in a play. We didn't want you to give up the chance for a good college education and then regret it all your life. It's tire-

some now, but perhaps you'll understand later how we felt. And anyway, an actor is a much better husband and father if he has a bit of grey matter. I've been reading a lot of theater articles lately, and they all seem to say that the literature and writing courses you're struggling with right now will help you with your acting." And she was right; they would help him; they hadn't yet, but they would. If only he could land something — any kind of a part. She had said that there would be "a long landing" when he went to New York, but it had lasted longer than even she had expected. Three years of summer stock, a winter job in Florida, a few television "walk-ins," that's about what they amounted to — a few lines here and there. He had even tried to get a job off-Broadway, but his looks hindered him more than he had ever thought they could. Oh yes, if they don't think you're the type, they throw you out before you get a chance to say a thing. That's the worst — to get your hopes up, start working for that try-out, and then to be told that you don't quite look the part! The one time he had been given a chance to read, he had been told, "We will let you know the results next week." Next week, here it was, the end of the week and no word, not even a call for a second try-out. Some directors let you sit by the telephone for a month or more, so he was lucky he didn't have to wait that long — but still — suddenly the ring of a telephone broke through his thoughts. Was it from his apartment? He bounded up the next flight of stairs. When he reached the second landing he paused, conscious that the phone was no longer ringing. He listened — nothing. He leaned heavily on the bannister and looked down. "Another landing," he thought. It probably wasn't even his phone, or he may not have really heard anything — it might have been a — he looked up. Mrs. Hoffman, the landlady, was peering over the upstairs railing. "There was a gentleman just called for you, Mr. Walker. I was cleaning, and I answered the phone. I don't ordinarily go in to other people's rooms like that, but since you don't get calls much, I thought —" "Yes, yes," Gerry interrupted, "what did he say?" "He said for you to call him as soon as you can — he said that you've been waiting for this."

CAROLE COX '54

The Farm

The sun rose slowly from its bed of blue-gray clouds in the east, and the early morning dew shone on the grass and leaves like tinsel on a Christmas tree. The farmhouse activity had begun with the crowing of the old cock, and old Jeb, the farmer, was just now ambling down the warped wooden steps to the path which led to the red barn. Milk pails clanged together under his arm, and he tried to hum a tune as he approached the barn door. The whole farm seemed to be in good spirits: the harvest had been unusually plentiful that season, the old cows had been giving more milk than they were accustomed to giving, and even the hens were laying more eggs. Perhaps the good spirits could be accredited to the fact that young Jeb, the pride of Easton, was coming home from his two-year stretch in the army. He was a handsome lad and strong as an ox. His folks had not wanted the army to take their boy away, and Jeb Jr. had not been at all anxious to go, since he was devoted to the farm and to his family — and to Betsy, his girl. However, he was considered a man at eighteen, and had been inducted at the local base, with several of his friends.

A tantalizing odor of pancakes drifted out through the kitchen windows, and old Jeb came back to the house from his milking, the heavy pails full to overflowing with milk. He set them down briskly on the step and went inside to wash up at the kitchen sink. "Did the cows give lots today, Jeb?" asked his wife, a secret excitement evident in her thin voice.

"Em," he said, "those cows are uncanny — I b'lieve they know that Jeb's comin' home today! Tell me — you got the house all cleaned up fer him? His room better be the way he left it — he was allus fussy 'bout that."

"Now, Jeb, you let me worry 'bout the house an' his room. You make sure that the barn is extra clean and that th' new calves are in good condition so he can see them as soon as he gets home — 'specially the one by Bessie — he raised her himself. Come and eat your victuals now. We both have lots to do today!"

The morning hours passed swiftly with all the activity taking place in the barn and farmhouse. The old couple worked with vigor

and old Jeb actually whistled favorite tunes through his dry lips. Noon came, and with it, neighbors from the surrounding farms with some small parcels, crudely wrapped, but undoubtedly filled, each one, with happy thoughts of welcome. A big cake was in the oven, and the dilapidated dining-room table was covered over by a brightly flowered cloth. Folks came dressed in their best calicos and gingham, tight Sunday jackets and breeches, and some of the men wore neckties, while some of the women wore ribbons in their hair — especially Betsy, young Jeb's girl. More time passed, and the hour for his arrival was close at hand.

"Jeb," whispered Em, "I'm nervous, kinda'. I don't know how to act 'round him anymore. D'ya think he'll say I'm pretty, like he used to?" She fidgeted with the bow on her home-made skirt, and looked up at her husband worriedly.

"Now stop your frettin', Em! Of course he'll think you're still pretty — just like me! He should be comin' any minute now — the 5:15 train is usually right on time. Is my tie straight?"

"Yes, it's real straight and he'll be mighty proud of you, and what you've done for the farm, too. Listen, Jeb. . . there's the train whistle now!! . . . Jeb, I'm so excited!!"

The distant whistle sounded through the humid air, and the folks gathered expectantly around the front door of the farm house to watch for young Jeb's arrival. They could see the black billows of train smoke travel upwards in a straight line as the train pulled to a stop in front of the station, about five miles distant from the farmhouse.

Minutes crept by unmercifully, each one seeming like an hour or more. All at once an old model-T Ford rattled into sight. Two men were in the front seat, one old, the other apparently quite young. The car swung around to a stop in front of the house, and the two men got out slowly.

"Jeb, that's Judge Bowen and his cab, right 'nuff, but thet young feller isn't our Jeb!" Em sounded worried, as she turned to her husband, and she searched his face for some plausible explanation for this unexpected arrival. Jeb went down the steps to greet the newcomers.

"Howdy, Judge," he said, without much animation in his voice. "How come you're out so far this way? You ain't seen our young

Jeb 'round the station 'fore you came out here, have you? He's 'bout due home from the army now, and the last we heard, he was comin' out on the 5:15 train this afternoon. By the way, who's the young feller with you? Never seen 'im 'round these parts before."

Mr. Bowen's face flushed red, then turned chalky white. He motioned to the young man who had gotten out of the car with him, and turned to old Jeb slowly. "This here's Bill Towner — says he's from Texas somewheres — knows your Jeb real well. . . ." The young man put a big hand on old Jeb's curved shoulder. His clean-cut face looked tired and drawn, but he spoke with a fine, soft voice.

"I'm mighty glad to meet you, sir, but I'm not so sure you'll be glad to know me after what I have to tell you. No, please don't call your wife down here — it'll be easier for you to tell her later."

"What are you trying to tell me, Mr. Towner?" asked old Jeb, his eyes fearfully apprehensive. "Has anything happened to our boy?"

"I sure hate to tell you this, sir, but I figured it'd be easier for me to do it than the army red-tape, and all that. Jeb and I were buddies in the army — best of friends. He told me all about you and this farm and Betsy. He and I were on our way home together — he said it wouldn't be any trouble for you if I stayed here and rested a few days before I rode on home to Dallas. . . ." His voice faltered badly, and he kicked up a cloud of dust with the toe of a battered army shoe. He took a deep breath and began again. Old Jeb was twisting his jacket badly. "Anyway, we were comin' through New York, and since Jeb had never seen the place before, we decided to stop off for an hour or so and see some sights. . . we started across one of the busy streets to a building which is supposed to be the tallest in the world. . . cars were dashing every which way. . . Jeb was amazed by all the traffic . . . then it happened — a loco taxi cab bulldogged right into him. . . he never even saw the daylight again. . . ." He took his hand from old Jeb's shoulder, and turned away, shaking. Jeb stood there for a minute, dazed by disbelief, then muttered an unintelligible thanks to Bill Towner.

The neighbors, sensing what had happened, left quietly. Betsy sobbed as her mother led her away. Em stood in the old doorway and waited for Jeb. He mounted the steps with a great effort — she took his gnarled hand in hers, and together they went slowly into their house.

Emotions

Excitement — rising in a rapid stream of anticipation through my mind and body, holding me in its embrace, then letting me fall and rise again, quickly, like a flash of lightning —

Melancholy — lowering me to its depths of utter depression, casting down my excitement, robbing me of gaiety and life until I reach the lowest ebb of discouraged possibility —

Happiness — flooding over me and drowning melancholia: a new sense of delight in the world, an ecstasy unmarred by sadness, a day spread out ahead in which to live and love with no reservations —

These emotions — excitement, melancholy, happiness — what should I do without them? How dull this world would seem if I had not these to add richness to my thought.

LUCY LIPPARD '54

Three Time Senses

Yesterday is what an old man dreams about in the heavy sunlight of an August afternoon. It means more to him than all tomorrows, for yesterday he was young. He fills his days with reminiscences and becomes young again in thought as he relives those yesterdays. Yesterday is for him a term applied to a period of time that can be thought about as clearly as any particular day, its events returning to memory with vivid clarity. Old experiences and friends come to mind as he seeks comfort in familiar thoughts, and for him yesterday is the cure for that boredom that comes with increasing frequency.

Today is the time expression most applicable to the workings of a child's mind. All of his thoughts are fleeting and tentative — and whatever joys and sorrows may come his way are quickly left behind in his rigorous experimentation with life. He is too full of living to gain any perspective on his own thoughts and actions, and life is too full of new feelings and experiences to hold any past or future. Today with its freshness and youth is comparable to the child in his state of newness and vitality, and today holds all a child can imagine in the way of time.

Tomorrow is the driving spirit so typical of young people between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five. Without tomorrow there would be little meaning in the training and effort that go into each day. To a young man tomorrow means a job, a home, and a family, and he willingly sacrifices many todays for this goal. His thought is typical of his spirit, for he thinks of himself only in relation to what he aspires to be, and not what he is. Perhaps these goals he is striving for are illusions, for he can never fully attain those personal aspirations, yet the redeeming illusion of tomorrow is a source of great comfort to him as he goes through the formative years of his life.

JOAN WHEELER '54

Heat

A hot, sticky day. Heavy, drowsy. Outside, the world is one huge oven of honey-colored light, thick and sticky. There is only the languid drone of insects, the faint crackle of the brittle, dry grass. Inside, the rooms are dark, cool caves. Gloomy, still. There is a faint clatter of china from far within. In the parlor a bouquet of full-blown roses drops an occasional petal, one... and one...

She sits listlessly, slouching in the chair, dressed only in a slip and with her hair done up in pin curls. She is watching the busy, worn hands of her mother ironing the organdy dress, making it stiffen to the swish of the iron sliding across the board. A folded blue taffeta sash lies on a table, waiting to whisper as it slides around the waist of the dress.

Outside, a bee works its way slowly through the sweet, honey air and struggles into a fat, waxy flower. Inside, a discordant, startling ringing. The phone. She rises languidly and retreats into the depths of the house. A subdued murmur. And a note — of anguish? of disappointment? A faint clatter and the sound of returning footsteps. She stands in her limp slip. "Never mind the dress, Mother," she says tiredly. "He's sick with sunburn and can't take me." Only the tick of the clock sounds in the dim hall as her footsteps slowly retreat again into the cool depths. A click as the iron is turned off. The organdy slowly wilts, and in the parlor, the petals slowly fall... one, and one... and another...

PEGGINS HOLBROOK '55

Ghost Story

While we were going back and forth to and from our farm, my father used to tell us stories, using his father, Grandfather Furst, as the main character. He has had Grandfather Furst spying in the Boer War, dying in a cave in Virginia, and riding a wild moose using a strip of birch bark as a rudder to steer the moose. But the most interesting event in Grandfather Furst's original career is the story of why his hair turned white at the age of twenty-four.

Now Grandfather Furst and his guide, Perley Calhoun, decided to go fishing at a camp which Grandfather Furst owned in Canada. The camp was called "Dead Man."

Grandfather Furst and Perley went to Dead Man and settled down for a three-week stretch of good salmon fishing, for the river was high and the pool was well-stocked with fish. After about a week, neither Grandfather Furst nor Perley was sure that he could spend the entire three weeks at Dead Man. Strange things were happening.

First, there was the noise. Noises are not strange at Dead Man because the camp is situated between a wood and the water and animals are always making noises, but not these noises. Second, there were funny disappearances — like the time Perley was scrambling eggs and after turning around he discovered that the pan was empty. He knew that he had just broken eight eggs into that very same pan. Third, there was a guest for lunch and supper. Soon this guest began to drop in for breakfast too. In Canada everyone is welcome to whatever one has to offer, but one would like to see to whom one is offering something. Perley and Grandfather Furst couldn't see one blessed thing.

Perley is six feet, three inches of solid muscle and he doesn't scare easily. Neither did Grandfather Furst. And they weren't scared then, just curious. It was fascinating to see coffee pour down a seemingly bottomless pit, the cup suspended in mid-air, held by a hand no one could see, and to watch forkfuls of food disappear into thin air. The ghost was solid, they knew, because when Perley slapped the coffee cup out of its hand the thing kicked him back in the shin. Perley favored that leg for several days.

After two weeks of mental combat, Grandfather Furst and Perley

decided that something had to be done before this ghost ate them out of house and home. Besides, they were both so nervous that they couldn't tell a MacDougle from a Gray Wulff, and Perley couldn't paddle a canoe in the pool, let alone pole one across the shallows.

So they planned. . .

When the time came to carry out their plan, they were very excited. After all, ghosts aren't caught every day. They could see the headlines now: Furst and Calhoun Catch Ghost, or Calhoun and Furst Catch Ghost, depending upon which one told you what he was thinking.

Perley cooked up an extra special dinner that night, a sort of last meal for the ghost, and Grandfather Furst set about putting the cabin to rights. The dinner went off very well, with the ghost consuming more than his share, as usual, and the three of them were on friendly terms. Then Grandfather Furst started the second part of the plan.

There was a collection of the biggest salmon caught in the river on display upstairs and Grandfather Furst invited the ghost up to see it. The ghost agreed by picking up the last doughnut and starting for the stairs. Grandfather Furst went first, then the ghost, then Perley. When they reached the landing of the stairs the action began. Perley made a frantic grab for the ghost, trying to get a grip that would hold it until Grandfather Furst could get the rope. After a struggle in which Perley came out the worst beaten, but the victor, Grandfather managed to tie the ghost's arms, or anyway where the ghost's arms seemed to be.

Then Grandfather Furst began to wind a rope around the ghost. Starting at the feet and winding upwards a form began to appear: the legs, hips, trunk, arms, shoulders, neck. . . . Grandfather Furst stopped. He and Perley looked at each other, then Grandfather Furst tried again, and then again, but nothing happened. The full realization came over them. There was nothing above the neck around which to wind the rope — the ghost was headless! Grandfather Furst's hair turned white.

MARGARETTA FURST '54

A Character Sketch

Her back is to me, but I know what I should see if she turned around, for I have lived with my aunt for a year now, and have grown to know her well, almost too well, considering the difference in our ages and the respect due to elders.

She is not really very old, but her hair is gray and her face is lined, not with cares, but with a less tangible expression of her years. Her expression is one of acceptance, not of real contentment, nor yet unhappiness, but an indefinable air of something lacking, something which had been almost achieved for a long time, but is slowly and hopelessly fading into the past. She often displays a bright smile which is consciously genuine but seems to me to be quite artificial at times. Her gray eyes are kindly, and sometimes, when mood permits, they throw out sparks of smouldering spirit whose presence is convincingly, but seldom evident to any other than herself. Her figure is still strong and sturdy, reminiscent of the days when she could outrun any boy in the neighborhood; when she excelled in sports in high school and college. She is a likeable person, my aunt. Most people think a great deal of her, but many are puzzled at her well-hidden, but unexpected, eccentricity. There is hardly anyone who has no opinion at all of her; she has a definite enough personality to be either liked or disliked. One of her avid antipathies is toward being treated as though she is just insignificantly *there*.

Life goes too quickly for some people, and so it has been with her. At the age of fifty she has not yet done the things she had dreamed of doing at sixteen. Then her ambitions were ceaseless, her determination relentless, yet here she is, sitting in a low chair on the lawn of her modest home, looking out across the road, past the other houses of the small, country town, into the woods where she had played as a child, played and pretended with the ecstasy of childhood to be all manner of great people; a dancer, an archaeologist, an actress, and more recently in the final and lasting stages, an artist. Into these woods she had run as a young girl with the letter which told of her acceptance into the college of her choice. There she had read letters from numerous young men, and later from her husband. Her life had not been tragic; her divorce, which did nothing to disrupt her

devotion to her career, was not painful, merely a quiet parting of the ways, well nigh forgotten by most people now.

From the moment she decided to be an artist, her mind dwelled unceasingly upon all aspects of that career. She had planned her life even before entering college, and to the casual observer it must have seemed that she would let nothing bar her way to success. Her dreams were comprehensive; an interesting job for a while, an economical trip to Europe, fame as a painter, and perhaps most important of all, the acquaintance with fascinating people of all sorts, whose friendship would be her most treasured possession. Yet despite these stirring ambitions, she was never unhappy, nor at all discontented with her easy college life, relaxed summers, or the hours she wasted away from the drawing board. With the confidence of youth she saw no reason to overtax herself just then. Things would surely happen so that her goal would be ultimately reached. Life had always treated her kindly, why not in this respect, when she knew so well what she was striving for?

Nothing ever happened to divert her from the course she had chosen, but perhaps it is because nothing really did happen, that she has never taken that one big step ahead, has never taken the direct initiative to go out and get what she wanted. Although that was what she was always intending to do, she never did. And now, after a life of apparent ease and daily attention to her talent, and progress in that field, she has accomplished nothing. "What has happened to all that time?" she must wonder. "I have been busy all my life; I meant to go on with my art, but the only places my pictures hang are in the living rooms of grateful friends."

And I know that she must realize finally, as she sits there with that distant light in her eyes, that she has wasted fifty years, and that it is her own fault. Surely that is a burden for any human being to bear, and I wonder myself, as I watch her live each day, as I look at the striking paintings she has done, why she doesn't get up out of that chair and fulfill her ambitions. Success is so near and yet so far, and it seems impossible that one facet of the human character is powerful enough to undermine all that talent and will, which was so evident in my aunt when she was young, and still triumphs once in a while in spite of her.

She rises, and comes toward me, and I see no change in her face.

I think I know now that this woman will continue to live under the shadow of what she could have done with her life, and I go forward with pity and love to tell her that I must go away — to find *my* significance. I should like to tell her that I have learned a lesson from her, that my life will not be such a mistake, but as I watch her come toward me I know I shall not. She looks too weary, too defeated, and I think perhaps she has realized the truth.

LUCY LIPPARD '54

Beware of This "Bug"

Human beings have been jeopardized for many years by a fatal bug. Of those afflicted few ever recover from its sting, and its victims must remain subservient to its dictates until they go to their final rest. I, one of its harrowed prey, have gathered strength to expose to my fellow citizens the true nature of this disease in order that my tale may prevent them from suffering a similar fate. Hear my plea seriously, and take to heart my sage advice, "Beware of this bug, the golf bug!" The only insurance against contracting it is never to set foot or eye on a golf course or hands upon a club. If these actions must be performed, do not add the final and decisive ingredient to the combination, a golf ball; for then one more soul will be lost to the sane world, and one more added to the milling crowd eternally treading the endless golf course.

Fundamentally, all golf requires of one is a stick, a ball, and a will bent to the dictates of the game. As its grip increases, however, more and more is demanded of the player. More hours of the day are given to practicing, more hours of the night are spent in conversation about or meditation upon the art of golf, and more money must be relinquished from the pocket. A victim soon discovers that it is no longer enough to have one or two sticks with which to hit the ball; this jealous demon demands a variety of wooden and iron clubs of certain length, certain length and contortion, and certain length, contortion, and amplitude. Indeed there is as specialized an array of types for lay and distance as a doctor requires for a serious operation.

To facilitate the first shot on every hole, the golfer uses a small

article generally referred to as a tee. This object is somewhat like a fat toothpick with one end flattened into a shallow bowl, and it is used to elevate the ball, if the combination of the player's arms and club are not quite the proper length to reach the ground. Golfers generally carry very few tees along with them on their journey around the course, as they are very easily lost, and half the sport of golf is looking under various pieces of grass and dirt at the beginning of each hole for a cast-off tee of a preceding player.

Special shoes must be included in the costume and expense. The soles are spiked like the bed of a Hindu priest so that if the mighty golfer over-swings he will find himself securely anchored to the ground. I don't advise too much experimentation with this item of apparatus, as strenuous practice is extremely hard on carefully cultivated grass. The best feature about spiked shoes is the fact that they are prohibited by the management upstairs in clubhouses because of the ravaging damage they do to floors. Therefore the locker room of necessity becomes the most exclusive and social gathering spot on the premises. Here the discouraged find an adequate number of sympathetic ears, as the triumphant find an abundant supply of congratulating hands. The cycle of performers and spectators is kept at an even rate: those putting on spiked shoes provide ears and hands; in a few hours these will return to discard their spikes and will require the hands or ears of others, as the case may be.

What every golfer stubbornly seeks and desires is to perfect his golf swing. This word *swing* signifies all of the positions and movements involved in hitting the small white ball; in other words, the series of knots into which the prospective hitter ties himself before and after failing to accomplish his purpose. I shall warn the novice golfer that the golf swing does not in the least resemble a natural movement. If the new player wishes to wield a club intuitively, as mother nature dictates, I suggest he try some uncomplicated sport like tennis or baseball, but not golf. In this game, one's natural impulses must be controlled and converted into an erratic ritual, which must be directed by an habitual addict and practiced regularly. Only a professional golfer can succeed in twisting his student into a tight enough contortion to make the club head come in contact with the ball. In golf, what promotes hitting is not brute strength, but the delicate balance of every muscle, fiber, and nerve. The fingers must be

poised precisely, each finger at a calculated degree, and, most important, the head must be kept down. Even after one has hit the ball one must not be anxious to follow it with his eye into the ethereal blue, for if the head is lifted the ball won't have moved two feet. One must relax! The left heel is vibrating too rapidly! Swing smoothly from one cringing position to another more anguishing one, with the stick hooked neatly around one's neck, the right foot resting squarely on the left to prove to any near-by critic that the failure of the last swing can not be attributed to one's not having shifted the body weight from one knock-knee to the other.

The golf course, stretching lazily before one unfamiliar with the game, becomes an entirely different place to the recruit player. The fairway is a path seldom trod, and the green patch containing a flag at the end of the hole is an unattainable paradise. Through grass and weeds waist-high the player must hack his way. Dim forests are impenetrable obstructions to the flight of even a well hit ball. (I have found that the best solution for such a situation is carefully to aim at the largest obstruction and to hit the small white object between my feet with the handiest club and with all my resources. Invariably the ball will find an opening.) Into sand traps as devilish as the Sahara, the raw golfer follows his small white guide, never to leave those pits until either the ball and half the sand have been thrown safely into the fairway or the player has given up in disgust, having broken several clubs, and returns to the club house for a drink. Onward plods the ardent golfer, scooping the white demon ahead of him; to a lake, in the lake, through it, and out he goes, never having missed a pace. Rain may be pouring down, dimming his vision, filling his hat and bag with oozing streams; lightning may strike, or the sun may beat down with vengeance, but neither nature nor science can diminish the golfer's unflagging desire. His eyes have never wavered from the goal on the distant green, his paradise.

What is this obsessing fever that drives its victims from one excruciating hole to the next? It may be described as a tantalizing bait hanging out of club's reach before the player as he pursues it through eighteen tortures. The allurements are the eternal hope and confidence in one's heart that the next shot undoubtedly will be a better one. Soon, the golfer assures himself, he will have the secret formula for success, and it will be only a matter of time before he, modestly,

overhears his friends speaking of him as a second Ben Hogan. Crown-
ing success comes to only a chosen few. Yet the rest of us prefer to
ignore this fact and to cling happily to our aspirations, which lead
us illusioned but happy through the eighteen holes of life.

MARGARET JOHNSON '54

Easter

Before the rich-earthed hands of Spring
Caress the winter's face,
There comes a period of pause:
The leaf's the only one
That scrapes the rusty ground;
The days are purple-robed —
And patiently the world awaits
Redemption.

AUDREY SYNNOTT '54

Dread

She looked out the window, a strange dread filling her. She couldn't go through with it, she knew she couldn't, and yet she must! Somehow, from somewhere, she must draw courage to face her ordeal. Never an unguarded word must slip past her lips, never a revealing sign show on her face; she must hold herself under rigid control just when she wanted most to cry out that she could stand it no longer! Was it only a week ago that she had foolishly let herself be swayed into doing this thing? It seemed like years — years filled with a growing tension, a fearful dread that obsessed her in her waking hours and troubled her in her dreams. How foolish she had been, how unwise and weak. But it was her own doing and now, though she was wiser as if with the knowledge of a score of years, it was too late; she couldn't retreat. A door opened behind her and she turned slowly, pasting a smile on her face as she followed the teacher down the hall to meet her blind date for calling hour.

Joy

A radiant smile of joy lit her whole face, her eyes flew wide in astonishment, and her mouth opened to gasp her incredulity. It had come! At last after an eternity of unbearable, agonized delay, of disappointments one after another without respite, like pounding waves on a forsaken beach, it had come and she was lifted into a heavenly realm of purest delight. Her whole being tingled with it and she felt she must simply burst with this soul-filling, excruciating rapture. How long she had waited, how deep her despair, how glorious her rejuvenation!

She turned away and sped up the stairs, scarcely touching them in her haste, and fairly flew around the corner and into the room. "Sally," she shrieked, "it came! He accepted! He can come to the Prom!" And she promptly collapsed on the bed before the astonished eyes of her roommate.

PEGGINS HOLBROOK '55

Yellow Light

Within the past ten months, *three* boys of college age whom I knew were killed in automobile accidents. It is this terrifying fact which moves me to write this article, for never before have the persistent warnings and advice for safe driving seemed more important, nor the statistics of traffic tolls more real.

I imagine that most of my readers must be by now almost oblivious, as I had been, of the overwhelming number of articles aimed at teenage drivers: articles which picture us as maniac "hot rodders". This type of accusation, plus the constantly reiterated warning that *you* are next on the death list are so abundant that the public, who at first responded to them, has again lapsed into the "It-couldn't-happen-to-me" attitude. There seems to be no preventive for this outlook. Science has been able to find remedies for many diseases in the past, yet so far the only cure known for recklessness in driving is useless, since that cure is death.

It may be that the only real remedy is a personal, though no less violent one: profiting from the fate of friends. In my case this latter

treatment has been successful. Not that I have been a wild driver in the extreme sense of the term, but by degrees my driving had become careless; I was a little too heedless as I tuned in the car radio or gestured to a friend. During the first year after I had obtained my license, driving to the village on an errand was as vital and serious an undertaking as embarkation for some unknown region of the world. Later, such errands became a nuisance and driving was a lark. The harsh warning of the driving teacher faded into a childhood mist, and my response to the accident reports which came over the radio was a shake of the head for the poor guy who did not quite make that final turn. But when the "poor guy" took on the identity of someone I knew. . .

Slogans counseling safer driving are increasingly original. Authorities seem to realize that the familiar "Drive Slow" or "Danger, Curve" do not sufficiently impress the driver with the danger of carelessness — the driver who nine out of ten times is either too accustomed to the warning to heed it or who is going too fast even to see it. In some of the new signs, the messages are strikingly clear. One such sign is on the Merrit Parkway just above New Haven. It reads: "Driving is like baseball; the important thing is how many times you get home safely." When I see it I remember, and the dashboard needle moves counterclockwise. Perhaps through such thinking another life is saved.

VICKY SCHWAB '54

The Final Hour

Behold the final hour
Between the wasteland and the power
Of summer's full-blown grace!
The shadow's form bends full
Against the grass as bees go pull
Awake the languid flower,
Whose scattered fragrance lulls
The vagrant wind asleep and dulls
The winter's parting glance
With ecstasies of blossom.

AUDREY SYNNOTT '54

The Souvenirs

Yes, Doris, I do wish to see Italy again. My visits to Rome have always been so enjoyable. Tell me about it. Did you do much shopping? — Really? — Well, I can understand, when time is precious and there are the many other things to see and do. I'm just peculiar that way — I mean in never wanting to leave a place without a souvenir. I bought one in Rome all three times.

Let me see, my first visit when I was thirteen — oh, what a goose I was then, Doris — what an utter goose! Mother gave me a dollar to spend on anything I wished. Determined not to spend a cent until something really struck my heart, I wandered from shop to shop, indecisive until I discovered displayed on one counter a charming silk scarf printed with gay couples dancing the Charleston, and written around the edges the titles of the most popular songs. My mind was made up — my souvenir of Rome was to be none other than this scarf which did not need the little tag in one corner to mark it as made in the United States. Poor Mother coaxed, reprimanded, scolded in vain. Triumphantly I laid forth my dollar — the raw little American girl who in all of Rome wanted nothing so much as a scarf imported from her own country — Disappointed? in that age of imprudence — never! I still have it, Doris, packed away in an old carton I came across only last month.

But now about your trip. Tell me all about it. Where did you stay? — The Severogna? But that's where *we* stayed, you and I, on the trip *we* took together. Oh wasn't that fun, two girls just turned twenty, footloose and fancy free in Europe? You bought a souvenir in Rome on that trip, Doris. We went shopping for it together and you were taken with some lovely cameo pins. I had just bought a cocktail dress, which, however, being too décolleté in the back and shoulders, needed some covering. You thought me impractical to buy it — "Of course it's stunning, dear, but the material is too heavy for summer, and the style too bare for winter." I was beginning to have my doubts, and to feel rather unhappy about the purchase. But then I dragged you into that little shop, just for a farce, I said, because the interior was so dark and narrow, and unpromising, and if it did not yield a treasure, at least it would yield atmosphere. Do you remember that tiny, flashing-eyed signora whisking out from

the rear, speaking a mile a minute in such broken English — she might as well never have attempted to depart from her native tongue? We were never in such a state, not knowing how to retreat gracefully when she started pulling forth piles and piles of beautiful brocades and fine silks from dark shelves and deep drawers. Then all of a sudden appeared among them that glorious rose stole looking as if it were made to order for the costume I had just bought. I picked it up, and throwing it over my shoulders, went around the shop singing some crazy dance tune; the signora clapped her hands with excitement at having made such a sale; and you began to laugh and hiccup all at once. Oh Doris, how I miss that unrestrained youth!

What? Oh, didn't I show you my prize from last year? That's a story. As you know, Howard and I didn't stay in a hotel but took the apartment of some friends of ours who were journeying in France. One of their servants, a large cleaning woman called Rosa, had a daughter who had married a G.I. during the last war and now lives in America. That woman was possessed with an insatiable curiosity to learn all about life in the United States, and I must have described every facet of it to her. Really, Doris, whenever I was in, she would pursue me from room to room, surreptitiously, of course, always armed with a broom or dustcloth. She would begin to tidy up, all the while darting quick glances at me to see if I appeared in a communicative mood, and presently, the inevitable questions would tumble forth, "Meesa Daniel, what does one in America when . . ." Her "Meesa Daniel" made me feel as if I had been placed on a radio panel and was being bombarded with more questions than I could ever answer. But Rosa made such an interesting interrogator with her quick sympathy and enthusiastic "*Sì, sì,*" that she quite charmed her victim into not minding a bit. Then the weather turned damp. I developed a nasty cold which Howard blamed on my going out evenings without a sweater, and Rosa! how she scolded and fussed. This is going too far, I thought, for her to take such liberties. But, Doris, the next morning she brought me a lovely, soft, woolen shawl. She had made it entirely by hand for her daughter, and the heartless girl on going to America, had left it behind, claiming she could have no further use for it. I almost wept. Doris, am I very sentimental? It's quite the favorite of my souvenirs.

Now, what were we saying about your trip? — No! you mustn't leave so soon — Six o'clock? How time flies. Well, dear, I loved seeing you again, and you must come back soon. Your trip to Europe sounds like such fun!

BETSY HILGENBERG '54

The Accident

A car purrs smoothly along the shining, black stripe of road. It is night; maybe one, maybe later. The two boys in the car, he, the driver, young, good-looking, dark, and the other, not as good-looking, with closely-cropped blond hair, congenially, aimlessly, argue about Janet. Outside, a few last spatters of rain strike the windshield and snake down the glass. It is warm in the car, and dark. There is an atmosphere of serenity, perhaps even sleepiness. The lights on the dashboard show the needle of the speedometer shivering between fifty and sixty.

Sixty is not fast. But it is too fast. He tries to slow down as the headlights pick up, for an instant, a wide, shallow puddle directly ahead, but he cannot. The wheels smack the water with a force that sends the big machine skittering across the road as lightly as a nervous kitten and splintering into a fence. The door is flung open with a sickening jolt and for a second his twisting body can be seen against the cloud-studded sky. He hears in a vague, objective way, a hideous, wrenching noise, and before his eyes seems to dance a blindly agonizing flash — of nothing. Janet reads about it in the paper the next day.

EDITH WILLIAMSON '54

The Fitting

She was on top of the world as she looked over the bare trees below her. Clad in this Alice Blue Gown, she was standing before a very small dresser in a very small room on the topmost floor of the building. Folds of light-blue material fell from her shoulders, and on her fair hair a light-blue, four-cornered cap was squarely set. The tiny room was crowded with light-blue cloth, light and airy in the soft sunlight which streamed through the little window. This blue

material was in the shape of dozens of gowns, and not far in the future all these gowns would be seen being worn proudly, perhaps a little sadly, by all her classmates. It was the first time she had ever tried on what is stiffly known as an academic robe. She stared in the mirror over the dresser and smiled. Oh, it was lovely! Imagine! In a few months she would be a high-school graduate. Commencement had seemed so far away, and now she was trying on the very gown she would be wearing then. Was a girl changed by that ceremony which made her a high-school graduate? That term sounded so important and grown up. Every important step she had taken had seemed, in anticipation, like the one thing which would really make her grown up. To be a teen-ager, to be in high school, to go to the Junior Prom, to drive the family car alone, to be sixteen, to be an upperclassman, to be a senior, to be eighteen: all these things had seemed a momentous goal as she approached each one, but as she had attained them in turn, she had felt no awe, no transformation. Would graduation be like this, too? She had to admit that being a senior was fun. At times, she had to pinch herself to make herself believe that she actually was a member of the class that was about to be graduated. She did not feel particularly grown up, nor did she particularly want to grow up. It was something that must be, however, and she was merely curious to know when it came, this moment when she would be accepted as "a young adult". Actually it was not the matter of looking like an adult with which she was concerned or about which she was so curious. After all, she could already appear quite sophisticated when she so desired. It was more a matter of her feeling grown up. Of course she did feel quite mature now and then, but when does it become a habit to feel that way?

She thought back to her freshman year. Such a wonderful year it had been! It had been filled with new things and new experiences: lipstick, dates, classes not all meeting in one room, and endless other things. It simply could not be four years since all this had happened. She had to give herself another pinch. Of course, her sophomore year had really been quite something! The sophomores were in everything, and were always organizing new and different activities. Hadn't they followed the juniors who were following the seniors on what was supposed to be the senior sneak? Hadn't their Valentine Prom been the most successful ever given in the school? Hadn't they

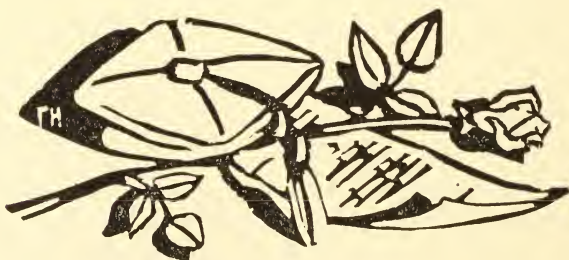
raised more money than any other class? Hadn't sophomores won prizes usually given only to seniors? Surely all this had not been more than a year ago. Actually last year she had been experiencing the thrill of being an upperclassman. Her classes had been "older" somehow. She had had that feeling of being an heiress. Everything the seniors did, she would soon be doing. She had even pitied the seniors. Then, she had not wanted to graduate. She knew she would someday without having to think about it. Besides, the seniors were only graduating; she was having fun, and had so much to look forward to next year. And now, she was a senior and would not trade these months for anything in the world. She did not dread graduation. In spite of her questions, she was looking forward to it. She had a sense of being ready to graduate, of being prepared for college. The time had come. She did not question the future. The future did not exist beyond commencement. The past and present were more important now.

She pushed back a strand of hair that had fallen out of place, and gave the cap a jaunty tap.

"I think this one will do quite nicely for you," said the teacher who was in charge of seeing that all these gowns would be worn by the class on that not-too-distant day. With this, the cap was taken off, and the graceful folds of light blue were slipped off and put away.

"Thank you very much, Miss Maerd," she murmured as she hurried from the room, her thoughts already on her next class.

ANNA HEWLETT '54



A Copper Beech Tree in the Spring

I swing my footsteps into the quiet forest,
Catching the slight breeze blowing gently against my face.
Here I rest against my favorite tree —

An old tree, a copper tree, a place of ease.

Her hands curve to fit me as I sit,

She bends her branches to the ground

And hears the happenings that only trees can hear.

Her new rusty leaves are upturned and naked,

Gleaming dully in the sun.

She cradles in her gentle curving arms

The sparrows nesting in the spring

Breaking the gentle hush of afternoon

With their soft twitterings.

Her climbing branches overlook the wondrous sights of spring:

Meadows of fragrant clover and

Fountains of apple blossoms;

The crack of a baseball bat,

And happiness riding on a wandering blossom in the air.

JEAN DONOVAN '55

On A Saturday

He was a short, square man with a right-angled, though not heavy, frame. As he listened to the girl's playing he moved restlessly around the room, opening the venetian blind, riffling through the pages of the "Bela Bartok" on the piano, nevertheless hearing every note of the performance. The telephone rang, and he called, "Go on playing," opened the door, and disappeared into the unknown part of the house.

She had often wondered what the rest of the house was like, and how in the world five people could fit into it. Having the piano, sofa, two chairs, and a television set in this room gave one the impression that one was always climbing over furniture. She also marveled at the complete silence of the house; you'd never know Mr. Jurotovic had three young sons.

The music teacher reentered the room, cutting off the music and her

thoughts with his brisk voice. "Not bad, Sylvia. Let's turn back to page one — it's the first two measures that count, you know. The way you play the first chord will be the thing that matters — oh, I grant you," he leaned way back in his chair, looking wise and mischievous at the same time, "the audience won't be able to tell the difference. There might sometime be one person who will know — you play for that person. There are no two ways to play Bach — Now let's try that again." Dah..dah..da..da..da..DAH... "Well — I had a pupil once, a fellow who came to me from the Conservatory..."

She smiled to herself. This was his favorite way of illustration; a long story about a pupil who perhaps had some talent and didn't practice, or of another who was sixty years old and still worked long, hard hours on music; or about a girl, younger than she was, who practiced scales for an hour every day and who was rapidly making progress. He told her these tales to point up some lack in her, she understood, although for some time she had missed the point entirely and had thought these fables were simply another manifestation of his extreme loquaciousness.

She played another four bars several times, paying strict attention, according to directions, and then was stopped again. For the hundredth time she decided that her lesson really was more of a philosophy lecture than a music lesson. Mr. Jurotovic was repeating, "If you want to do music, you have to do without other things. You can't ride horseback, maybe, or go to the movies. When everyone else is out having a good time, you have to sit down and work. It's the same no matter what you do. Do you suppose this ball player, Ted Williams..." Mr. Jurotovic was an ardent television fan and paid close attention to all sports events. She remembered that the television set had been given him for Christmas by a rich pupil. I wonder if he enjoys giving things up for music, she thought, glancing toward the worn slipcovers on the sofa and the chairs. She looked at the clock; it was nearly eleven. Mr. Jurotovic was now telling with enthusiasm of the fight on television last night. She sighed, and decided that the time had come to break in on his monologue. The sound of her own voice frightened her; she usually spent the lesson in nodding her head and murmuring acquiescent noises.

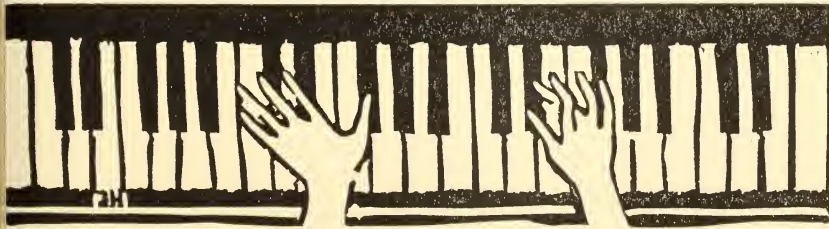
"Mr. Jurotovic — I — I've been wondering what you think of a

career in music for me — that is, I mean — if I do decide to become a musician I should start. . . ”

“Well, my dear, that is something no one else can decide for you. It is your life and your decision.” And he looked keenly at her with a bright, nervous glance. “I can tell you this, though, it’s a dog-eat-dog business — particularly today. Pianists are a dime a dozen. There are hundreds of good pianists sitting around New York with no jobs and no possibilities of getting one, either. Whenever a new musician gives a concert, the others always rush to sit in the front row so they can catch any little mistake he makes. Musicians are a jealous, pushing lot. And you’ll never get a break unless you’ve got connections. You know Dona, that pupil of mine who played for you last month? She didn’t get that scholarship to Julliard. They gave it to two of the Conservatory graduates. Dona heard one of them, the cellist. She said he wasn’t good — and I trust Dona’s judgment. There you are, you see, the Conservatory has pull. That’s the way it is, my dear. Musicians were respected in my father’s day, but now they can’t even get jobs! I was talking with some of the Symphony boys and they were saying that Szell works them like dogs. He’s a cold, hard man, you know. Well. . . ”

As she and her mother drove out of the city toward home, she was still wondering at his vehemence. He had said that she had talent; why should he speak so discouragingly of a musical career? She was not, ordinarily, a girl of quick perception, but as she thought back to the tiny house, the worn chair, and the too-quiet children, carefully kept under control so that the endless stream of students would not be disturbed, she began to realize, she began to understand the reason.

LUCY GARRETSON '54



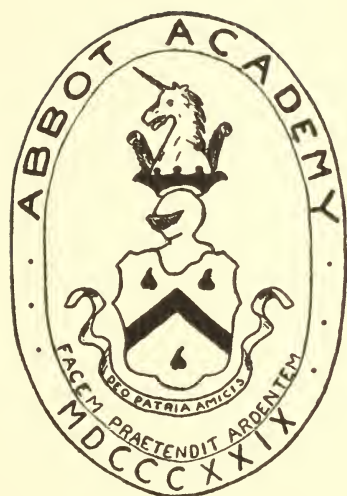
Morning Prayer

Dear God, our Heavenly Father, we turn to Thee this morning with renewed strength after a peaceful rest. Help us to direct this strength in the paths of righteousness, and help us to choose the right kind and size of stones to build the road of our life solidly and with wisdom — not a low road, but a high road of which we may be proud; a road so sturdy and secure that it will be a model for others to follow and reach the place of understanding and love.

Teach us to find our share in the gift of the perfect stones through the sharing of them with others, not grabbing everything for ourselves; and teach us to find Thy blessing through the giving of that which is precious to us to someone in better need.

We are grateful for not only going through life, building our road, but also for the blessing of being able to grow as we go, led by the hand of a mightier power; yet building our own roads of failure or success, of temporary use or of everlasting beauty.

MARIS OAMER '54



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City, Without Sequence

"A bunch of my carrots for just a few pence?
Or peaches and apples for scarcely as much?
Buy ribbons and laces, my chocolates and mints —
Or satins and velvets, all soft to the touch."

"A pound of permission to God's holy hall
Is little and less at St. Timothy's mass;
And we give salvation to any and all,
Regardless of all things (save money and class)."

"Buy anything: love for a memory, or ale?
A dagger, a slipknot, a dirge for your soul?
Perdition, damnation? they're all here for sale.
Come, choose for yourself from City's great dole."

ANN CLARK '55

Creation

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth..."

The room was very still: so quiet that you heard things you wouldn't normally have heard. There was a very faint hum of machinery, and their heavy breathing seemed unnaturally loud. A small light blinked on and off at the control panel, and small clouds of steam rose from the sterilizer in the corner. There was a clock on the wall. The time: 6:15 in the morning. The room was very clean and white, and filled with bright light and subtle tension. The grey dawn crept slowly across the eastern sky as a rattle of steel on enamel and the murmur of a voice broke the silence a little. A knob turned and again there was quiet. Suddenly there was a moan, and an increase of tension. Then a thin wail of a new-born baby cut the tension and let everyone sag with relief. The time was 7:00.

* * *

"... And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep..."

He was chubby, and had blond wispy hair growing on his funny, bumpy little head. His mouth was puckered in a little, round "o" of curiosity, and his plump, little hands clutched a very bedraggled, furry bear by one leg, which was occasionally bounced up and down on its head. He gurgled and laughed; he wet his diapers; and he drooled his baby food just like any other chubby, healthy baby. He was already able to crawl, and said "da da" in the most adorable manner. But there were his eyes, which would have been a bright, curious blue except for the grey film shrouding them, and a look as empty as an empty room.

This grey film was reflected in the lives of his parents: a certain anguished tension that filmed their happy lives and gave them a drawn, imploring look. They tried — they really did, but the doctors said it wasn't safe, it couldn't be done, and so they waited. Eleven years passed, and a surgeon was found who thought it could be done....

"... And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light..."

Again there was a large white room, and a smell of starched cotton and antiseptic, a sound of running water, a click of a button on a control panel, and a hiss of steam. The light was very bright and the room was very clean.

A creaking sound came from the corridor and a voice: "Goodbye, Mom. Bye Dad," and a small boy was wheeled in on a long white table. He was sitting up and his tousled hair had a cowlick in back. He was transferred to the table and put under ether. The clock on the wall said 9:10. It was night outside. No moon or stars. A hum of machinery began and small clouds of steam rose from the sterilizer in the corner. A murmured word and a click of steel on steel. And the tension slowly and silently filled the room.

The parents waited: very silent, very still. Their eyes begged every nurse for news, but never a word. And then very quietly, so that perhaps they didn't even know it themselves, they began to pray in their hearts.

In the white room the silence continued to be broken at intervals by a hushed request. A nurse dropped a pair of scissors and a doctor glared at her in reproach, but the scrubbed white hands moved steadily on: carefully, slowly, not too sure, but with a certain faith... and outside, it slowly began to rain. The clock said 11:45.

Forty minutes later a small boy was wheeled out of the room on a long white table, down the long corridors to a room with yellow curtains. The doctor went into the waiting room to tell the parents they must wait four days to see...

* * *

This day was beautiful. It had dawned pale grey but when the sun came up it burned bronze in a clear blue sky. The white bandages were slowly unwound, and a soft light tinged his sight: slowly and gently, layer after layer, brighter, and finally:

"Hi, Mom! Hey, it's all bright! I can see!" A very small tear shone in the corner of his mother's eye, and his father said, "Hi ya, son!"

"...and there was light."

The Still Night

The night is cold and still. Bathed in the clear moonlight, the tiny village lies quietly asleep. Only one light shines from a window of an old farmhouse, high on a hill overlooking a vast, silent field of grain. The trees stand transfixed in the icy air, their grotesque, naked arms etched against the black heaven in some fervent, unanswered plea for mercy. Suddenly, up in the dark cloudless sky, a thin black streak breaks the round fullness of the moon and then vanishes into the night, leaving only the stars twinkling knowingly, mysteriously over the sleeping countryside.

From the lighted window a boy stands watching the sky. "Wonder what that black thing is, crossing the moon? Doesn't look like a cloud. Oh well, back to work. Sometimes I wonder if college is really worth all this studying."

He sighs, reluctantly turns his back to the window and opens his well-worn copy of "Hamlet" as he flops down into a chair. A twist of his hand turns on the radio and then he settles down to study. For a few minutes there is no sound but that of the soft music and the occasional turning of pages. Then, like an explosion, the peacefulness is shattered by continual static, drowning out the music. The hand again reaches out from the chair, turns the dial to other stations, and pounds angrily on the top of the radio, but all to no avail — the static continues. The hand jerks the knob until there is a faint click and no more sounds, harmonious or otherwise.

"Wait till I get that Jenkins. He told me he fixed this radio! The weather's fine—no storms or anything to cause static. He's going to have some explaining to do."

The boy takes up his book once again and the room returns to silence. An hour passes before he sits upright in the chair and triumphantly snaps shut the book.

"Good night, sweet Prince!"

His legs stretched out before him, he sits lost in thought. He raises his head as he hears a strange sound like that of a creaking door. He starts up, then relaxes.

"Guess Dad forgot to hook the back door. I'll do it before I go to bed."

The boy settles down again in his former position and listens to the silence of the night. A strange premonition seizes him, and, as if compelled by some unknown presence, he slowly turns around to the now open door. His breath stops and his heart suddenly feels like a heavy leaden lump as he sees, thrown across the threshold of the door, a strange long shadow of a man. Summoning all his courage, he braces his nerves and muscles as he rises and slowly, softly walks to the open door. He stops and noiselessly picks up a knife from the table. Finally he reaches the door, pauses, takes a deep breath, and then with a great effort takes a step from behind the door onto the threshold. The icy air grips him as he finds himself face to face with the old maple tree. The air suddenly whips around the branches, making the shadow dance, mocking him. With a deep sigh of relief he closes the door and locks it. Then, looking down at the knife in his hand, he begins to laugh, shakily at first, then with confidence as the noise echoes through the still night.

ELEANOR EASTON '55

Unretainable Youth

A pale, lined face resting on a pair of pale, bony hands stared at me as if it knew all my inmost thoughts. This face, possessing still vivid blue eyes, bore signs of the joys and sorrows of many years. It looked as if it might have been pretty once, with smooth skin and a gay smile. I knew that face in the past when it held the magnificence of youth.

The young face, unmarked by the passing of the years, had belonged to a girl who loved life and loved to live. She had a happy childhood and never forgot the little, precious things in her early life. Among them was the vision of her puppy curled up in his favorite chair looking snug and warm, and the unforgettable expression of guilt and sadness in his eyes when caught on the forbidden territory. She could remember the warm summer days when she chased happily after the little dog as he sprang into the air after innocent blue and white butterflies. She recalled the time when Mom surprised her on her fifth birthday by giving her the very doll she had longed for; or the nights of her childhood when Dad took her to

the movies even though it was way past her bed-time. Little things like these and many more she remembered.

But soon her childhood years changed into years of girlhood when everything looked different to her eyes. She had become pretty and attractive, wanting to live in a whirling dream of gaiety. She was popular with the boys as well as with the girls, and loved the dances with the entrancing music of the band that accompanied them. She remembered the red and yellow lights, spinning before her eyes, and giving a dream-like quality to the surroundings as she swayed and twirled to the rhythm. Dances like those made her want to hold on to her youth very tightly; never to let it go.

The drugstore was an unforgettable place where she and her friends talked about many wonderful and exciting plans for the future. She didn't dare try and count the sodas she had had there after school with her friends. But while drinking them she had made many new friends and got to know the old ones better. The little drugstore, though simple, was a place of friendship and held the hope and expectancy of youth.

Yes, she loved those years of whirling youth before her advance into womanhood. She tried to keep them as long as possible, but they slipped away from her fingers as if out of control. Slowly her school group broke up and she watched her friends become brides and grooms until one day it was her turn to walk down the aisle. She realized that marriage would be a new life to her. The exciting days of gay youth were gone, but she remembered hoping that the life ahead might be an even better one.

Some of her days of family life were long and dark with trouble, but she did her best to make most of them happy ones. As she watched her children play the same games she had once played, she was able to capture a last glimpse of her youth through their childish laughter and innocence. Soon they, too, grew up and had families of their own. After her husband's death it seemed to her that her life was really over. She wasn't needed any longer and somehow she had the feeling there was no place on earth especially for her as there had once been.

I never took my eyes from the pale, lined face still staring deep into my thoughts. But, unable to bear the vision any longer, I turned away in sadness and the face disappeared.

LORRIE GIBBS '55

The End of Day

The moon was thin against a polished sky
Of silver gray
Which lost its early brightness and grew old
With aging day.

The crescent, clearly cut and frosty white,
Hung motionless, to usher in the night.

The blazing sun, a ball of fiery red,
Sank down in death
And slowly loosed its stream of liquid fire
In one last breath.

The glory flamed across the western sky
As wearily the sun dropped down to die.

It melted in a flood of crimson — gold
Which slowly burned
Upon the distant hills as if a bowl
Had overturned

And poured its scorching contents from on high
To splash with splendor all the darkening sky.

And then a tinge of twilight's purple blue
Fell like a veil;
The brilliance dimmed, and slowly all the earth
Became more pale
With coral tints which soon began to fade
And blend together in the dusky shade.

The moon was thin against a midnight sky
Of velvet blue
Which, like a sequined curtain, hid the heav'ns
From earthly view.

The stars were tiny, flashing stabs of light
Which pinned each corner up, secure and tight.

Tea, With Lilacs

He walked down the avenue of stars very slowly. He stopped to pick a bunch of lilacs which drooped down nodding to him. There were chrysanthemums growing on the other side of the avenue but Nana liked lilacs better. Father's gardener took care of all the flowers and they were bigger than Mr. Burpee's back home.

Nana was sitting with her white dress all about her pouring tea, and there were others: Frances and George and Aunt Mabel and Sally Plimm. They each had sat down and talked and drank tea and then he came and brought the lilacs and was welcomed too. Nana poured tea for him and he took lemon and sugar and stirred it until the sugar melted. He sat down.

"Well—"

Nana was majestic and her white dress was all about her. The lilacs nodded.

"Father told me that Jody is coming tomorrow. Father said that she didn't want to come, but he feels that it is better for her. She isn't very strong and she's quite young to be leaving home, so she may be homesick. And since we moved away before she was born, she doesn't know too many people up here. She's the first member of the family to move away in a long time. So just watch for her. She seems a gentle girl: everyone is very fond of her."

* * *

"...nothing, Doctor?"

"I'm sorry. I'm dreadfully—."

"Yes, I know.... But what shall I tell Martha?"

"May we wait until tomorrow? There might be some change tonight which would alter her condition."

"How much chance?"

"Well, we'll have to see. If the transfusion takes, and the medicine has the...."

"How much chance, Doctor?"

"Very slight."

"Thank you."

"But she's in good hands, Mr. Standish. She always will be."

"Yes, she'll be here sometime tomorrow. Michael is taking the carriage down for her, so she won't have to walk up all those steps. Father will probably keep her at the Big House for a few days until she gets used to it up here."

Everyone stirred his tea and finished it while it was hot and put the cups back on the tray and said goodbye to Nana and thank you and they would look out for Jody. Nana put her spoon on the saucer and her hand in her lap and said goodbye too. Her white dress was all about her. The lilacs nodded.

He walked along the avenue of stars very slowly. He stopped to pick a bunch of lilacs which drooped down nodding to him: then he threw them into the universe.

LOUISE BELL '55

Show Us Thy Way

The crowd pressed on — a multitude of moving darkness, with no beginning, no end.

They crossed over countries of hate and war.

They came into cities of debauchery and sin.

They passed over plains where there was no grass and no trees grew.

They never turned back.

* * * *

A man appeared among the squat, steel tanks that stretched their bellies over the packed dirt. He was radiant; His clothes were white, and as He moved, the music of humanity moved with Him. He walked out onto the plain, under the hot sky, where vultures screamed. Here He stopped. And the crowd saw, through and over the black bars of steel towers, a blood-stained cross climbing upward.

SUSAN McGUIRE '55

☆ ☆ ☆

The Butcher

Max Hentzelbaum was far and away the best butcher in Ertzgenburg. Every day he laboriously removed his shutters, unrolled the awning and opened up the shop at precisely eight o'clock. And from that time onward, the weary bell over the door never ceased its faded jangling. All day long the tiny room was filled to overflowing; all day long the good people flocked to Hentzelbaum's shop — the best in town. There the floors were scrupulously clean; no speck of dust, no spot of dirt survived the butcher's careful scrutiny. No scraps or crumbs were allowed to collect on the well-scrubbed surface of the furrowed chopping block. And as for flies, their very existence had not been known since the shop's opening, as if they too knew and feared the hefty right arm of good Herr Hentzelbaum.

Every day from eight to five, Herr Hentzelbaum presided, his corpulent figure, neatly wrapped in crisp white apron, looming ponderously over the gleaming counter. Every day he beamed at his customers, his tiny black eyes winking with good humor from behind the rolls of shining fat. Indeed, Herr Hentzelbaum himself was of no mean attraction: a happy man, a jovial man, an honest man (wasn't he a church warden and a member of the town council besides?) he attracted the weary with his great strength, and amused them with his wit and unfailing good humor.

But it was his hands that were his most outstanding feature; these pudgy marvels wielded with unbelievable dexterity and power the monstrous cleaver — never missing a stroke, never failing to cleave exactly the right amount of fat from the bone, moving independently of the unconcerned face above in a most singular manner.

Another customer, another meal, another cutlet. Chop. Chop. The blood trickled in miniature rivulets down the scarred block. Hentzelbaum's self-directed hands quickly and neatly flipped the veal onto a piece of paper, carefully wrapped it up, and placed it to be weighed.

"Why Fräulein, I would swear that you were getting prettier every day —"

He laughed good-naturedly at her reply, his fat face smiling broadly, and his independent thumb resting lightly on the scales.

MARY ANN HOLDEN '55

The Legitimate Spirit

Everything was alive and moving in Stuttgart with the serene undercurrent often found in European cities. It was a defeated people that moved in the streets, but they were elastic too, and already beginning to spring back from their defeat. In one corner of the town was a white-walled villa, large and run-down; it had been used as the Nazi headquarters in that district. Now it was being converted into barracks for the troops of the Allied Occupation, soon to arrive.

A few days later the trucks and jeeps GI-full rumbled up to the villa, following the road between the curious, sad faces of the town. Quick, efficient, and thoroughly American, the commander moved in and prepared to take over his new headquarters. Loud, vulgar, also thoroughly American, the soldiers moved in and prepared to take over the town. All but one: similar in dress and equipment, yet strangely distinct in face and manner, he followed an officer's finger, pointed to a shack outside the villa, and immediately took up his sentry post. As the other soldiers dispersed, and as the company settled in, the sentry was left alone more and more, facing the stares and whispers of the townspeople. His face was sensitive, and it was clear that he felt acutely, and felt against his will, his role as the foreign conqueror. But there was humour in his eyes withal, and a sense of the historical repetition of his position.

Though he was American, he did not at all resemble American youth as one usually thinks of it. He was tall above the average, very slender, perhaps even thin, and his uniform, though easily, was unprofessionally, worn. His features were prominent and handsome; the dark hair cut short, Army-fashion.

He had been living on a tangent lately, this sentry, away from the circle of his normal, well-balanced self; and was struggling to find his way back to the former simplicity and fineness that he knew inherently were his. His intelligence had been upset by what he had seen and what he now felt in the people walking by him.

Suddenly a young German girl emerged from a side-street, stopped before the sentry, and surveyed him closely. Then, without contempt, simply stating a fact:

"Our soldiers were so much better, so straight and military. They didn't slouch, like you Americans."

A loud, vulgar voice came from a window some feet away, with an oath:

"Yeah, but who d'ya think won the war, huh?"

The sentry stiffened.

And with nobility: "Certainly not you, sir," said the girl.

The sentry relaxed, smiling.

ANN CLARK '55

State

I am a man,
Dwarfed by hordes
of people
Infinitely bigger
than myself.

I am an atom:
A minuscule dot
of matter
In the cosmos of which I am
a part.

I am an ion,
An insignificant bit
of energy,
Wheeling in the endless dust
of Time.

MARY ANN HOLDEN '55



On Having a Cat in the House

Many excellent people, though professing to admire the grace and beauty of the cat, have certain feelings of inferiority to these animals which render them fearful of having a cat in their humble domicile.

Now actually a cat requires very little attendance. She will sleep in the basement if the basement be warm and dry and has some superfluity of high, secluded places.

In the morning the cat graciously consents to rise when the family does and to eat a hearty breakfast. She will then make a half hour's tour of the premises and arrive on the terrace for an hour's chat with the nominal mistress of the estate.

Sometime in the morning she will repair to the widest, softest, deepest and most sought-after chair in the living room and go into semi-hibernation. The family may use the other chairs in the room if they are careful not to wake or disturb her.

Later the cat will rise and eat a light luncheon. She is not particular about what she eats: chicken, lobster, or roast beef are all acceptable. (Sometimes she'll take Puss 'n Boots instead.)

After her meal she will depart for the chase. She is a generous animal and may see fit to bring you a rat or rabbit for your dinner. Be careful of your language in receiving the gift. The cat is easily offended.

In the evening when the family has settled down to homework or other quiet tasks, she may decide to perform. She opens her show by sharpening her claws on the best chair. When she has attracted the attention and wrath of her audience, she proceeds to exhaust her family with all sorts of impossible contortions. When this is over she washes thoroughly, not only herself but also any person or object nearby. Then, choosing the most unsuspecting person, she sails gracefully through the air and lands on his lap where, purring like a steam engine, she remains until her hour of retirement.

LOUISE STEPHENSON '55

Junior

The rain drummed the roof and slashed at the windows without ceasing. It was a cold bitter rain with no mercy or consideration for anything, even him! Oh, how he hated rain! Rain and dogs! What good were they? They couldn't catch rats, ride broomsticks, or attend Tom-cat balls (every full moon with the loveliest kitty in the neighborhood). In fact, it seemed to him the only thing they could do was pester Junior. And that they did! This greatly mollified his pride, as he found himself obliged to avoid them, like every other low-down alley-cat that slunk the earth.

Poor Junior, it was a hard life! But at least he had managed to find himself a cozy spot; although it must be admitted that goats are dull and rather disagreeable companions to such a sophisticated young gentleman.

However, if you half shut your eyes and soothe yourself with a lazy purr, letting the tip of your tongue hang out, and perking your ears way forward with deep concentration: and if you wiggle your nose and tail at just the right moment: and if you are lucky and intelligent, and very skilled, perhaps you may, and then again you may not, be able to scent a lovely rat smell, mingled with a most satisfactory, slightly stale smell of milk, all whipped together in a warm, musty atmosphere of goat. Junior tingled with delight. He could feel a soft, delicious rat slip down his throat, floating in warm, frothy goat milk. His stomach rumbled with pleasure. He was a fine cat. There was no doubt of that, in spite of the fact that his mother came from a school dump and had paralyzed hind legs. He was the toughest, the most attractive, and the cleverest Tom-cat ever to be honorably named a "Reservation Roadster". Junior's face lit up from ear to ear in a conceited, self-satisfied grin. His qualities simply couldn't be missed. Everyone knew how great he was, except rain and dogs, who were simply too dense to comprehend such talent!

And then he heard a faint noise of voices and a rattling of the lock, penetrating with difficulty the drumming of the rain. They were coming to milk. That meant supper! He yawned spaciously, stretching every muscle of his body, from the top of his head to the tip of his tail. His eyes narrowed into crafty little slits, and he jumped

from the hay and waltzed to the door, waving his tail, purring slowly and pompously.

"Why, what a good pussy you are, Jun, to stay here all day and hunt rats! Now that's the kind of cat I like! Not spending your time begging to come into the house or complaining of an empty stomach, but on the job all day without being pushed into it. And you shall have some milk too. Such a good cat!"

Junior nodded his head in consent, rubbing himself against the old man's trouser legs. And if you were lucky, and very quick, you might, and again you might not, catch him giving you a little wink from the corner of his eye, just to let you know what a clever fellow you were up against.

ELIZABETH EDMONDS '56

The Priestess

She stood before them all, tall and slim, stiffly erect. Her costume was bizarre: black and clinging—primeval in its simplicity. The room was filled with devotees, every awed eye on the commanding figure. With a sinuous swirl of skirt, she turned and reverently removed the drum, sacred to her office, from its resting place on the altar, and began to beat a slow, throbbing rhythm. The bodies before her began to sway from side to side, contorting in strange, ceremonial postures, weird, yet exact. The throbbing gradually increased, while tension mounted. Faster beat the drum, the throbbing sound penetrating every corner. More frenzied grew the movements of the multitude, and the priestess grew flushed with her efforts. Finally when the room was filled with a barbarous confusion of movement, and the drum reached a climax of ear-splitting sound, the priestess threw up her arms in a commanding gesture, and the worshippers cast themselves prostrate before her!

"That was fine," she said, "And now let's take the new body bends we learned yesterday."

PEGGINS HOLBROOK '55

Mood

I walk alone, and smell
The salt sea-smell of oozing
mud flats,
And crusted mussels baking in
the sun.

The sky shimmers about me,
thick and tangible;
And from the dirt below my feet
warmth rises,
Burning my cheeks, weighting
my eyes, thickening my breath.

Then comes the freshening wind
Which stirs my grateful senses
and the trees;
Whispering birch and aspen
gladly turn
Toward each other.

From the outer-waiting sea,
Little wavelets detach themselves
And come riotously skimming
across the mirror-cove
To break softly against the sand.
Sandpipers skitter along
their foamy borders,
Playing a perpetual game of tag.

The wind dies.
Again the heat strikes me,
Overcoming my reeling senses.
I am drunk with air
and sun,

And I walk squash-squash
in the sand,
Little pebbles tumbling from
my heedless feet.

Gulls wheel infinitely high
above my unseeing head,
Their disembodied cries
thinly drifting
Back to earth.

MARY ANN HOLDEN '55

Autumn Vespers

Shadows falling, twilight fading:
Sky at evening, masquerading.
Grey dusk is falling in the west.
The sun descends, day's parting guest.

Silhouettes incline and whisper.
Autumn leaves becoming crisper.
Night's orb illumines misty sky,
From every breeze escapes a sigh.

Unveiled Hesperus gives soft light
Brightening all the starry night.
But too soon will come the dawning,
Night must yield to brighter morning.

DIANE SOROTA '55



Old Louis

The water lapped gently on the sandy beach. It made a cool, swishy sound as it continually washed the concrete masonry of the small but adequate dock. Extending a short way back from the cliff of the dock was a grassy area, on which were stacked quantities of lobster pots in various stages of construction. Several other piles consisting of decayed, waterlogged pots lay scattered among the debris of wooden slats, rusty nails, bushel baskets, rope, cork buoys and broken bricks.

The "Kay 87JAS" rode her mooring at the quay as a noble craft should, thought Old Louis, as he rested a moment from his tasks. It felt good to sit with one's back resting against a wooden pot and stretch one's tired legs. At seventy and five one was not as tireless as at thirty.

Old Louis loved the outdoors. His ruddy complexion, well tanned by the sun, sharply contrasted to the few locks of his shaggy white hair, just visible under his cap. His brown eyes had a far-away look about them. His dark overalls were worn at the knees and the once bright flannel shirt looked faded, even a bit frayed about the collar.

The bait baskets, full of small fish, basked in the sun. Attracted by the warmth and odor, several flies droned lazily about them.

This was no day to haul pots. The sun was too hot; no breeze stirred. The sea took on the calm, unruffled appearance which signified the approach of rising temperatures. Now was not the time to struggle with the cranky, stubborn motor.

As he settled his back more comfortably against the pot, Old Louis rejected the idea of freshly baiting the north and south line. A slow languidness crept over him.

Today the snapper blue fish would be biting at the river mouth. Here he could sit on one of the piles supporting the dock and gaze into the deep blue-green, dreaming of the past. The sun, the kind sun would absorb all the aches of his body while he dangled his line. Just for today his back would not ache with the coming of the years and his gnarled hands would not be bruised from the cruel, wet rope.

SARA WATROUS '55

“Man’s New Gift, Leisure”

We sometimes think of leisure as a product of modern civilization. This is not wholly true. Primitive peoples had leisure, and certainly more advanced non-industrial or pre-industrial peoples had leisure. It is true that some margin of leisure is a basic need to human beings. Plants and animals as well as man seem to require such rest periods; for it is so proved in Nature by the alternating periods of activity and quiescence in its rhythmical work. Indeed, most of our social progress, most of the arts of life, most of our science and literature, are, in a sense, products or by-products of leisure. They were produced in the margins of time after the activities required to provide for the bare necessities of primitive life. These margins of time were the property either of the whole social group or of a special privileged class — a so-called “leisured class”.

Today, the working day is growing shorter. The last century shows an almost worldwide tendency, particularly where machine industry has a foothold, to reduce the hours of labor and hence to increase leisure time. The men and women in industry whose hours of labor have been shortened are not the only people who have benefited. The old saying, “Woman’s work is never done”, no longer holds true for the housewife; for the machine age has revolutionized her work as well as that of the wage earner. Indeed, machine industry has changed the character of the job itself. We often hear that machine production is monotonous machine-tending, meaningless repetition of the same motions: that it tends to make a mere “hand” out of the worker. When a worker puts in eight hours a day doing nothing but threading a needle, or placing a nut on a certain bolt, he finds little pleasure and satisfaction in his job. His day is divided into separate compartments labeled “work” and “free time,” and his inclination is to concentrate into his free time all the recreational interest which in the old handicraft system may have been distributed over the whole day. He is likely to seek the excitement of the clubhouse, the public park, the community center, or the theater and other places of commercialized recreation. It may be said, therefore, that earlier ages had leisure; but they did not have enough of it to create a leisure problem. In modern society, the rapid increase in

leisure time has brought pressing problems that challenge our best thinkers. We must plan for our leisure no less than our work.

It is sometimes assumed that leisure chiefly concerns children and youth. Inasmuch as boys and girls are about one-third of the American population, and their leisure time occupies from forty to fifty percent of their working hours, providing for their leisure is indeed important. But it is only a part of the problem. Leisure concerns everybody, without distinction of age, sex, or class. Its use is a vital problem to the handicapped, the sick, and the aged; to those confined in prisons or other institutions; to the unemployed who have had leisure forced upon them; and to the many persons who have retired from active life.

Leisure is a broader term than rest, recreation, idleness, loafing or amusement. As one writer puts it, "It is the free part of the imagination." That is, leisure is not so many hours or minutes of time which are not actively used in making a living; leisure is a mental attitude towards the whole round of life's activities. While machinery and shorter hours can put more spare time into modern hands, they cannot guarantee any increase of relaxation, freedom, or happiness. Leisure, it seems, may be either a disaster or a blessing. Spent wholly in idle amusement, it may lessen mental efficiency and impair health; but leisure time spent in self-improvement, in developing special talents, and satisfying other worthwhile interests, will enrich life and bring new powers of enjoyment.

MARY VIRGINIA MUNROE '55

Rain

It drips from the rooftops and slides down window-panes. The gutters are sluiceways through which water endlessly swirls, turning this way and that, never-ending. A lonely streetlight is reflected dimly in ever-spreading pools of shining water. Leaves on trees and bushes glisten with silver. Crawling and creeping in from the sea comes the mysterious grey fog, ghostlike and eerie, wrapping the world in its peaceful blanket. It is a silent world, save for the eternal dripping of rain.

Misinterpretation

He lay on the beach, letting his body soak up the warmth of the sun. Here, in this secluded cove, he felt that he was completely alone in the world. Propping himself up on his elbows, he looked around, seeing only beige sand dunes and a few shells, and directly in front of him, the bright blue water, which stirred lazily with occasional waves. Looking up, he saw the clear blue of the sky with snowy white clouds drifting across it. The sun's glare made him look down again.

"What a fine day for napping," he thought.

Folding his arms behind his head, he settled back on the sand, and let his thoughts wander as they pleased. He thought about the heat, and how funny it would be if the sun dried him up. He smiled to himself and closed his eyes. It was *so* hot. . . .

He felt his body getting hotter and hotter, and he felt suffocated. He thought that the cool water would refresh him, and he started to walk to the water — but it was more like floating, because he could not feel the ground beneath him, and he got there in much less time than if he were walking. Then he was in the water, but he couldn't feel wet — even though he could feel the water.

He found himself skimming across the waves on water skis, and he laughed, because he knew it was a dream. Some water sprayed into his eyes, and he could not see clearly. He looked back towards the beach to see if he could see his towel, but all he saw was a little girl with blond pigtails playing with a red pail on the sand. He opened his eyes very wide, and saw that the little girl was coming into the water.

The next time he saw her, she was very close to where he was in the water. Suddenly, she disappeared. In a few seconds she had bobbed up again, but she was struggling to keep her head up. He realized that she couldn't swim, and he looked around desperately for someone to save her, but he was the only one there. He tried to swim towards her, but even though he went through the arm and leg motions of swimming, he stayed in the same place. Even while he was making this desperate effort to swim, he felt as if he were lying still, watching someone else make this effort. He had a vague

sensation of sand beneath him instead of water around him. He thought to himself, "I'm dreaming. All I have to do is wake myself up and this nightmare will end." But try as he might, he could not rid himself of the scene before his eyes. He imagined, quite vividly, turning over or getting up — and he almost thought he had done so — but no, he was still in the same spot.

Then the little girl disappeared.

He started up, becoming fully conscious all at once. He looked around, but saw nothing that wasn't there before.

"God! what a dream! . . . Or *was* it a dream? It seemed so real. . . !"

He rubbed his eyes because they felt sore. His forehead was beaded with perspiration.

He stood up, feeling a little dizzy.

"I'd better take a dip to snap out of it." He said this aloud to break the silence, which had become unbearable.

He started to walk, then decided to run and plunge headlong into the water. Its initial coldness tingled through his body, and cleared his head. He started to laugh softly at himself for letting a silly daydream affect him, a big strong man, in such a way, when he noticed something floating on the water. It was a child's sand pail — a red one. It reminded him of something, but he didn't know what.

He moved over to pick it up, and as he did so, he noticed a young girl running up the beach towards him. As she got nearer, he saw the worried look on her face.

When she reached him, she was gasping for breath. "Have you seen a little girl anywhere around here? She must have wandered away from me while I was taking a nap — and she's about this tall — and I don't know *where* she could be; she's old enough to know better. . . ." She looked up at him imploringly. "She has blond hair, and —" she noticed the pail in his hand. "Why, she has a red pail — just like that!" She reached out to touch it, and looked at him again.

He had been looking at the toy all this time, and now he slowly turned his eyes out to the water. He did not even hear the girl's sharp intake of breath as she followed his gaze.

But all there was to be seen was the bright blue water which stirred lazily with occasional waves.

SHERYL WORMLEY '55

And the Wind Still Whistles By

Into the open window come the sounds of a great city night.
A Chicago night — its buildings towering mountains
In the cold, grey dusk.

The windows rattle gently in their wooden frames
As if wishing to escape the blackness pressing in;
The trees' shapeless forms seem to sway in rhythm
As the wind sweeps the winter sky.
Off in the distance an elevated train
Rumbles into a wind-blown station,
Then continues its lonely sentinel duty
Along the steel tracks.

On a busy street, a car speeds by,
Its headlights causing strange patterns
On the bleak, dreary, weatherbeaten buildings.
A boy passes, whistling a soft melody,
His heels tapping a steady beat which slowly fades away.
Down the block, a bus heaves a heavy sigh
As it stops for a red light
And opens its door for a tired policeman.
The grind of streetcar wheels hugging the track
And the occasional lazy toot of a passing car
Lull the city to sleep at last,
And the wind still whistles by.

JEAN DONOVAN '55



Mama's Little Helper

When Jimmy climbed out of bed that morning he was filled with excellent intentions toward his family. He dressed himself with great care, although one of his socks was inside out and his trousers showed a tendency to slide downward owing to his inability to fasten his suspenders in back. He made his bed, too, in a rather unorthodox fashion and threw his pyjamas neatly on the floor of his closet. Giving a satisfied glance at the room, he decided that his mother would need to do nothing more for its appearance.

He paused before the bathroom door, considering, but he decided that his bath the night before had been quite sufficient, and furthermore, too much brushing would not be good for his teeth. Of course, it might help his mother more if he did wash; but then the sound of water might disturb his grandmother.

So deciding, he ran downstairs and outside, avoiding the kitchen because his mother might decide that he should eat his breakfast first. Besides, Jimmy felt just a trifle guilty at the moment. Last night he had filled the sugar bowl for his mother while she was out of the kitchen. He couldn't read very well yet, and the more he thought about it the more certain he felt that the blue box with the little girl's picture on it contained salt instead of sugar. However, the fresh, cool day soon banished the idea.

Jimmy went first to visit Alphonsine and her puppies in the garage. The puppies were warm and soft. They were very mysterious things to Jimmy. A week ago Alphonsine hadn't had any puppies and then, there they were. Jimmy knew he shouldn't touch them so he just watched quietly for a while.

Jimmy's father came out of the house now, whistling. He didn't see Jimmy. Jimmy's father was going to paint their boat with some nice white paint. Jimmy had a little jar of this paint which his father had given him to paint his hideout in the woods. But now as Jimmy looked at their shiny blue car, the thought came to him that it would be pleasant to have the car and boat matching.

Jimmy was a man of action. He went to work on the front fender. It was beautiful. Jimmy was quite pleased and he knew his father would be, too.

Just then his mother called both Jimmy and his father to breakfast. Jimmy's father came around the garage and then stopped short with an unintelligible sound. Then with a peculiar expression on his face, he picked up his small, paint-bespattered son and heir and carried him toward the house. About that same time Jimmy's grandma discovered the salt in her coffee.

Later that morning, as Jimmy sat indignantly in the bathtub, marshaling his navy about him, he paused briefly to consider the strange behavior of adults.

"I was only trying to help," he told his largest carrier.

LOUISE STEPHENSON '55

A Dog's Life

He came to us on a bright, clear autumn day. When, with fingers fumbling with excitement, I opened the large box, he tried to leap out, but did not quite make the hurdle and remained stuck on the edge of the box, half in and half out, furiously trying to dislodge himself. With eager hands we lifted him to the floor and there he stood, a little round puppy, with big floppy ears entirely out of proportion to his body, and brown eyes eagerly surveying us, his new family.

He made himself right at home, showing no sorrow at having left the kennels where he had been born. After an inspection of the kitchen, where he was to sleep, he decided that he was hungry and began lapping up the food we had placed in a bowl for him. Every few minutes he would turn around to make sure that we were still there, and then, reassured, would turn his attention back to the food. Finally, after an exhausting day, he settled in the box we had prepared, promptly threw out the soft blanket I had placed there for his comfort, and went to sleep.

Now came the problem of giving our puppy a name. The choice was left to me, and because of the noise his tiny paws made on the hard linoleum, I decided to call him "Tippy." This was later lengthened to the pompous "Tiberius Telemachus Caius Augustus Easton." We were under the influence of ancient history then, for I had just

been exposed to *The Odyssey* and had hastened to impart my newly-acquired knowledge to my long-suffering parents. However, since our dog was anything but the classical type, he was still called "Tippy." It didn't take long for Tippy to realize that he was the owner of a name. Soon, when we called him, his head would perk up and his eyes would glow; he would race towards us, and, skidding to a stop in front of us, would stand there with tail wagging (in fact, his whole body seemed to wag), awaiting a command or a reward. We frequently called him just for the pleasure of seeing him come.

He was clever and obedient and my father took great delight in teaching him tricks. When an admiring group was standing around, my father would proceed to take a cookie and place it on the dog's nose, giving him the command, "Stay!" Upon hearing this magic word, Tippy would snap to attention, remaining motionless except for his tail, which was always in danger of wagging itself off. As soon as the word "okay" left my father's lips, Tippy would toss the cookie into the air and catch it in his mouth, swallowing it instantly. The onlookers would always lavish great praise upon the proud dog and his even prouder master, both of whom, hams at heart, lapped up these compliments.

It was not long before Tippy noticed a new member of our family, the baby. He soon found that it was tremendous fun to squeeze through the bars of her play-pen and then to climb all over her. My little sister seemed to enjoy the sport as much as the dog, for she would clap her hands and utter squeals of delight. They made a comical pair: the roly-poly baby with her golden curls and the roly-poly puppy with his floppy ears. Unfortunately, Tippy sometimes forgot the fragility of his playmate; therefore this game was not recommended by my parents.

There was only one rule which Tippy was likely to break. That was the one concerning dogs in the living room, a delight strictly forbidden, due to the fact that "man's best friend" has a habit of ruining man's best furniture. The kitchen was his domain, but the living room was his Utopia. Although a low screen served as a barrier to prevent violations of this rule, Tippy discovered that one good leap could easily surmount the obstacle. No amount of punishment could dissuade Tippy from *this* sport; once every few weeks he

would begin to glance furtively at his denied paradise. Then suddenly, he would be off, tearing through the forbidden room and in a flash would be back before us, standing with all four legs planted squarely on the floor, head cocked in a slightly defiant gesture, as if to say, "See! I did it! Now what are you going to do about it?" It was always a very reluctant person who administered the punishment.

When we went to New York for Christmas, as we did every year, it was necessary to leave Tippy at a kennel. Returning from the holidays, the first thing we did was fetch him home. What a reunion! He jumped and leaped in the air, greeting us with frenzied staccato barks, so happy to see us again.

Upon arriving home from school one day, I noticed that Mother had a very worried expression on her face. The cause was soon apparent, for the veterinarian was there examining the family pet. Tippy had suddenly gone into a fit that afternoon, tearing madly around the house and foaming at the mouth. The diagnosis was distemper. The people at the kennels had neglected to give the preventive injection that all young dogs should have. The veterinarian said that if Tippy had ten more of these seizures he would be considered a hopeless case and would have to be done away with before someone was injured. We received this news with a shocked feeling. Imagine saying that our dog, our beloved pet, was a dangerous animal! At first we scoffed at the idea. Soon, however, as each day brought more of these attacks, we realized that the veterinarian's words were only too true. It brought a hollow feeling inside of me to come home from school each day and to find that Tippy had had a fit. Soon he was having two and three a day. The heart-breaking part of this disease was that most of the time, he was his same, gay, irresistible self, so eager to please us. With a growing anxiety we counted the number of fits: ten, twelve, and still there were more. Finally after the twentieth, we were obliged to call the veterinarian.

Saturday was the day set for Tippy's departure. It was a dreary day, with torrents of rain beating against the windows and trees waving their grotesque arms in time to the moaning wind, which seemed to commiserate with us. Tippy had been wonderful that morning. We romped with him, feeling like hypocrites as he looked at us, eager to play and secure in his trust of us.

I kept praying, begging God to intervene, to stop this horrible disease and to let our dog live. But there was no heavenly nor even earthly intervention. The veterinarian came at the appointed hour, and we looked on in desperation as he muzzled our peaceful dog.

Saying goodbye to Tippy was the most difficult thing I have ever done. He seemed so sure of coming back to us, never realizing that this was a final goodbye and that we, his family, were relinquishing him to his death. I had to struggle with my tears as the veterinarian put him in his car. Tippy stood up on the back seat and looked out the window at us, barking a farewell. The automobile roared off, and we could hear his bark above the noise of the engine and the storm. That bark seemed to echo and to jab into our thoughts as we kept wondering whether, if we had kept him a few more days, he might have been cured and gone on living. Only my baby sister, softly speaking to herself in the unique language of the very young, did not realize that her playmate was gone.

ELEANOR EASTON '55



Observation of a Business Man

He was tall, and dark, and immensely attractive, and that was very odd because he wasn't handsome, or cute, or even really good-looking; but there was a certain something about him. His black hair was somewhat short and slightly wavy, his eyes were a startling, intense blue with dark lashes and heavy dark brows, and his physique was certainly god-like: muscular, lean, well-proportioned, with a certain solidity about him and, conversely, a cat-like grace. And yet "god-like" wasn't quite the right word. . . . He had a laughingly wicked mouth, and a devilish glint in his eyes. He was dressed impeccably in black, and wore his clothes with a casual grace. He was deeply tanned and his shirt and teeth were very white in contrast.

A young woman was passing by his deck chair in trim white shorts and a striped cotton blouse with the collar turned up. Her short golden hair blew about her pretty face as she stood at the rail, and her impatient glance up and down the deck spoke ill for the punctuality of her fiancé. Then she caught sight of the man in the deck chair. She stared for a moment and then blushed slightly as her eyes met his and she mumbled some awkward greeting. His suave reply put her at ease and in a few moments she found herself sitting beside him, chatting gaily. In fact when her fiancé came dashing up there was a faint hint of reluctance in her goodbye as they went off to play tennis. The man in black smiled as he pulled out a small black book and made a hopeful notation. And you know, it was an odd thing: the book was bound in asbestos.

* * *

The music was soft, the lights were dim and the air rather heavy with cigarette smoke. Her flaming red hair seemed to burn in the subtle lighting. Her dress was a fashionable tight sheath with high wing collars and a sparkling brooch at the throat. Her laughing green eyes looked deep into his blue ones, answering his silent question. He rose and came around the table to help her into her mink stole. She whispered something to him and he replied with a wicked chuckle as she left to powder her nose. He pulled out his little black book and jotted something down with obvious satisfaction, and then pulled out his wallet and left a generous tip for the waiter.

* * *

It was a crisp spring day and the sun was warm. The man and his companion were walking together up the street, talking in a most friendly manner. Her dark, silky hair matched his perfectly, and her clear grey eyes looked up warm and smiling out of her lovely face. They stopped and she waved goodbye as she hurried up the steps of the church. He waved back and continued up the street, giving a small uncomfortable shrug as the church bells pealed out. He pulled out his little black book and made a regretful notation. As he slid it back into his pocket he spotted a trim pair of ankles in high red heels ahead. He quickened his pace, a devilish glint coming into his eyes. And why not? After all, he *was* the devil.

PEGGINS HOLBROOK '55

Ennui

Sir William Edgarson shifted unhappily in his seat, glaring at the pale shriveled pea that lay alone on his gleaming plate.

"How uncomfortable, how very uncomfortable," he thought. Why were the seats always so hard, the room so hot, and the people so very tiresome at these silly dinners? Wistfully he recalled the tender young piglet lying at home in the pantry. That would have to wait until later; meanwhile, his stomach rumbled.

Silly fools anyway, how did they expect a man of his magnificent proportions to be satisfied with a single leg of scrawny chicken? Damned idiots: not another Knight in the lot. He smiled complacently back at his own career, at the thirty years of labor which had brought him a monopoly of the textile business, and finally knighthood. But these dolts here! Even the speaker was interminable, and a poor one at that.

He stirred uncomfortably in his chair, tearing himself from its back, to which he had become stuck. Oh hell! Why didn't they open a window? The crowning insult was the cheap cigar smoke — something he never could bear. He felt his dignity humiliated, and his stomach queasy. He belched unobtrusively behind his napkin, and settled back to listen, letting his gaze sweep apathetically over the silly smiling faces, in search of one under forty.

Expertly his practised eye picked out a pouting blonde. A trifle vulgar, to be sure, and probably bleached besides, but nevertheless a rare find in such an assembly as this. He gazed benignly in her direction, beginning to enjoy the function for the first time as she simpered back. (How fortunate that Mildred had remained home with her perpetual migraine!) In fact, she began to look better and better as the evening progressed. He sipped his wine happily. A mere child she was, probably not a day over twenty. A warm protective glow filled his expansive chest. Yes indeed, this would bear further investigation.

He slipped a small white square into a willing waiter's palm, then beamed profusely at the woman as she opened it. A dazzling smile was his reward. Feverishly he waited for the speech to end, fidgeting impatiently in his seat. At last! He hurriedly stood up,

knocking over his glass in his haste, and rushed toward her as quickly as his bulk would permit. Gad, what a treasure!

The crowd shifted, hiding her momentarily from his view, then opened up once again to show her smiling happily. Yes there she was — smiling happily up at the speaker as they walked out together.

MARY ANN HOLDEN '55

Memora

Was it last night
I followed that long blue
Ribbon winding and writhing its
Way down from the hills?

Was it last night
That clot of blood thrown
Against the heaven stared
On me through its
Thick baleful brume?

Was it last night
That I came into those
Foggéd fields where death
Stalked like a cat and
Silence yowled in the dark?

Was it . . . last night?

ELISABETH A. OPPMANN '55

Belle Grove

One day, as you travel along the Louisiana highway, you may see an old unused path leading away from the main thoroughfare. You stop your car and walk along under the shadowy oaks heavily laden with great smoky masses of Spanish moss, wondering where you are going and yet feeling all the while that some force, greater than yourself, is pulling you onward. It could be wanderlust or perhaps just an urge to get away from the busy world for a brief time; and so you continue walking down this narrow way which has lain untouched for so many long years.

The ground underfoot is rough. You virtually fight your way through a labyrinth of vines and briars, but still you go on, penetrating deeper into the dense, gloomy entanglement. Suddenly you come around a turn and there it stands, Belle Grove, one of the loveliest of plantation houses, still recalling the grace and beauty of time gone by: glory in ruin.

It appears at first to be built of pink marble with four great columns like mighty warriors still guarding their prize. You approach slowly, breathlessly, lost in a dream; but, at closer inspection you find this lovely edifice is merely crumbling brick painted a sunset pink. Once Belle Grove contained fifty rooms and every door knob was polished gold, but this is no more.

There is still majesty in these fallen walls, although you realize that Belle Grove is beyond repair. The entire back portion has collapsed into a dusty heap of rubble. A broken column sprawls across the ground. A few trees droop disconsolately over the broad veranda, as wilted and yellowed as the weed-choked grass.

You mount the cracked pink steps, finding beyond the huge front door only the blue sky gaping through what was once a ceiling. It is easy to imagine, nevertheless, what the interior once might have been. It grows late and you follow the path by which you came. You find your car and drive on to your destination.

Some weeks later, while looking through a current magazine, you read in the "Letters" section that the remains of the once famous Belle Grove have burned to the ground.

SUSAN WATEROUS '54

Mass for the Living

"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen. Introibo ad altare Dei."

The fearful murmurs of the congregation quieted somewhat as the opening lines were said. A wave of apprehension which had caught a momentary hold on them now dissolved as they knelt. A woman near the aisle tried vainly to stop the sniffing of her child. The priest continued, and the response came, questioningly:

"For Thou, O God, art my strength, why hast Thou forsaken me? And why do I go about in sadness, while the enemy afflicts me?"

A shudder ran through the kneeling forms and paused by an old woman, stopped, and spread itself over her. Aware of its presence, she lifted her head. Through the window she could see the sky, darkened by droning airplanes from the north country. She turned away quickly and stared at the altar, but saw nothing there. The shudder shook her violently to her feet; she turned, and ran convulsively from her place. A moment later the screaming whistle and earsplitting crash of an exploding bomb drowned out, for an instant, the sounds inside. Soon the voice of the priest became audible again:

"May almighty God have mercy upon thee, forgive thee thy sins and bring thee to life everlasting."

The sniffing child began to sob at the loud noise. An old man in front of him wrested himself around to see what the trouble was. The mother, embarrassed, bowed her head and whispered to the child to be still, but he only cried the more as the planes circled overhead again and again.

The people around the child were uneasy too, and though the priest noticeably hurried the prayers, made no announcements, and preached no sermon, yet their unrest at the planes and their annoyance at the child grew so, that the despairing mother rose and took the child from the church. A moment later, and again the shrill sound was heard of a bomb falling to destruction and shattering itself against the earth. The vibration shook the church, and the boards of the vestibule collapsed into a heap. The priest turned from the altar, and the people answered him, saying:

"May the Lord accept this sacrifice at thy hands, unto the praise

and glory of His name, for our advantage and that of all His holy Church."

The congregation knelt, trembling, for the Canon. Some looked fearfully at one another, from the windows to the priest, to their missals, and again into each other's faces, searching for salvation. Others were almost mad in their urgent responses, made in the desperate faith that was theirs that day. The priest increased again in speed, so much so indeed, that he spilt the wine. A short gasp and moan escaped his lips at this, but he continued the ritual, hoping it had passed unnoticed.

The communion was administered, accompanied by the deafening roar of the planes as they swooped down now and again, spattering the wall with bullets, which broke the windows, splintering the glass to tiny bits and hitting the body of the old man by the aisle.

And as the priest intoned the final prayer,

"St. Michael, the archangel, defend us in battle, be our protection against the malice and snares of the devil. . . and thrust to hell Satan and the other evil spirits who roam through the world seeking the ruin of souls,"

a bomb fell into the chancel, and another closely followed it into the center aisle. The whole church flamed up and crumbled down.

"Ite, missa est."

ANN CLARK '55

And She Laughed

The sun was bright, and she laughed. She picked it up in her hands — a bright golden ball, and tossed it in the air. It was hot, hard, and shiny. After regarding it gravely for a moment, she cast it aside and rolled over, laughing again.

The sky was a blue bowl, and she delightedly patted it with her fingers. A cloud drifted across, fat and lazy. The wind nibbled at it, tearing off little pieces. She watched as the cloud slowly changed shape and dissolved; now it was different. But it wasn't her cloud any more. Feeling this encroachment on her security, she cried. Then she looked up but it was just the same, so she cried again. Carefully she tasted the tears with her tongue. Yes, they still had the same salty taste; why had she wondered? And yet, every thing was differ-

ent now; and she could not understand. Why, why? She could not remember, and it disturbed her.

Angrily she sat up and started to go. Then, a thought struck her. She cunningly lay down again and thought what a terrible mistake she had nearly made. But now it was all right. Yes, now no one could see her, or take her back. She was safe.

An ant crawled slowly up her leg. She poked it. It fell over, waving its legs pitifully in the air. She laughed, and poked it again. It wriggled frantically. Suddenly she could no longer bear the sight, and she jammed her finger down on it. Cautiously she lifted her finger, but it lay dead, a squashed sodden mass.

"I didn't mean it," she whimpered. It lay inert, unhearing.

Tenderly she picked him up and blew on him, but he did not move. She blew harder and little fragments of him flew off. She looked about her wildly; all was quiet, dormant in the hot sun. Yes, the sun was bright.

She carefully hollowed out a hole for the ant, and placed him inside. Then she patted the earth into place — gently, very gently. But now she needed a flower. She got up. Where was a flower? She must have one. Here. She clutched at it, and started to pull it up.

Suddenly she smelled the familiar starchy smell — the smell of crackling uniforms, — the hated antiseptic smell of endless white corridors. She whirled futilely. They had gotten her after all.

"Come with me." — soothing but firm.

"I didn't do it," she said, "I didn't do it, I didn't!"

They silently left, and the meadow was empty now. A single flower lay on the baked grass; the sun was hot.

MARY ANN HOLDEN '55



Stage Fright

The little room backstage is crowded with excited students, all wearing the expressions of prisoners awaiting the jury's verdict. Some are frantic, talking wildly in high tones about their fears; some are grim, pacing back and forth and trying to brace themselves for the coming ordeal; others sit alone and silent, trying to control their trembling arms and legs; a very few are poised and assured, talking with ease of trivial matters.

In this case, however, there is no courtroom — only an empty stage with a piano on it, facing an audience which will soon be staring at an isolated individual at that piano.

The backstage room offers no comfort to those girls who are soon to be alone at the piano. It is a classroom filled with hard, uncomfortable desks and chairs. The lights glare down unmercifully on the unusually clean blackboards and on two pictures, one of an old Indian raising his arms in prayer to the sun god, the other of Abraham Lincoln, who looks as unhappy and uncomfortable in his situation as the students below him look in theirs.

At a desk in the corner of the room, a girl sits apart from the others. Her head is bent over a book of music and her fingers are nervously forming chords on the desk.

She thinks to herself, "I will not forget these notes! It's really very silly to be afraid of playing in public. Of course I'll remember the notes! But what if I don't? Wish I could take the music with me. Only five minutes before this thing starts. How did I ever get put on this program anyway? I can't play — they ought to realize that. I know I'll forget my piece. Wish this was over. Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful if this were two weeks ago. I'd have two weeks to practice this piece and really learn it well. If only I had practiced more! Oh, dear God, please, please don't let me forget these notes!"

She closes the book, picks up the program, and counts down the list of performers, stopping at the third one, her own name. She stares at it, noticing how odd it looks on the printed page. Then she realizes that the room has grown quiet and that the first girl is outside, performing on the stage. Only one more girl, and then it will be her turn out in front of all those people.

She takes her crumpled handkerchief and wipes her perspiring hands. There is an odd feeling inside her, a tightness that seems to start in the base of her stomach and then expands up through her chest until it reaches the bottom of her throat.

She sees the first girl come back off the stage into the room and the next performer go out. Almost unbelievably she realizes that the next turn is hers. Again she opens the book and tries to study notes which are now running confusedly around in her head.

The sound of applause for the second performer hits her ears with a sudden cold shock. Forcing herself, she moves out of the room and into the wings of the stage. She pauses for a moment, taking a deep breath as a new thought strikes her.

"What on earth am I doing here? This can't be me! I'm sure this isn't me."

Feeling perfectly detached from herself, she walks out onto the brightly lighted stage, inclines her head slightly to the audience and seats herself at the piano. Mechanically she places her hands on the keys and begins to play.

"How funny! I really am out here on this stage, in front of all these people. Wonder why they came? I certainly wouldn't come to hear anyone like me play. It's really a waste of their time. Bet they'll be glad when this evening is over. This is amazing! I'm really playing in front of these people and I'm not scared at all. Time flies, up here. This is the last page of the piece. Wish I could play some more, now that I'm up here. I almost think I'm enjoying it."

She strikes the final crashing chord and stands up, bowing to the applauding audience. As she goes out through the wings, she gives an encouraging smile to the next girl.

ELEANOR EASTON '55

Afterwards

The centuries flung to the musky dust;
The battlefield long silent to the sound;
"Hail fellow — what now?" the armour and the rust;
The silence of death now on the mound.

NATALIE SMISSAERT '55

Carol

The sun shone high and burnished in the cloudless blue sky. The day was warm and yet I felt a cruel chill at the realization that the end of my summer had suddenly come. The calm waters of the bay lapped peacefully at the white expanse of sand, washing away one small pebble and then another. Yet, in seemingly deliberate contrast with the tranquil morning, devastation reached as far as the eye could see. "Carol" had come and gone, and in her whirling grasp taken all that was precious to man and nature.

Scattered along the beach lay the gutted remains of the many gay summer cottages, most of which had been painstakingly built by their owners. More common, though, were just the foundations from which the houses had been swept, or an occasional fireplace or chimney protruding from the sand like a defiant gravestone.

The narrow causeway passing behind the cottages, leading to the Yacht Club just down the road, was now completely washed out, a great jumble of rocks littered with *débris*, mute testimony of the tidal wave which had surged inland. Ironically, the big red sign saying, "You are welcome to use this beach, but please keep it clean", was standing intact beside the road, its plea ignored by the lashing tide.

The Yacht Club, only two days ago a symbol of wealth and prestige, was now a sagging wreck that no slum could parallel. Its whole bottom floor had been stripped of all but the foundations by the rushing water and two sides were completely torn out, leaving the club tilting at an insane angle. Protruding into what had been the front door was the dismantled hulk of what was formerly one of the most splendid yachts on the Atlantic coast, hewn neatly in two when she was dashed against the flagpole. At her stern lay two schooners, supported by a heap of sodden wreckage, locked in a death embrace, the storm-driven waves having carried one downwind onto the other.

The saddest part of the whole view to me was the bay itself. Looking beyond the Yacht Club one could see how the unexpected hurricane had made a graveyard of the bay for hundreds of boats. The skeletons of what were once glittering yachts or more modest skiffs

and power boats lay listing dejectedly against the bridge or on the edge of the shore, most with crushed sides, gaping holes, or battered hulks from the jagged rocks against which they had been hurled along with the hopes and dreams of their owners.

This scene will forever remain imprinted on my mind, showing vividly how ineffectual man is against the forces of nature.

MARGARET ROTHWELL '56

Star

The white disk swept up and down, over and back, around in circles, up and down. It saw nothing but some straggling patches of grass and rocks and flatness, and a barbed-wire fence at the western end of the plowed field. Then it stopped. There it was. The disk had found it.

A guard in the tower shouted; two men started out across the field, rifles in their hands. A cold wind whistled through the fence and whirled around them as they plodded towards the white disk. One of the men pulled his cap down lower; there was a star on it.

It was bitter cold; snow was coming with the wind. Their coats were new but not warm enough; their boots were high and shiny but too thin. Their rifles were good.

The taller man cursed and the wind whipped about him in derision. They walked faster; the man with the stretcher had to run to catch up.

They stopped at the edge of the circle of light and blankly stared at what it had found. It was just a bundle of old clothes: a hat, a scarf, some gloves and a dirty coat with a tiny hole in it. There was a face under the hat and hands in the gloves and a body in the coat.

They put the bundle on the stretcher and started back across the field. The wind had stopped; there was no more snow. The taller man cursed and glanced at the sky and at its silver star. He cursed again.

The white disk swept up and down, over and back, around in circles, up and down.

ELISABETH A. OPPMANN '55

The Blue Bowl

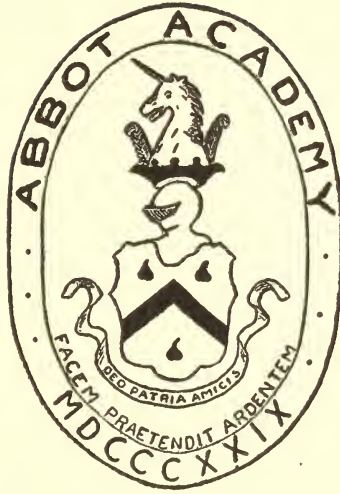
Once there was a bowl,
Of hopeful blue and bright—
A bowl that slipped and fell,
And shattered in the night.

The pure, sweet curve of heaven's dome
Soaring over hill and home,
Rich, blue sweep spans field and tree,
Arching o'er humanity.
Opaque by day but clear by night
To show the stars in winging flight.
Ah, fragile bowl, rarest of all,
What watchful eye restrains your fall?
Who guards you with such loving care,
His prized possession lying there?

But man made war; he burned and killed;
With noise and death the bowl was filled,
And slippery blood the rim did streak,
And clutching fingers soon grew weak:
A final snatch that came too late
As down it plunged towards rock-hard hate.
And foolish man turned round to see
The quivering arch shake frightfully:
Too late it was to now turn back,
For there he saw the first faint crack.

Once there was a bowl,
Of hopeful blue and bright—
A bowl that slipped and fell,
And shattered in the night.

PEGGINS HOLBROOK '55



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Business Manager

Eleanor Easton

Editorial Board

Peggins Holbrook

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The editors regret having omitted the name of Ellen Parker, author of Rain, in the last issue.



A Cup of Milk

This was the smile that made him pause:
A cup of milk to help the cause.
This was the pause that made him late;
They'd already razed the river gate.
This was the river he had to swim,
His head a bobbing target dim.
This was the target at which they shot;
Lost was the message; they knew it not.
This was the message, or so I hear,
That never reached the general's ear.
This was the loss that caused defeat,
And turned the victory to retreat.
This was the march that passed her door:
The men so weary, discouraged, footsore.
These were the men that passed her by,
Lighting the pity in her eye.
This was the pity that made her sigh,
And shake her head, and wonder why.
These were the thoughts she pushed away,
To smile and cheer them on their way.
This was the smile that made them pause
For a cup of milk, to help the cause.

PEGGINS HOLBROOK '55

The Seine

The river Seine, as it sweeps a curving arm across Paris, gathers to itself much of the vivid and picturesque life of the city. Embellished with graceful bridges and beautiful buildings, the Seine is also an artery of commercial activity. Shallow barges and hooting steamboats push their way up and downstream, the boatmen exchanging shouts of greeting while expertly steering clear of bridges and other craft. Parts of the stone banks are used to store or transfer merchandise, and the arrival and unloading of a barge bringing sand or stone from a quarry upstream is enough to collect a crowd of curious small boys. But perhaps the most exciting part of the life of the Seine is the people whom it attracts.

The most nearly permanent residents of the river banks are the "clochards", amiable vagabonds who spend the night under the broad arch of a bridge, and the day watching the shimmering reflections on the surface of the river. They are for the most part migrant workers, who harvest crops for a few weeks during the summer, and pass the rest of their lives in a pleasantly sleepy state. Some are more educated people who have adopted this relaxed way of life to escape the boredom of being a petty bourgeois—certainly one runs very little risk of becoming materialistic when all one's earthly goods can fit in a rickety three-wheeled baby carriage!

Semi-permanent also are the fishermen. The Parisian addict is an example of true devotion to a useless cause. He is seldom rewarded with material success from a day's patient waiting, and even the three-inch minnow, hauled up with exultation, is inedible owing to the condition of the water. I suspect that a day's respite from his home life, a pleasant day spent in the company of his equally silent and absorbed fellow-men, is the only object and ample reward of the Parisian angler.

Next in importance come the lovers, for the quais with their overhanging branches and cool cobblestones are a place of poetic enchantment for young love. From time to time a rejected swain ends an unhappy affair in the cold waters of the river, but for the majority of couples the Seine is a tender and discreet backdrop for romantic conversation.

The bouquinistes, with their antique book-stalls and not-so-often-genuine antique documents, are a part of the life of the river. Parisians young and old enjoy an excuse to linger a few minutes to investigate a print or a book, or perhaps only to gaze at the river from between the stalls. The bouquinistes tolerate indecision in their customers. They know, for example, that the charming old gentleman dressed in professorial black will eventually buy that worn leatherbound volume of Plutarch which he has been fingering for the last few weeks. If they were to urge him to buy, he would take offense, feeling that his individual liberty of judgment and choice had been impinged upon. The river is not hurried on its course to the sea; why then should he give in to the rush of time? The permanent lingerers and bystanders would entirely agree with him. Resting their elbows on the stone parapet, they note with interest everything about the river; they appear to deliberate gravely before changing from one position to another a few yards farther along the wall.

Artists love the quais, and come with brushes and canvas to paint the pearliness of the sky and the cool shades of the water. The stone walls allow self-expression for the ardent party member who scrawls an exuberant "U.S. GO HOME!" (Such signs of radical feeling are later blotted out by another citizen, with delicate regard for the future of the tourist industry!) And finally, the quais are the playgrounds of innumerable children and dogs, who, under the watchful eye of Maman, race joyfully along the banks, stopping occasionally to pass a moment of contemplative silence with a fisherman, or to scale a heap of sand.

Thus the Seine binds together and typifies Paris, casting a spell alike over the native of the city, and over the casual tourist who feels drawn to it. For to anyone who has visited Paris, his most vivid and cherished memories will be of the Seine.

STARR BEST '55

Drums

The last rays of the sun illuminate the sky for an instant and then quickly fade. Night presses hot, sticky fingers over the whirling ball of earth. A tiny crescent of moon hangs valiantly in the dark sky, casting a weird reddish light.

The sickening thud of many fingers beating against the tom-toms and the ghostly chant of many voices drift through the heavily scented air. A lonely jungle fowl calls hauntingly to its mate somewhere beneath the rising moon. The air is still, stirred only by the movement of black shadows swaying slowly against a blood-red fire whose flames stretch and strain as they try to lick the tree tops and failing, fall back with a groan and a snap of anger.

A man breaks through the underbrush just a short distance away—pauses—and then staggers on, blind with fear and pain. From his back protrudes an arrow, broken-off, only the tip left, and with each beat of his heart the agony increases. His head throbs with the beat of the drums. The wild rhythm continues, repeating over and over again the chant of death and torture. Danger threatens his every step and heat penetrates deep into his flesh, for even the coming of night has failed to relieve the jungle from its eternal hell. Blood flows from his wound, staining his sweat-soaked shirt. Then he stumbles and falls, his face drawn and white, and his lips curl in a tortured grin of agony. He tries to go on but his throat cries for water. Lifting the canteen to his mouth he lets the liquid flow down his throat—too fast maybe, for suddenly the last drop of water is gone—the last drop. The pain in his back seems more unbearable. The drums grow louder and nearer. He must escape! He crashes insanely through the tangled swampland, but on looking behind he sees grotesque shadows bearing down on him. His breath comes fast now and his mouth and throat burn with dryness. He can hear their running feet coming closer and in utter exhaustion he falls in a heap on the ground.

The moon rises in the sky, shedding red on the world below. Somewhere a lonely jungle fowl calls hauntingly to its mate, then all is silent.

JEAN DONOVAN '55

A Day

I am a day.

I am happy and gay; I am sad and listless. I am dull and routine; I am different and extraordinary. I arrive young and innocent, but when I die I am wise, for I learn many things in my short lifetime.

I come when the street is dark and black. Streets of big cities are deserted except for a few lone humans. I see men assaulted in alleys, and their wallets stolen. I see other men lying drunk in doorways in the slums of cities. My first look at life is not an encouraging one.

I can hear music blaring from a party in a stuffy tenement room, and in the same building I see a young girl stealing in from a date.

Soon the city becomes lighter. I see families awoken to the screech of alarm clocks. I hear babies crying in apartments where there is no breakfast to be had. I see men take a quick glance at the morning newspapers as they kiss their wives and then rush to their offices. Others set off to search the city for jobs. A little girl beams from ear to ear as she shows off her new roller skates to her friends. A teenager, hastening to his high school, bumps into an elderly man and knocks him off his feet. He runs on, already late, with no time to see if the man is hurt. A woman smiles with tears of happiness and love in her eyes as her husband and children bring her breakfast in bed and piles of packages, to the tune of "Happy Birthday."

As I grow older, the sun rises higher in the sky. Men in factories wipe their foreheads with damp handkerchiefs. Business men take time out to go to the water-cooler, and have a chat with the stenographer. Women in dingy apartments pause a minute from their washing or cleaning to push their hair out of their faces and listen more intently to the soap-operas blaring on their radios. A woman collapses weakly into a chair as she reads a telegram from her son overseas, saying that he will be home within the month. Tears of happiness roll unnoticed down her cheeks.

The sun reaches its peak, and my life is half over. I see men hurry to the corner drug-store for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Models leave their posing to eat a skimpy and unfattening meal. A teenage girl finds in the noon mail a long-prayed-for invitation to a college weekend, and is speechless with joy. Children race home from school

for their hour-long lunch break, chattering excitedly about a newly-planned class party. Others stop to gaze in the windows of a private school and wonder wistfully what it's like to be rich and go to schools like that.

I notice a lull in the activities after this. I see young men loafing around pool-rooms. I see a couple stare at each other unbelievably, thrilled and relieved that they have won a fabulous sum of money on an afternoon television quiz show. A middle-aged man in a dirty undershirt listens meekly to a woman nagging him. An older woman scolds her son for refusing to return to school. He disgustedly stamps out of the tenement house, shouting insults at his mother, and disappears into the depths of the city.

I see children born in huge hospitals. I see old people die, some alone and forsaken, and some surrounded by weeping relatives. I see all sorts of gladness and sorrow.

At five o'clock the city becomes crowded again. I see men rush from tall buildings to catch the 5:48 to suburban homes, and I see others catch buses to their neighborhoods. I see a man arrive home and find a note from his wife. I watch him read it several times, and then sink into a chair with his face buried in his hands. I see a man frown as he doesn't understand, then suddenly grin, as he realizes the extra money in his pay envelope was not a mistake.

The city darkens, and the rich colours of sunset show faintly from behind the silhouettes of now deserted skyscrapers. Soon the neon signs light up, and the bars begin to fill. Couples in evening clothes step out of taxis in front of expensive restaurants. Lights in a theatre dim as the audience waits for the curtain to rise on a new musical comedy. Three soldiers pick up three girls outside a penny arcade.

Later there is a sudden rush as the plays are over and parties begin to break up. The city becomes more deserted. In my last hours I see a girl gaze happily at a new ring on her left hand. I see a policeman chase and arrest a thief who has broken into a jewelry store. I hear a fire engine in the distance, or perhaps it is an ambulance. The hands of the big clock on the top of the bank reach twelve. I fade away. I have lived my life—short, but full. I have seen all the emotions and problems of the city. I die, but a new and young day comes to take my place, and life goes on.

SUE SULLIVAN '56

Party People

The fly on the wall can see them; so can you if you come with us to our observation-post in the living room. The room is decorated with numerous ash-trays and coasters. There is a strange lack of breakable or protruding objects:—that is, bric-a-brac. The room is ready for a party. Might as well sit back and relax; it's going to be a long hard night. The hostess enters the room, and we're ready for our view of the crowd.

Pulling at her dress, tucking under stray wisps of hair while glancing feverishly around the room, the miserable hostess awaits her guests. As she reaches up to adjust a mirror, the door-bell rings; this startles her, and she does a half twist in the air. She is nervous, and she will continue to be so all evening. We'll return to this poor creature a little later; the couple at the door has captured our attention. With washed and smiling faces they exclaim at being the first to arrive. While they are removing their coats and wishing that they had come later, three people ring the door-bell with five more close behind. The room is filling up, the door is no longer in sight, and the fun begins.

The host now emerges. The reason he didn't appear sooner is that he cut himself nine times while shaving. He will keep his face stiff for about a half hour; he doesn't want the cuts to start bleeding again, especially while he is mixing drinks.

People are settling down now, for almost everyone is here. A loud shout is heard, followed by the sound of a backslap. Harry, good-ole-Harry, who hasn't seen Jim for years, has leapt across the room emitting a bellow of recognition. Jim spilled his drink, and his back is tired because he's had a hard day at the office; he wishes Harry would stop shouting in his ear, but he won't say anything because he's a "good man". And so he knocks the ashes off his cigarette and stares intently at the floor. He will remain in this position for most of the night, endearing himself to all by being the man everyone loves, the good listener. Harry will, well...we'll come back to Harry later.

Standing in the center of the room is an attractive young woman. She has a charming smile and a vivacious personality which, at the

moment, seems to be intriguing two men. She is refined and sweet, and is always at every party because of her winsome manner. However, in the corner on the edge of the sofa is Ann, a woman of the same age, whose smile isn't sweet, and who seems falsely sophisticated. She has on too much make-up and invariably is holding a cigarette as she speaks in her deep, extremely deep, voice. She is the woman whom you met a few days ago, and who struck you as being so interesting. Well, she is. The trouble with her tonight is that she's in a room full of people whom she wants to impress, and is too self-conscious to act naturally. Her suavity is a protective device. She'll stay late; she likes parties.

There's the hostess again! Catch a glimpse quickly! Too late, she's gone. Someone just broke another glass in the library.

Over in the corner opposite Ann is the top of a head. On the head is straight brown hair. It's a man. The hair is short. You can't see any of his face because it's bent over a book. The man straightens up to stare pensively at the wall in back of Ann. There is nothing on the wall except blue and gold wallpaper, and it's a good thing he doesn't see it, because he wouldn't like it very well. He turns your way and you recognize him. It's Ted, the old rascal. He goes back to his book now. Ted's an intellectual; he doesn't care one way or another about parties. You suspect that before too long he'll notice Ann, who'll notice him, and he'll talk with her for a long time, because her self-consciousness fascinates him. Maybe he'll help her come out of her shell. Ted's usually good at that sort of thing. If he does, he'll probably introduce her to John, a friend of his who is standing on the other side of the room. Then he'll go back to his book.

Harry has had too much to drink. He is yelling boisterously at a young man who is playing the piano. Draped glassy-eyed over a chair, Harry is being obnoxious. Occasionally the young man at the piano will turn around and smile at him. He likes Harry; he likes Nancy, the girl who is leaning against the piano, humming, and he loves to play.

Sitting on a chair along the side of the room is a middle-aged man, who is writing something on a match-book cover. A fairly attractive woman, who looks as though she might be a business executive, is telling him her phone number. He usually goes through the phone

number procedure, and so does she: always on match-book covers, and usually at eleven-thirty at night.

There's the hostess again, and, surprise, the host is with her. She absent-mindedly touches a wet rim left by a glass on her best table. They smile benignly. They know only two more hours are left, which will pass reasonably quickly. They blink their sleepy eyes, and so do we. Well, let's call it enough for tonight, and go to sleep thinking about party people.

MARCIA COOPER '55

The Atheist

He looked from his peak,
And saw the flea happily
Decaying in its own filth.

He stood unimpressed, unmoved;
Emotion deadened not stirred.

Killed within lay his soul;
Nothing mattered for nothing was.
Owing much to the flea he
Wondered why he had never known it.
Now where was he to go
?

ELISABETH A. OPPMANN '55

Heritage

A large, handsome house stood well into the country, exuding the atmosphere of dignity and urbanity that comes from the large well-to-do suburbs of substantial, old cities. The house was inhabited by a pleasant, comfortable family, a branch of the same family which had first settled on that land over two centuries before. Very little was left to tell of that first family: nothing except the large fireplace in an otherwise modern kitchen. The house itself had been built and rebuilt many times by many generations.

One other sign remained. 'Way back of the lawns on the edge of a tiny strip of woods stood a huge oak tree. At the base of the tree was a much-neglected grave. Time and the roots of the tree had cracked the crude headstone and obscured the name, only the date remaining legible, 1702.

High in the branches of the oak a sweet-faced little girl perched on an ancient platform wrought in the past by childish hands. She had wondered often about the grave but no one could tell her anything more than that it had belonged to one of that old family. The child rested against the trunk and regarded the stone thoughtfully.

A little girl sat in the branches of a sturdy young oak. Her long skirts were carefully tucked up to prevent their being torn. She lay back and watched the smoke curling gracefully from the high stone chimney of their log house. Down in the valley, which stretched as far as the eye could see, were thousands of trees. No other clearings were visible; they were the first settlers in this valley.

The little girl drifted into a doze. Suddenly she woke to an unearthly scream. She saw the flames gushing from the wooden roof of her house and she heard a terrified scream and felt a sudden sharp shock.

Later when her father and brothers returned from the settlement, ten miles away, they laid her mutilated body where they found it, at the base of the oak.

The girl in the tree woke suddenly. A horrible sound hung in the

air. She looked up to see the roof crash into the flames beneath. In an hour there was little left save for part of the old chimney.

Several years later. There is a new house now erect and modern on the old foundations. The old chimney was knocked down when they rebuilt and there is a swimming pool out back. But under the old oak the grave remains untouched. And high in the tree on a bigger and better platform, the faded blue jeans and happy voices of children.

LOUISE STEPHENSON '55

The Last Train

It was raining in thick, heavy torrents that glistened in the dark night and made the old pavements under the street lights seem slick and clean. It penetrated even the heaviest overcoats and rubbers, and everywhere throughout the city, people were running to seek shelter from its relentless downpour. In the big, dismal railway station, the attendants of the newsstands and candy booths were preparing to lock up for the night, and the sound of stalls closing and registers banging shut echoed through the wide, almost deserted hall. There were only a few people, perhaps ten in all, to be seen walking across the dirty, slippery floor. Their steps were all directed to the same spot: the closed gate of track sixteen from which, in fifteen minutes, the last train for the northeastern part of the state was to leave.

They made an oddly assorted group as they waited there, damp and uncomfortable, while the conductor came to open the gate. There were two young girls and their escorts, all well dressed in evening clothes, who had just come from the theater. They were typical pseudo-sophisticated college students as, perfectly oblivious to their surroundings, they discussed and argued the merits of the play they had seen. One of the girls, in particular, kept insisting in a shrill voice that, although she realized that this conclusion was the only one that could be artistically justified, she was sure that the author meant to have the hero return after a suitable interval of about ten years. When this point was challenged by her escort, she shrugged her shoulders and laughed, saying rather coyly, "Oh well, I guess I'm just an incurable romantic!"

An antithesis to their smooth urbanity was a little girl, about eleven years old, who was waiting with her father. Two tiny silver skates pinned to her lapel testified to her having been at the ice show that evening, and her excitement and pride whenever she happened to glance at the big clock over the central doorway showed that this was her first night out late. After noting the time, which was then 12:50, she looked up at her father and said, with an important and confidential air, "It's getting quite late, isn't it? I hope Mummie isn't waiting up for us." Her father smiled and said that he hoped so too and that Mummie probably hadn't expected them to be so late. The little girl started to yawn, and then, remembering that one doesn't do that in public, closed her mouth and pretended to be deeply engrossed in the colored brochure that she was carrying. Very carefully she removed her new white gloves and began to turn the pages.

Looking at the girl with an indulgent smile, and perhaps thinking of his own child asleep at home, was a middle-aged businessman carrying a brief case and newspaper under one arm and a suitcase at the end of the other. He had stayed up too late too many nights to be excited now about the hour. He kept glancing impatiently down at his watch and then up at the big clock, and finally gave a weary little sigh of relief as he saw the conductor approaching.

Slightly apart from the rest of the waiting group was an old man who had been studying without interest the various charts of weather and skiing conditions posted at intervals along the wall, and was now staring fixedly at a long zigzag crack just above the upper right-hand corner of the central door. He was short and stocky, and his worn brown overcoat seemed too big for him. A few stray wisps of gray hair could be seen from under his old battered derby hat. There was an attitude of unspoken defeat in the way he stood there, with his hands in his coat pockets, his shoulders sagging, and his head bent slightly forward. His faded blue eyes peered out vacantly from a tired face wrinkled in lines of care and sadness. He was called back to reality with a start as the people began moving rapidly through the now open gate. Turning, he started to follow them with weary steps and unchanging expression, when his eyes suddenly caught sight of the little girl hurrying to keep up with her father's long strides and all the while keeping up an excited stream of chat-

ter. The eyes of the old man gleamed momentarily as he smiled, and, for a fleeting instant, he looked almost happy, but soon the habitual melancholy returned to his face, as if he had remembered something from the far-off past.

As the little group passed through the gateway, they were greeted by a thick, choking cloud of dirty gray smoke from the waiting engine. The young lady walked through it, still heatedly discussing the evening's entertainment, and emerged coughing, but vigorously arguing all the time. The businessman came through with a slight look of annoyance on his face, and the little girl, clutching her father's arm, had her eyes tightly shut, and her face screwed up into a grimace. The old man came last, slowly shuffling along, and giving to the conductor the startling impression of a pale ghost appearing suddenly in a foggy night.

Once on the train, they all settled down, lost in their own thoughts or listening to the theater-goers, who were still arguing. The lights glared down on the old, musty car and made it impossible for the occupants to see anything but their own reflections in the window as the rain drops beat against the glass, tracing a network of miniature rivulets across its slippery surface.

The first to get off was the party of four, which left in a confused flurry of raincoats, umbrellas, the clicking of spindly high-heels, and the swishing of taffeta skirts. The businessman soon followed, striding quickly down the narrow aisle and swinging himself off the steps with a practiced leap. A few more stations, and then the girl and her father left too, the child, as the train jerked to a stop, almost falling on top of the old man who slumped in his seat, half dozing. Startled, he sat up and, with a sad little smile, gazed at the girl until she disappeared down the steps. Now he was alone and he peered through the window as if looking for something, but only his own worn face stared back at him. Finally, rising and gathering his bulky coat close to him, he turned his collar up against the merciless weather outside, and moved slowly, falteringly down the aisle. He hobbled carefully down the steps and then disappeared into the black night and the enveloping cloak of rain.

The train moved on, empty, to the next stop—the end of the line.

ELEANOR EASTON '55

Pseudo

I rang the door-bell and waited. Soon my hostess answered the door, and, greeting me warmly, took my coat. I made my way to the living room where most of the guests were already assembled. The first thing I had noticed when I entered the house was the animated patter of chattering women and the noisy blare of a victrola. All the usual people were here, each one as Bohemian and "arty" as it is possible to imagine.

I looked all around the room. A tall, thin boy stood in the middle of several admirers, gesturing wildly. He was describing a new mobile which he had been constructing. Indeed, he had on paint-spattered sneakers and, in his hair, a streak of burnt umber which I rather fancied to be deliberate and artificial. In the corner near a piano three boys and a girl, books in hand, were acting a scene from a play. All around the room small groups were discussing art, poetry, drama and similar subjects. Tangled snatches of conversation floated through the atmosphere.

Finally I went over to the nearest group and listened to the central figure, a boy who was relating a dream such as I had never heard. It was extremely morbid and I couldn't help wondering what had prompted it. Nearby a girl laughed hysterically when someone mentioned a dance team which all had met. "Loved him, hated her," she announced affectedly. She became silent as one of the boys shook his head and motioned toward the door when a girl with a black dance leotard was just entering. She came over to the group and began to talk in a low, languorous voice, obviously cultivated since every once in a while she would forget and lapse into a higher register. I almost became dizzy from watching her lift her heavily blackened eyebrows; first she would raise one and then the other, and, at times, both.

By ten the air was quite tangible. Tears were rolling down my face as the stinging, acrid smoke came in contact with my eyes. Almost everyone was smoking. Nearly a half of the assemblage were novices at inhaling and watching them cough made me forget my discomfort for awhile.

The same boy who earlier had been gesturing so wildly was now

alone by the piano. He looked frustrated since his presence was having no apparent effect on anyone. Finally the torment of having no appreciative audience got the better of him and he decided to join some of the others.

Every week would find our misfit present, usually sitting alone on a couch. Since he is simple and uncomplicated no one understands him. His insignificance is conspicuous and is the only reason why he is occasionally noticed. In spite of being ignored, he continues to come each week.

Each time I leave the weekly gathering of Bohemians I feel pity for them and perhaps a little resentment too. The insincerity and falseness of all bothered me more than a little. That night I resolved that I would not come again.

Soon after eleven I left the living-room and went to find my hostess who was in the kitchen. She got my coat for me and I thanked her as we walked to the door. At the time I was thinking that I wouldn't be here again. But, as I said good-night and thanked her again, I said quite warmly and in spite of everything, "Until next time then?"

DIANE SOROTA '55

Bibliophile

I heard a thousand steps the other day,
They were not mine.
I felt their poisoned breaths upon my ear,
and neck, and spine.
I heard the rustling of a hundred turning leaves
And smelt the dusty smell of books long-left
unused, unopened, and unread;
I knew their whirling thoughts all through my
helpless head,
Commanding, cold, relentless.
Then I read.

MARY ANN HOLDEN '55

Ireland Forever

“‘Twas in Dingel’s Cove, one o’ the little fishing villages that border Dingel’s Bay, that what I’m tellin’ ye happened. Many o’ the type there are, but none wi’ anything in ‘em that could compare wi’ the Tavern o’ Michael O’Shea. Many’s the day an’ night I’ve spent, sittin’ i’ the fawncy front room, (an’ the ships bein’ in for a while), wi’ the potted geraniums linin’ o’ the windows an’ the red checkered tablecloths clean an’ crisp as you please, an’ the brown glass jugs covered wi’ candle wax settin’ i’ the middle o’ thim. ‘Twas a great place to be congregatin’, an’ never could it be said that there was a voice raised i’ anything but real justifiable ire; for them as went to Michael’s was the best folk o’ the town, an’ he wouldna abide any sort o’ roughhousin’ i’ his rooms.

“But well I remember the night o’ the great McDonal-O’Neill fight. ‘Twas back i’ the early Twenties, it was, before the great independence.

“Some matther o’ the marriage o’ Michael’s daughter, Nance, had come into the conversation, along wi’ some meanings that maybe shouldna be said, and it touched off the head o’ one Donal McDonal, an’ he settin’ there wi’ a good three pints under his belt. Now this McDonal was a good man, but not too much for an eye to look at; an’ he bein’ the big, blustery type wi’ red i’ his eyes an’ a scar on his cheek; an’ more than once he had been refused by Nance O’Shea. The talk that night had taken a turn usually reserved for when he wasna there; but the other man o’ the night, Patrick O’Neill, an’ he also wi’ a good bit under his belt, had made bold to bring it up.

“Well, in a minit, the whole room was in a graund twitchit, for ye know the pride an’ ire in an Irishman, an’ even Michael couldna keep this one down. O, the blows that I seen that night! ‘Twould o’ made pulp o’ any Englisher in no time; but it went on an’ on, an’ we all standing around cheering ‘em on, an’ Michael i’ the corner, bemoaning o’ his broken geranium pots.

“Ah, sich a fight as I have never seen since! an’ them throwing the furniture, an’ stoppin’ now an’ again to refresh themselves; then goin’ it again wi’ all the strength o’ true sons o’ Erin in ‘em!

“It went on, I can tell you, into many o’ the wee small hours o’

the night. An' is it that ye're wantin' to know who won? Ah, laddies at the end, 'twas *two* triumphant men shakin' o' each other's hands, an' walkin' out together down to their ships.

"Ah, sich honour an' pride an' fire ye'll not see soon again, I'm thinkin', as I saw that night i' the Tavern o' Michael O'Shea, Dingel's Cove, County o' Tipperary."

ANN CLARK '55

Prayer

Take away the chilling calm of this existence,

Give me life.

Let my soul be carried on its surging crest

Let me feel its motion and see its wild beauty,

Let me taste its pain and know its love;

Give me life now, O God,

And when it is time,

Then, will I gladly take death.

LOUISE STEPHENSON '55

If You Can: An Anthem

Something ran by
And said come catch me
If you can.

And I ran after
Ready for the
Chase.

I shouted where
Are the boundaries
Where the end.

It said the universe
All worlds and
Space.

I ran hard for I
Knew it couldn't
Last.

Yet it was always ahead
And I began to
Tire.

My legs felt like lead
My lungs like
Fire.

I was weary sick and
Didn't like the
Race.

I shouted stop for I
Have had my
Fling.

My head throbs my heart
Burns from such a
Flurried pace.

When I shouted my
Friend began to
Sing.

Then I saw and
Faltered in my
Chase.

For it was the Bird of
Time rising on the
Wing.

And I stopped.

I had to cry and
Tremble with sighs
And moans

But I couldn't stop cry
Nor even say my
Prayers

For

Something ran by
And said come catch me
If you can.

ELISABETH A. OPPMANN '55

The Last Half-Hour of Daylight

It was rather late in the afternoon when he set out. That was one thing that was odd to begin with, that he should start so late in the day. He squinted at the sun and gauged that there was about a half an hour of daylight left. He smiled wryly to himself at this thought and trudged on, shifting a small, flat, brown box from one arm to the other. From the way he carried it, it appeared to be very heavy.

The walking wasn't too bad after he left the meadow and entered the forest. There were many pines, and as their needles carpeted the ground smoothly, he made good progress. Presently he began to climb as the forest floor rose sharply and scrubby undergrowth made the going more difficult. But there did seem to be a path of sorts, as if someone had passed that way recently and repeatedly. At the top of the hill he rested awhile after carefully putting down his burden on a ledge of rock. He pulled out a large handkerchief with a gloved hand, and began mopping at the reddish sweat on his forehead as he looked down into the hollow below him.

* * *

"Hey, Joe! Have you seen Henny around?"

"No, Hank, he left early. Said he wasn't feelin' so good. Looked kinda sickly—but then he always does. I guess mebbe he's one a these 'indoor' guys. Why?"

"Well, he left his wallet on the table in the back room. I was just wonderin' if he might need it..."

"No kiddin'. Ya know, Hank, he's a real queer one, he is. I spotted it first thing he walks in here last Tuesday. Just wants a part-time job, he says. Remember? And wadda name! Henner Vant-hal! Sounds mighty foreign to me. What kind ovva guy would be stayin' in Oak Ridge just long enough for a 'part-time' job?"

"Mebbe he's just travellin' through, Joe. Mebbe he..."

"Naw, I don't think so. A commun'y like this just ain't the place you'd stop to make a little spare money. And who would think to ask for a job in a cleaners?"

"Well, we did have that wrappin' job. And no joke, Joe, he's O.K. A little quiet mebbe, but O.K. I think I'll give him a ring and

see if he needs his wallet. Said he's stayin' at Mrs. Murphey's, and I go right by there. . ."

"Aw, why bother to take the trouble?"

"I dunno, Joe, he ain't a bad little guy. Hello. Give me Fletcher 8-0012. Thanks. You know, I was thinkin', Joe, mebbe we should invite him to the poker game tomorrow night. . ."

"Well, it wouldn't hurt none, I guess. Nice-lookin' wallet he's got. Let's see. Made in Sweden. Ha. See? Waddid I tell you. Foreign. Funny he ain't got no pictures. Usually they got *some* pictures—of a girl or somethin'. Hey, Hank. . . he's got no identification in here! What the—? What's wrong with that guy anyway? Has he lost all his marbles? —Huh? What's the matter, Hank? Ain't he there yet?"

Hank put the phone down slowly with a puzzled look on his face. "She's never heard of a Henner Vanthal, Joe."

* * *

He was ready to leave, and in a minute he was gone. He looked back down at the fast receding earth shaking his head sadly, wondering if anyone was out enjoying this last half-hour of daylight before the cool of the evening sent them in. The last half-hour of daylight. . .

* * *

That night from the far unknown, through the starry vaults of empty space, it came. At first a spark, hardly noticed among the brilliance of the far-flung galaxies, but gradually growing and approaching through the endless night of the diamond-spattered heavens. A star with a mission. A meteor? Perhaps, but. . .

Next morning the sun shone with searing glory in his allotted place in timelessness. Far-reaching were his rays, intense their heat, brilliant their light. And it shone impartially on all around. All except on earth, for when it shone upon that place the earth was at that point in timelessness $\frac{1}{m}$

the

earth

was

gone

PEGGINS HOLBROOK '55

Tempo

Fog-like, little tendrils of smoke drifted hazily across a crowded room. People, glasses in hand, stood in groups, talking. The door to the room opened and three men entered. One of the men, tall and sinewy, carried a trumpet under his arm. The second man, also tall, had a trombone. The third, short and darker than the others, had brought a saxophone. A murmur of approval swept the room as the new arrivals were noticed. The first man removed his coat and loosened his tie. The man with the trombone was already in shirt sleeves, and the saxophone player had on an undershirt.

The trumpeter lifted his gleaming horn to his lips and began to play a steady beat. The other two joined in. The music became louder and louder as the pulsating beat increased. The faces of the three musicians glistened like wet coal as the sweat trickled down their faces. One of their audience picked up an empty wastebasket and, placing it between his knees, in the way one would a bongo drum, began to beat it with cupped palms. All the guests tapped their feet and one of them, an attractive woman in black tights, swayed back and forth.

The notes drifted out of an open window and across the dark alley through another open window. The occupant of the flat across the way went to his piano and began to join in, making subtle improvisations on the original rhythm. The trumpeter began a fervid solo and the notes continued to drift down the long street and past the windows along the way. A shoe-shine boy, going home, began to tap his feet on the sidewalk as the rhythm reached his ears. And the music once more made its way down the long street, destined for infinity.

DIANE SOROTA '55



The Baby Sitter

Goodbye—have a nice time. What? Oh, don't worry about the children. I'm sure they'll be no trouble. Yes, I've got the telephone number, just in case anything should happen. Goodbye.

Well, now to see what "mother's little darlings" are up to. I don't know what good that telephone number can do if they lock me in the closet or tie up my hands and feet. Wonder if it's possible to pick up a telephone receiver with my teeth?

What was that? Sounds like Hopalong junior is riding the range again.

Oh, there you are. Hello, Hoppy. I'm an Indian? Pardon me. "How!" A dead Indian? You mean I have to fall down? Wait a minute till I stagger over to the sofa.

No you don't! Now listen to me, Hopalong, cowboys don't scalp their victims. It just isn't done. Also, it is *not* necessary to tie up a dead Indian. If I'm dead, I can't run away, can I? Oh, I'm alive now? Thank you.

By the way, where are those charming sisters of yours? Upstairs rustling your cattle, eh? We'd better catch them.

Now, if only I can manage to manoeuver him upstairs, into his pajamas, and get him tucked in bed before he realizes that he's no longer riding the range, I'll be doing well. Then I can concentrate on the other two rascals, wherever they may be lurking.

Seen any rustlers yet, pardner? You know, I'll bet that your horse would like to stop a minute and rest. He must be mighty tired. Oh, yes, of course I know that you're not tired, but, after all, a horse hasn't got all the energy that you have. I feel pretty tired myself. Maybe we could make camp right here. But, Hoppy, I *know* that your horse is tired. How do I know? Well, he told me, naturally. Sure—didn't you know that I can speak horse language? Now sit down and we'll make camp. Into those pajamas and into bed! I'll wake you at dawn and we'll track down those cattle rustlers. Good-night.

Now for the other two. I suppose they're hiding under the bed. If they grab my ankle, I'll kick.

Come on out! I see you squirming under there. Do you know that

my little sister can get ready for bed in five minutes? Of course, I know you couldn't do it in five, but let's see if you can be in bed in ten minutes...

My goodness, you are speedy! Only four minutes. Now, I'll tuck you in, and I want no fighting. Sleep tight! Water? Is it absolutely necessary that you have a glass of water right now? Oh, the doctor said so. All right. I suppose your sister will want some too? I thought so.

Well, here's the water. What's the matter now? Oh, yes, your prayers. (Heaven knows, you certainly need them.)

At last, blissful peace and a twenty-two-inch television set! Oh, no! I positively refuse to watch wrestling matches. I'll have to change the channel. Darn, the thing doesn't work. Well, isn't this just lovely. Here I am with nothing to do but watch Gorgeous George leer at the cameras. You'd think the least people could do if they're going to hire a baby-sitter would be to have their television set repaired.

Good grief! The noise of the television woke Hopalong.

No, Hoppy, it's not dawn yet. Of course, I'm sure! The cattle are safe. Can't you hear them? You can! Well, for goodness sake, go back to sleep.

Thank heavens, I hear the car in the driveway. I certainly earned my money tonight. It takes a firm hand and a hard head to deal with these children.

Hello! Did you have a nice time? Yes, the children were very good. They went to bed without any arguments. I really do enjoy taking care of them.

ELEANOR EASTON '55

Transition

She lay there in the stillness of the late afternoon and listened to the subdued murmur of traffic far beneath her window. Beyond the closed door she could hear the cushioned tread of the nurses and their hushed conversation in the corridor. Her brow wrinkled for a moment with a gnawing sense of loneliness, for they seemed distant and set apart.

She smiled faintly and sighed. They had told her she must try to sleep, and obediently she had closed her eyes. Her mind, however, refused to rest, and once alone, she lay gazing at the bare white walls. So little time remained. Even this was slipping by, and she was powerless to stop it.

Her little clock ticked sympathetically but steadily on the table. Turning her head, she wondered what would become of it and almost protectively, reached out and touched it. A flash of terror shook her as she listened to this small voice of passing time. Her hands clenched fiercely beneath the covers, and her eyes shut tightly to control the hot stinging tears. Slowly she relaxed, exhausted.

Her eyes wandered listlessly to the window and squinted at a beam of sunlight that filtered through the thin, hospital curtains. The sky was blue and clear, and the soft breath of spring drifted into the room. Soon summer would arrive and life would burst forth in its beauty. The birds and the very trees would whisper of joy, and the little children would squeal with delight as they romped in the moist grass.

Suddenly she longed to feel the fresh air on her wasted cheeks and to stretch her limbs in the warmth of the sun. Her breath caught in a hurt sob. The sun was life and strength. Surely it could banish this creeping chill with its glow! Light was the spirit of youth; it would not fail her now! Panting, she eased herself from the bed to the floor and knelt there trembling with eagerness.

Slowly she crept toward the golden beam playing on the wall. Her heart pounded with the effort, and the room began to sway and shimmer. The light became brighter as she neared it until it was almost blinding.

There was a shrieking in her ears, and tears streamed down her

face as she felt the inky blackness beginning to creep up behind her. The light danced closer, and desperately she clutched at it, but it glided through her fingers. There was life shining before her fading vision and yet it could not be held! Maddened, she gathered her strength and sprang.

The darkness surged forward engulfing her in its spinning silence, and with a muffled cry she slumped over and was still.

The little clock kept on ticking sadly.

MARY LOUISE STEIGLER '56

Thoughts of a Beggar

As I sit in the filth of the street
Waiting and listening
For the sound of a coin
To be dropped into my tin cup,
There is time for my mind to run afar.

Many times I think of the war
Which has caused me to beg,
And of how I saw the world, then,
When I was whole and strong.
Why should I be made
To care for those in need? I asked.
"Their plight is but their own"
I used to say.

With independence, anything, I thought,
Could be done with one's life.
The strong and well assume
There is no reason why
The poor should not be full of shame
For the condition in which
They are found.

But now I know
That I have been misled by statements
Applicable only to the few
Of whom they spoke,
But not to the majority.

I see, now,
There are often folk like me
Forced to accept a life
Not of their own choosing;
Nor can they escape.

If there were but a way
To tell those who think as I once did.
I have tried, alas, but it is too late, now;
I am classified with the "no good".
If only I had known before
When I could have helped,
I might...

Clink!
"Thank you, sir."
The footsteps walk away.
With pity? Or with sympathy?
How can I make them know
How much more I need understanding
Than a coin?

LYNN DOWLIN '56

So the Fates Decree

As he sat there on the bench watching the young boys playing in the park his mind went back three years, to the night of his son Jimmy's seventh birthday.

* * *

It was a beautiful spring evening as he was driving home from work, and his mind was occupied in going over the activities of the day. It had been a good day, but he was eager to get home to see his family, and was impatient to give Jimmy his birthday present, a new bicycle. For a long time Jimmy had been begging for a bicycle and had even begun to save his money for one.

He had talked it over with his wife and they had decided that Jimmy was old enough to have a bicycle. It had been a wonderful thrill to buy the shining new Schwynn because he knew how excited Jimmy would be when he saw it.

As he turned down the street on which he lived, he speeded up a little, eager to get home. Suddenly he saw out of the corner of his eye a small form dash out from the bushes by the side of the road. He saw the child a second too late and his reaction was not quite quick enough to stop the car in time.

He heard a sickening thud and something that sounded like a whine, and then nothing. When he was finally able to stop the car he sat there, dazed, not knowing exactly what had happened. A terrible fear seized him and his face turned deathly white.

Suddenly he was out of the car and running back to the form that was now lying lifeless in the road. With a stunned trance-like expression he stared at the small boy lying there. Then beside him he heard a woman weeping and looked up to see the mother of the child standing next to him.

He did not remember much that followed, except that an ambulance came and took the child away. He went home but there was no birthday party to which he had been so eagerly looking forward. All the joy of the day had been lost in those few terrible seconds which could have been avoided so easily if he had been concentrating on the road.

That had been the most harrowing experience of his life, and it

made him shudder to recall it. He would never forget, as long as he lived, the deathly pallor of the small boy, or the expression of anguish on the mother's face.

* * *

His mind was brought back to the present as he realized that Jimmy, who had been sitting next to him all this time, was telling him that they had to leave or they would be late for supper. Realizing how late it was, he stood, gently picked Jimmy up, and put him into the wheelchair. He then wheeled him into the gathering darkness, away from the now quiet park, towards home.

CAROLYN GAINES '57

Oh Sing Ye Men of God

Bombs always fell with a sigh. Sometimes it was a sigh that wailed like a sobbing woman, or screamed like a crying baby.

Bombs were falling everywhere and all of them sighing. Sometimes with them making all that noise a tune could be picked out of their sighs...but then it was gone.

* * *

The earphones were tight and nothing could be heard but the voice of the navigator coming out of the dark giving positions in a low whisper. The sights cover was lifted and shoved out of the way. A head bent over them; a hand gripped the controls firmly. The voice spat out ten nine eight seven six five four three two one zero; the hand jerked down; the bomb-bay doors opened.

Nothing happened; the wind moaned up through the gaping belly of the plane and brought the grinding roar of the motors with it.

Then a thin sigh rose from somewhere in the dark as bombs fell.

* * *

And some of the angels wanted to sing a hymn when they saw the destruction of the enemy, but He said, "My children lie dead in the land, and you would sing?"

And one of the angels sighed.

ELISABETH A. OPPMANN '55

On Losing Sailboat Races

Before I begin, let me state that I am an expert on the ancient art of coming in last in whatever race I enter. Therefore I think that I am qualified to teach others how to place last in sailing races.

The most important thing in any race, of course, (not including the skipper) is the boat. Choose your craft with care. You should look for the following qualities in a slow boat.

To begin with, it must have a rough bottom. This may be accomplished by not bothering to use sandpaper when painting, or by beaching the boat on gravel beaches. This is the basic principle; for a more thoroughly bad bottom, try using a rusty paint scraper, or better yet, letting the small children of the neighborhood attack the refinishing job for you.

I think that I should mention here that in a really bad boat the bottom should not only be rough, but also the seams should be very loose. This makes the boat leak like the proverbial sieve. To further the effects of a faulty hull, the boat should be equipped for bailing only with a very small sponge. If even this minute article proves to be too effective, it can always be dropped overboard in a moment of tension.

We now come to another field, that of sails and rigging. Sails should be at least ten years old and badly in need of repair. All fittings should be rusty and loose; and such equipment as oil and extra parts should never be aboard. A small, bent screwdriver may be available for use in dire emergencies, but it should be well hidden. Many a race has been lost because at a tense moment a vital line gave way, or an immense rip developed in the sail.

The next important question is that of the crew. Even an experienced skipper in a good boat can lose if his crew is clumsy enough. An inefficient crew is an easy thing to find if you go about it in the right way. Houseguests, small children, and friends of friends are all good categories to choose from. Younger brothers are a bad risk, however, as they often prove to be better sailors than the skipper. (I speak from bitter experience.)

Now that you are installed in an ancient boat in terrible condition, with ripped sails and an inexperienced crew, you are ready to begin.

The start of a race is a very important maneuver in which timing plays an important part. The best method for making a poor start is to leave your watch at home, although there are other schemes which are almost as foolproof. One of my favourites is to splash the watch with spray so that it stops about three minutes before the start. However, this is not as dependable as leaving the watch behind. The commonest method is merely to mistime the start so that you are very late when the gun goes off. If you can manage to be at your mooring or on the other side of the harbour when it is time to start, all the better.

Now you are on your way. If you seem to be gaining on the leaders, or even (shudder) in first place, here are a few tricks to put you quickly in last place. Stand out into the tide, and have it sweep you away from the mark, or for a really spectacular move, turn over. Once you are in the tide, pull up your centerboard, or, if you are going downward, drop it with a bang. Another clever trick, which I have developed for use in light air, is to have your crew practice the Charleston, or, if space permits, the Bunny-Hop, on the forward deck.

With these helpful directions you should be in a good last place as you near the finishing line. But if Fate has been playing cruel tricks on you, and you find yourself in front of the fleet, here are a few last-minute steps you can take to insure defeat. I do not believe they need any explanation. Run around; or if that proves impossible, you can always foul the finishing line.

With these useful suggestions, I see no reason why you should ever fail to come in last. So try them, and let *me* win for a change.

SUE KNOX '56



Shadow of a Doubt

A shrill shriek pierced the afternoon stillness, and then another, and another. A man hurried up a winding staircase to the second floor. He ran down the long hall. In the bedroom at the end of the corridor a willowy, red-haired woman still screamed. At the sudden sound of footsteps the woman became silent. Her already pale face grew whiter. Her stare became blank as the man entered the room and she collapsed, exhausted and seemingly unconscious, upon the bed nearby. The man leaped over the form, almost motionless except for a slight movement as she breathed. He turned into the hall, went to his own room and telephoned the doctor.

Within twenty minutes Dr. Graham arrived at the big house. The butler admitted him and showed him to the study where Ben Allen awaited him. Ben turned as the door opened and rose to greet the doctor.

"I'm glad you're here, Jim," he said calmly.

"How is she?"

"Unconscious, I think."

"Well, I'd better have a look at her."

The two men, Ben Allen and Jim Graham, walked up the stairs quietly. They entered Karen's room. She still lay on the bed. The doctor went over to her and raised one of her eyelids.

"She'll be all right when she wakes up," he said after further examination. "There's nothing I can do."

The two men returned to the study and seated themselves on the couch in front of the fireplace.

"Jim, what are we going to do about Karen? There must be some way to help her. I'll get the best doctors. Money is no object. There has to be a way."

"She is still obsessed with the idea that she will go insane as her mother did. She's already bordering on the edge of incurable insanity. It's only a question of time."

"There has to be a way, there has to be." Jim repeated.

"Your wife remembers only too well how her mother died and how her face became distorted and ugly when she had one of her attacks. Karen is vain enough to want to commit suicide before

letting herself become the same way. Death is inevitable, one way or another. If she doesn't manage to kill herself eventually she'll die anyway. We're all cowards when it comes to death, but an insane person usually doesn't stop to think about cowardice before slitting his wrists or taking sleeping pills."

"I was so desperate the other day that I went to the library and did some research on this mania of Karen's. I was reading that if some great shock were to cause a block in her mind she would forget her obsession."

"That is true, in some cases."

"Good Lord, man! Why haven't you done something about it? You're a psychiatrist. Can't you create a block? What about hypnosis?"

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing! A lay person shouldn't attempt to diagnose or cure some sick thing by a manual. Obviously, you didn't read very carefully. The block, if there is to be one, must be natural."

"Natural?"

"Some serious accident or the death of someone close to her might cause the reaction. It would have to be a severe jolt, however. Hypnosis or some other artificial attempt to induce an obstruction in her mind would do irreparable harm if it failed. She could never regain her normality."

Just then a slight rustle was heard as Karen slowly came down the stairs. She walked into the study.

"Hell-o Darling. Good afternoon, Jim." She sat down on the couch next to the doctor. "I have such an awful headache. Fix me a drink, will you, Ben?"

From her attitude it would have been impossible to guess that only a short while before this woman had had a fit of madness.

"That'll only make it worse. You ought to rest." Then Ben decided that it might be better to humor her so went over to the bar, poured something in a glass, returned, and handed it to her. She began to drink the sweet, sticky liquid slowly, very slowly. When she had drunk a few times she looked up. Above the mantel opposite the couch was a portrait of her mother. Suddenly she flung the glass at the picture and began to sob as the sound of

bits of glass falling on the floor reached her ears. She sank down on the couch and put her face in her hands.

"I'll take her upstairs," the doctor said.

After the two left the room, Ben remained, thinking.

* * *

As time went on Karen's condition seemed to be getting even worse. Ben was unable to think clearly and his dreams were filled with thoughts of his wife. There had to be some way.

In his office Jim Graham sat in his swivel chair, a very complacent smile, a knowing smile, on his face. The corners of his mouth began to turn down now and the smile became a contemptuous sneer. He laughed and nodded his head.

* * *

About a month later Karen and Ben were in the study together. She was sitting on the couch and he was opposite her. Neither had spoken for some time. Ben leaned on the mantel. He was deep in thought. "What was that, mental block, only way, only way... only, only way." He carefully removed a small automatic from his top desk drawer. Then... a shot and the sound of a body falling. Karen was laughing hysterically as the butler ran in.

* * *

The doctor was called to come to treat Karen for shock. They were alone now.

"My dear, you were magnificent. Such a talent," he said, "should not go wasted."

DIANE SOROTA '55

Erin Go Bragh

I was standing out of the rain on a small platform which seemed the only visible evidence of a train stop on this small branch line running north from Wicklow. The pubs of Dublin and the smoky back rooms where men who featured themselves O'Connells or Parnells would dream and sweat and plan a new Ireland... that all was years away, and, except for the fact that I was five miles from Dromegal castle, standing in a puddle of water and trying to keep my pipe from going out, I would hardly have believed it at all. The young Irishmen are fools with their speeches, their rifles in cellars,

and the bombs that never go off to prove dreams. They advocate "Ireland for the Irish"; but why not forget it? Why not leave the old clans to become a part of the past? We do not ask these questions, but we know the answers. The castles are full of the English, who will not tolerate poaching, but aren't smart enough to stop it; there are more Irish in South Boston than there are in Ireland. We have a great literature which should have a great country.

So there I was, playing Michael Calluis, catching my death of cold five miles from the place I was born, and waiting for a man on a train that was two hours late.

Trim Boxford and I are cousins. His mother had died when he was young, while his father was in India with the British Foreign Service. Colonel Boxford never returned, and thus we had grown up together at Dromegal castle. Later I would return from Oxford for weekends and the holidays, and Trim often came with me. As students we were close, but I went with the newspaper world of Dublin, while Trim stayed in London for the law. I needed him now, not only because he was a successful Irishman in London, but also because we had grown up together. Our boyhood was not spent in the Ireland of boiled potatoes, but it was in Ireland, and we were going to get rid of the English. In response to my letter there was no "yes" or "no", but only:

ARRIVING AT DROMEGAL ON 8:10 TRAIN

STOP MEET ME STOP

TRIM.

It was ten-thirty when the light of the approaching train broke the darkness. God, I was nervous. The pools of water in my hand weren't from the rain, and my pipe was glowing furiously. The half-empty train creaked to a stop. There was a bag dropped in a puddle and something to the effect of "Good to see you, old man" muffled or rather drowned out by rain and the train, and all the while a hand gripping mine. "Really good to be back here, you know. Can't tell you how I've missed the place and you."

His grey eyes were serious over his too-straight nose, while I threw some of the same at him. But I had to know his answer.

"What is it, Trim? Are you with us?"

He lit a cigarette and hauled me out of the rain before he answered.

"Maurice, I couldn't just write you a blank 'no', and I wanted an excuse to come back. But I'll give it to you straight. There are revolutions every day and men are killed, but the English still buy the great houses, and they rule the North, and the lairds must poach, and every day boatloads of the Irish leave for better jobs and a life somewhere else. It can't work. . . a handful of men attacking a tradition, or what's grown to be a tradition, with honour and words."

He paced the platform slowly as if measuring for a carpet. A hollow feeling that wasn't hunger hit my stomach. I made a few rash statements, well to be forgotten, and then,

"Trim, you can't live a life without illusions."

He stopped and fumbled in his coat for another cigarette. His hand as he lit the match was steady, but the flame showed his face to be tense and his eyes sad. It didn't just slip out, I had to say it, and an eternity of hell passed while the rain drummed on the roof of the platform and that silent face dragged on a cigarette. Perhaps he came to tell me "no", but he had loved Ireland, or he wouldn't have come at all. It was an Ireland beginning before Finn and Oisín; an Ireland which was not just a green dot on a map and a sentimental song in an exiled heart, but an Ireland born for things to live in: reality as well as illusion. Out of a good past and a sordid present men must fight for their dream of a great future.

Trim threw the cigarette out into the wet night. "Erin go bragh, dammit."

I turned up my collar and we walked out into the rain.

SUSAN MCGUIRE '55

The Scarf

Old Granny sat up in the big oak bed, the lamplight playing in her halo of silvery hair. Her face was wrinkled, rather like a raisin, and her slight body scarcely made a bump beneath the blankets. Now her eyes were concentrating on the knitting needles flying in her knotty hands, but her mind was busy elsewhere.

"Life," she stated emphatically, "is like a scarf: a scarf that is being knit every moment I live. It grows as I grow, with a memory in every stitch, an event in every row. The material stretches behind the needles, which are the present.

"Sometime, beyond this world, I shall see my scarf, and what I

see will be my own doing, for my hands have controlled the needles every minute. There will be a few unsightly holes: the mistakes I failed to correct. There will be smaller snags, here and there, too, for no mistake can be completely erased.

"I'm sure there will be more gaily-colored scarves than mine, with splashy, intricate designs. I like quiet things, and so my scarf will be yellow. That is a happy color, and my life has certainly been happy, if not exciting. There may be a band of grey, or a bright dot of red, but it will be mostly calm, happy yellow.

"Mine is a long scarf, longer than many, and I am growing tired of knitting. A few more rows, perhaps, and it will be long enough to keep me warm forever, in the world beyond."

The needles had dropped from her hands, and now her eyes slipped shut, as she fell into slumber. Perhaps her scarf is completed.

LYNN HALLET '57

Associations in Blue

Two of the three divisions of the world are blue. Blue is the sea, and blue the sky. The first is tangible, powerful, and mysterious. The second is intangible, infinite, and awful. Blue is the color of courage and wrath.

Eyes are blue: eyes of fair-haired persons, small babies, and Santa Claus.

Blue is a mood, a feeling, a presence. When blue is mixed with sunshine yellow it produces the color green of grass and growing things.

Again, blue shimmers in soft lights, misty blue moons, in the blue of romance, and the sparkle of a star that is wished on.

And yet, blue is cold. It is the ice of winter and cruel men; a blue shiver crystalized into a hard, smooth sapphire.

Wave upon wave of blue descended on a band of grey when the Union armies clashed in a Brothers' War, and at home sweethearts and sisters chose their prettiest blue gowns for the Military Ball.

Mountains are blue, and so are little girls when they have been in the water too long.

Some think of blue as the middle of the sun. Some think of blue—then diamonds. Some picture little boy baby's rooms. Some think of blue as a glowing cigarette ash with its smoke diffusing slowly among many heads.

JUDITH CARPENTER '55

For Strings and Reeds

Silence.

Not watchful silence, not living silence,
Only silence.

Believe.

Believe, the oboes said,
Because we tell you so.

Believe.

Believe the ritual of the cenobites,
The oily esoteric rites corrupt and rotten at the heart;
Believe because we tell you to,
Believe.

The piccolo was first to speak

Hesitantly,

Heresy.

The violins shrieked, the snare-drums rattled frantically.

At once the startled whisperings;

And fear was born, and filled the room with monstrous
Cacophony.

Stop.

Rapped out the trumpet,

The blatant brass.

Arrogant. Inhuman.

Listen to me

to me

to me.

I am Life
I am living
Listen to me.
I am the truth: the Christ, the Judas of the world,
I am the essence of survival,
Listen to me.

The ultimate?—"Ah Dieu",
Cried out the piercing *thyrll* of the flute,
"Ah Dieu" repeated mindlessly the quivering violins.
The irritated rattle of the snare-drums
Snapped. Metallic.
"Ah Dieu—ah dieu—adieu" the pages fluttered.
"Barbe blanche. Barbe blanche. Barbe blanche"
Scraped the soothing monotony
Of the bass.
The selfish double bass.

Then all were conscious of the tympani,
The stubborn muttering of the tympani,
The abysmal rumbling of the tympani;
And it was sick.

MARY ANN HOLDEN '55

Laugh!

He smiled slowly to himself; he was lucky he had a sense of humor. The whole situation was so damnably laughable—he'd laugh at it now and tell them how he had laughed.

The small craft hobby-horsed across the ripples; he dropped his hand in the water and smiled. Two days ago these caressing swells had rent the skies with their crests and the heavens torn open had flooded the seas with water. So saith Genesis; he laughed and turned on his back.

The mast had been broken; the sails were nothing but prayer-rags fluttering in the breeze.

He prayed; he was thirsty. The sun kept jumping around. . . must have a nervous twitch. He closed his eyes and roared. Nothing came out. But it felt good to open his mouth; he let it hang, gaping, he thought, like a fish's on the hot sand. He tried to laugh. Tears ran down his cheeks; it was so damn hot.

The sweat sat on his chest like new dimes and gleamed in the sun. The sun. It's drying my heart. He tried to smile but his mouth was open. He couldn't shut it. He didn't want to; the sun was tickling his throat and running its fingers through his tousled hair. He felt its fingers on his body. It was kissing his lips and stroking his cheek. It murmured in his ear; he smiled.

The cutter came; the men boarded; he didn't see them: his eyes were filled with love. He didn't hear them: his ears were listening to the slopping of the water. The sun was so warm, the water so cold. The sweat had dried the spots of salt that sat on his chest like old nickels, grim, grimy in the gleaming sun. The sun. It had dried his heart.

"God he stinks. Get some canvas."

The young ensign jumped.

ELISABETH A. OPPMANN '55



Leaf: In Abstraction

Happiness

found in a red-veined leaf
floating in a muddy pond.

Sadness

found in life of man,
red-veined as leaf,
eddyng in a darkened sea.

Yet if a leaf

is redeemed from its
dirty ocean,

Cannot man

be freed and cleansed,
made a being
of beauty and happiness?

But not a human,

a human lives,
a being exists.

What would be life,

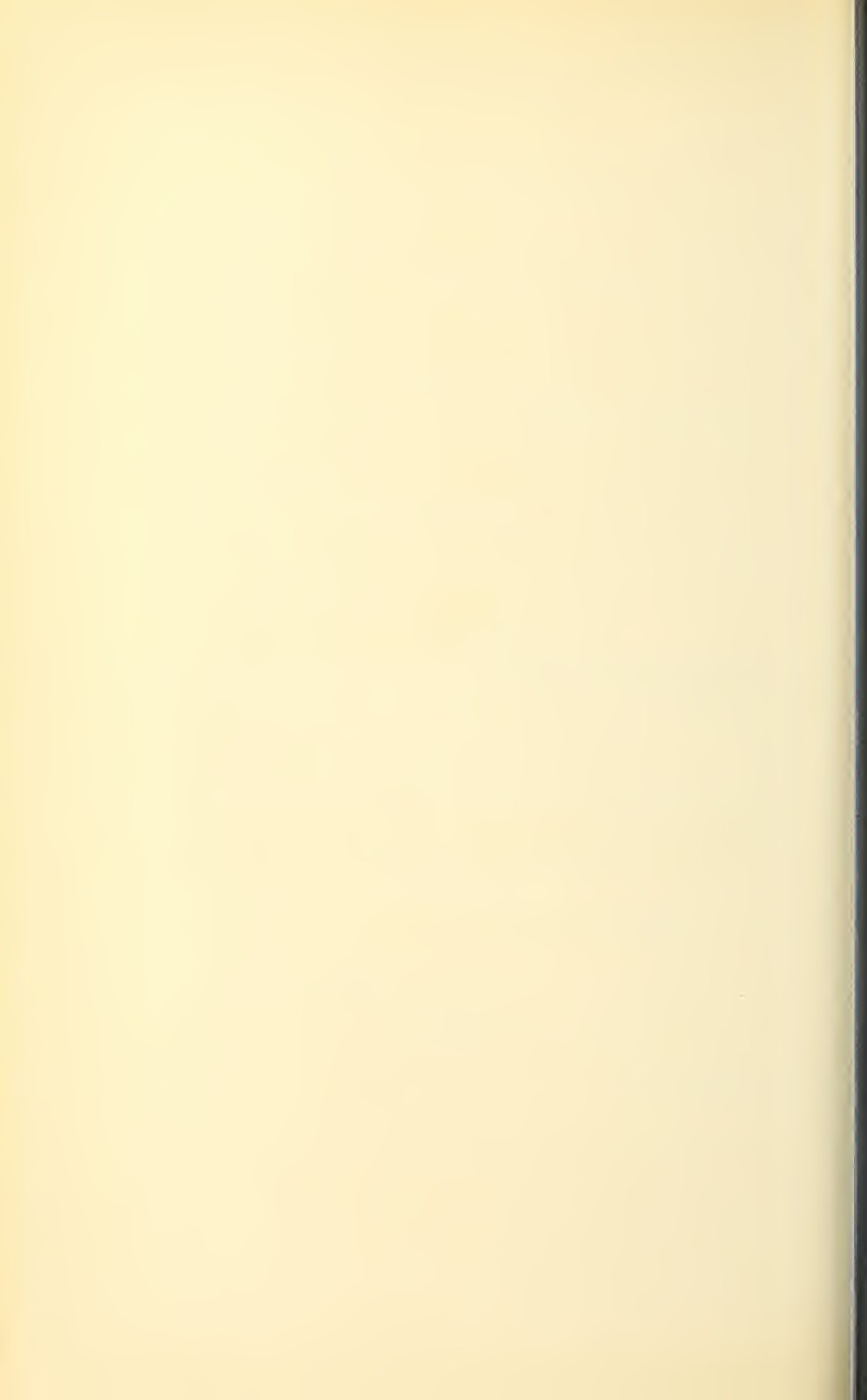
if its meaning were beauty,
its purpose—
if all were content?

I would rather

be a red-veined leaf
floating in a muddy pond.

MARY EARHART '55





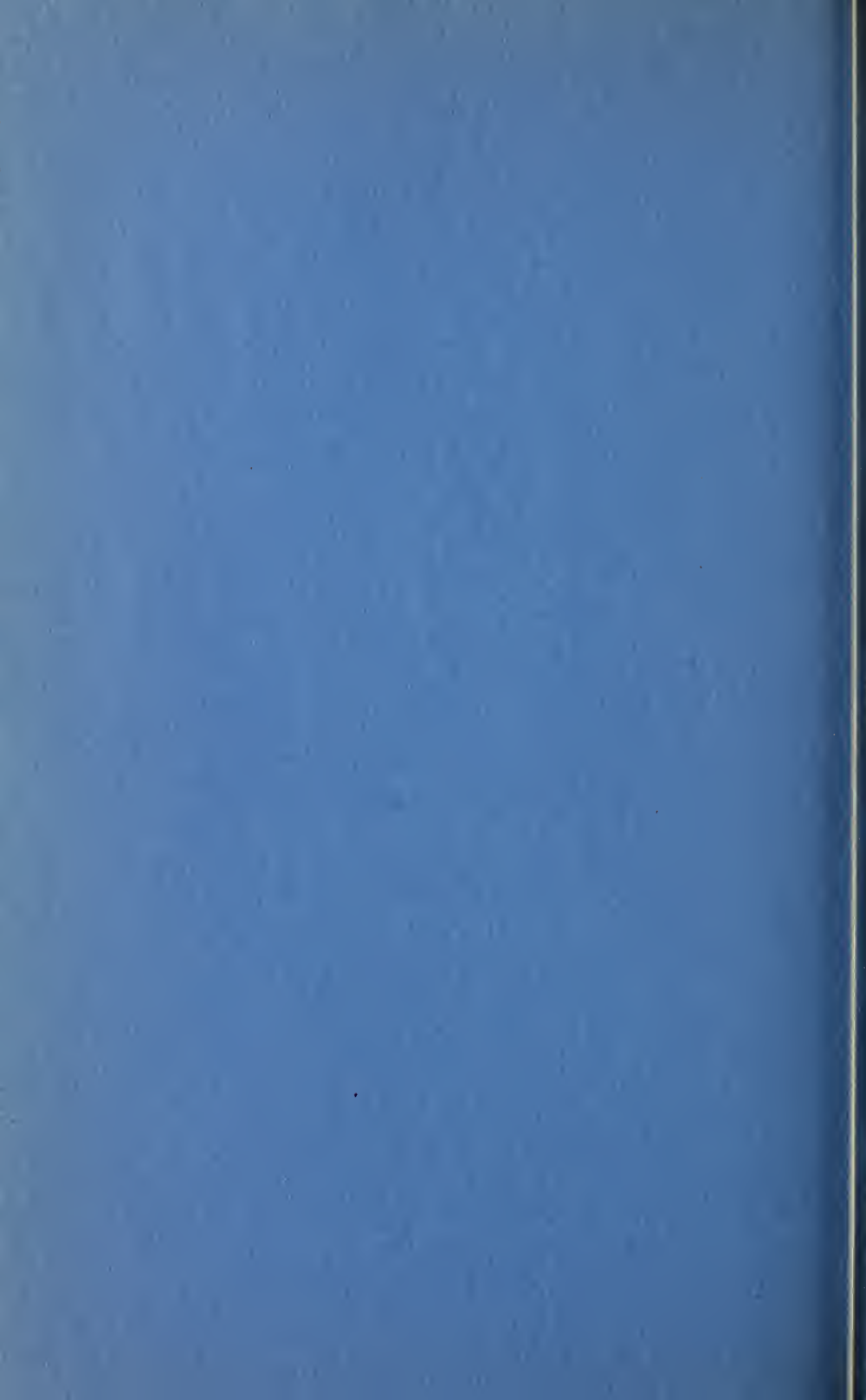


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Editor-in-Chief

Barbara Henry

Art Editor

Elizabeth Edmonds

Exchange Editor

Jane Sweetsir

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Ellen MacKinnon

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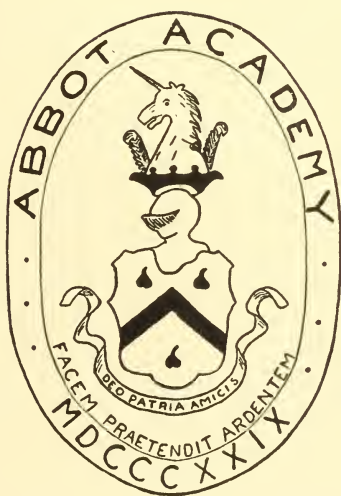
Gail Titcomb

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Sarah Wickham



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Beginnings (A Collective Autobiography)

On October 23, 1939, a baby was born; in fact, many babies were born — I happened to be one. That day I started this thing called life. I was an infinitesimal baby, weighing only four pounds, the kind of child the Spartans threw off cliffs.

E. E. '57

World War II raged while I played in the parks at the foot of New York streets. I tottered about in the sandpiles and hit over the head with my pail and shovel any playmates who knocked down my castles. To save gasoline Mom rode me to kindergarten in the basket of her bicycle. I remember trips our class took across the East River in a tug-boat. And I remember graduation day at kindergarten when I received a small white diploma, rolled up and tied with a red ribbon. Mom told me that it awarded me highest honors in *swinging*.

* * *

It is hard to measure your growth in the city. Its dirty buildings never change. But in the country where I was growing up, the young trees were growing also; in the spring when the maples budded and became more sturdy, I was budding also — though there were many imperfect leaves. And often temper stained me as red as the autumn foliage. Whenever my mother scolded me, I bawled, until the day I saw myself in the mirror, tears streaming down my scarlet face. I burst out laughing at the hideous, knock-kneed, skinny figure — and didn't cry again for a long time.

I was an only child and hated it. My imagination, however, gave me a sister Barbara. Why that name, I have no idea. I shudder to think how I would have treated a sister if I had had one. Towards Barbara I showed utter contempt. She lived under the radiator and I fed her peanuts which my father always had at cocktails. I set her a place at the table and wouldn't give her anything to eat. I quarreled with her vehemently, my forehead screwed up with rage. At last Barbara faded out, and now I seldom think of her.

A. P. L. '57

Have you ever felt you needed something to love? I think most children need something to love. I know I did. You need something alive that can respond to all the love you can give it. You need a dog as a companion no matter where you live. Often you can confide in your dog things you just couldn't begin to tell anyone else. Once I came home from school and met my dog, Rainy, as usual at the gate. As soon as possible we went for a walk in the woods where it was lovely and quiet. Rainy knew I had something to tell her, I think. In the next hour I poured out to the only friend I could, the story of the day's misery. I had been humiliated, and to tell another person would have shamed me even more. As I told Rainy, the anger and hurt began to leave me and the whole episode began to lose importance. The next day I could go to school without dread, only because I had a canine friend.

C. G. '57

Our six-weeks' vacation in Ireland in 1951 was by far the most important event in my life to this day. Since we were the only young people on the boat and in the hotels where we stayed, we had the privileges of both old and young: we stayed up late every night and were delightfully spoiled by everybody. Above all, we were impressed with the beauty of Ireland and the warm friendliness of the Irish folk. I loved the lonely moors and sea shores, and I shall always remember Dublin, the city of horses, bicycles, and small buildings.

E. F. H. '57

Water skiing was the greatest challenge I had ever met. After my first attempt, the friends whose boat I was following told me I resembled a porpoise, bouncing in the waves. Thereafter, every day for two months I struggled to stand up on those skis, while more talented people managed it on their first try. But one day success came to me! At last I was skimming across the waves, the wind whistling past my ears, blowing away drops of salt water from my body. I felt like Mercury sailing through the air, bearing messages for the gods.

V. S. O. '57

The same year I came to Abbot, we built a house on Corn Point in Marblehead. Our house is situated in such a way that you seem to be living out in the country, although you are right on the ocean. Even though it was hard to move from the house that had been our home for so many years, I soon found that I was glad we had moved. I also found that a home was more than just the house where I had been raised; it was something abstract — a mixture of the love and respect that members of a family feel for one another, which is not lost just by moving from one house to another.

L. W. '57

A Tropical Morning

From the cool but humid stillness
Of a breathless tropic night,
Hints of dawn come creeping slowly
Touching eastern skies with light.

Slow the sombre shroud is lifted,
Leaving but a veil of gray
To proclaim the virgin pureness
Of the chaste and newborn day.

Pearly blue and gentle amber
Wake and warm the stirring earth
As the sun moves slowly upward
In the pangs of his rebirth.

Finally, his life made certain
Confident, he rises high
Gloating in his new-found power
Tyrannizing from the sky.

Merciless he climbs, a despot
With deliberate steps and slow
As, exulting in his might, he
Lashes at his slaves below.

BARBARA HENRY '56

Of Recitals and Prodigies

The piano is a beautiful instrument in both shape and sound. Great masters such as Beethoven, Bach, and Mozart have dedicated their lives to it, and have composed music provocative enough to move many people to joy or sorrow. Why then should such an instrument of beauty be used also as a most horrible weapon of torture?

Every spring, stages and platforms of churches, schools, and auditoriums are filled with child prodigies, or so they seem to their parents; and on every stage and platform you will find at least one person, usually an eight-year-old boy, who would prefer anything to sitting on that stage. For he is participating in what he and many other children consider the greatest bone of contention since the invention of soap, the annual piano recital!

It is not hard to sympathize with the feelings of this boy as he awaits his turn. He's not scared — far from it. He is probably wondering, however, while using the expletives known only to the eight-year-old, how he ever got there, on that stage. Just think of all the things he could be doing — swimming, playing baseball, collecting worms, anything would be more valuable than sitting on some old stage, looking down on a group of beaming, almost idiotic faces, and waiting, of all things, to play the piano. . . . Heck, it's no fun being a boy if this goes with it!

And so he sits and thinks. From time to time he may look at the person sitting next to him. If it's a little girl who smiles at him, apparently enjoying herself, he glares, and if he can evade the ever-watchful eyes of the audience, he makes a face.

The appearance or physical condition of our young friend has a great deal to do with his frame of mind. At present he considers himself to be the epitome of discomfort, adorned in blue serge suit, tight shoes, a shirt with a starched collar, and a tie. The most crushing blow of all came, however, when he was forced to comb his hair. Oh, the shame of it all — an eight-year-old boy with smoothed hair! (Fortunately for his morale, though, he managed, on the way to the recital, to muss his hair just a little bit, striking a victorious blow for young manhood.)

Towards the middle of the recital, our young hero is seized with an unquenchable thirst and starts fidgeting in his chair. . . . Gosh, this collar is tight! . . . He then proceeds to rattle his program, not out of desire to make noise, but simply to show a preoccupied audience that he is still waiting. However, after glancing down at the now-frowning faces of his parents, he resumes his quiet vigil. . . . Isn't it my turn, yet? . . .

And finally, as if the fates had decided to look favorably upon him, he hears his name and piece announced. With a martyred expression aimed directly at his parents, he moves slowly, decisively, to the piano, making sure that his walk is dramatic enough to incite the most tender feelings of the audience. Bowing briefly, he sits down and, once again looking at the assembly of friends and parents, favors them with the smile of a cherub (with almost-combed hair and tight collar). With a flourish he starts to play and with a flourish he finishes, returning to his seat with the sound of applause ringing in his ears. His smile now is that of the experienced, the concert artist. . . . Say, maybe this isn't so bad, after all! . . .

SHEILA PRIAL '56

—“And It's Oh, In My Heart That I Wish Him
Safe at Home.”

Old Scottish Ballad

She flung herself down on a hillock overlooking the Sea of the Hebrides, which pounded and crashed against the irregular crags of the barren coast of Skye; wind-torn waves rolled over patches of lemon-colored sand on the beach below and intermittently sent spray upward to sting her cheeks with salt and dampen her auburn hair. Around her were slopes covered with heather and in the distance snow-topped mountains which contrasted sharply with the blue-green of the December sea and the slate-blue sky.

Shuddering with cold, she drew her tartan closely about her. As her pleading eyes swept the horizon, she murmured, “Will he ever return?” But the only answer was the call of a gull which blended with the wail of the distant, mournful bagpipes.

ELLEN MACKINNON '56

Fashion—(With a Bow to Edmund B—)

“If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do —”

This thought prompts me to propose a specific resolution by which we might simplify our lives and eliminate at least one time-consuming frivolity. Surely, fashion is one such frivolity. What woman does not admit that fashion sets the pace; that *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue* are the manuals by which she plans her life? What woman is not vain enough to keep in style? Even the everyday problem of “what to wear” is a very real one and demands immediate consideration.

This problem seems to arise from the “lack of a dress appropriate for the occasion”. If this is the case, then perhaps the solution lies in the acquiring of a greater variety of clothes. This is indeed an appealing alternative and is already favored by some. But, and I am sure you will agree, we never have *enough* clothes. We may have ever so many, but never enough. Furthermore, the more clothes we have the more possible combinations or outfits we have and consequently the more decisions as to what to wear. These decisions, I might add, are more time-consuming than the actual process of dressing.

Decisions, decisions, decisions! Here the true problem lies. What is it that forces us to try on three dresses before we come to an actual choice? It is the mood. The mood provokes the decision. Supposing, therefore, we had several outfits, each portraying a certain mood. Then, at any given moment, we could go to the closet and choose a blue mood or a gay one, a passionate or a disciplined mood. We would seek and find instantly a clothes bag marked:

Blue Mood — rainy day, cold, miserable
charcoal gray skirt
gray sweater

Or perhaps we would be wanting a clothes bag labeled:

Party Mood! — frivolous
red taffeta dress, heart-shaped neckline
black lace petticoat and handkerchief

This then, would seem to be the ideal solution. However, I doubt if you can limit your moods to either one category or the other.

That is to say, moods may have as many shades as words. A charcoal gray skirt would not suffice: it cannot take the place of a gray tweed. And so we must have an endless amount of clothes bags specifying an infinite number of varying moods. Does any one object? Father does — on the grounds that it would endanger his bank account. His further argument is that if it takes you one whole day to buy a single hat, how on earth do you propose to save time and thereby simplify your life by buying five hats?

No. "Fashion is spinach!" We must not comply with its demands but must make every effort to prosecute it as criminal. What do we propose to do? To issue a general proclamation of neutrality. We shall neither be black nor white. Nor shall we submit to this mood, or that, or to any ideas of individuality we may cherish at the moment. We shall disguise our differences under the drab visage of a uniform, forever banishing fashion from this our realm. But, besides approaching communism and being absolutely contrary to "the nature of things", this solution would, in all probability, involve a revolution in the dress trade on Seventh Avenue. Another objection is raised by the tearful boy who asks how he would ever distinguish his mother in the general confusion of market day. Objection sustained.

Not being able to comply with fashion or to legally banish it, perhaps we might modify or restrain it. Thus I offer my resolution: that women shall henceforth limit themselves to five everyday outfits: two suits — everyday or otherwise; five blouses; two Sunday afternoon or cocktail dresses; one dance frock and one evening dress. Four pairs of shoes shall be considered essential, but the buying of expensive jewelry and other accessories shall not be encouraged.

I find my resolution has left me open to attack from all quarters. Your first sally is that you would be a social failure if you had only one evening dress: people would either think that you were too poor to afford another one or that you were ignorant of society's unwritten rules. Such an attitude is not the means by which you will simplify your life or reduce your vanity. If you are solemnly earnest in pursuing the important aspects of life you will not care for social criticism nor will you have time to go to more than one dance. Your next opposition is that my resolution would involve a social revolu-

tion. It might be adaptable for the individual, but what about the masses? What do I offer as proof that my resolution will achieve success? You have as an example before you the influence upon social conduct of the opposite sex. Men do not anticipate parties with relish nor do the majority of them wear their dinner jackets with ease. After a long day at the office they do not particularly care to go out partying.

But, and I see that there is one more objection, one large difference between men and women is in their attitude toward clothes. They are so completely unlike in this respect that you can hardly compare them: It is in man's nature to be conservative and it is woman's privilege to be frivolous. Then you would imply that the one weakness woman has that man has not is vanity, and this we know is most certainly not true.

All objections having been overruled, the resolution now remains.

ELAINE EXERJIAN '56

Snow

Particles of frozen moisture,
Born of the frosty heavens,
Drifting to the gray earth below.
Intricate in form:
Delicate, precise, minute;
Covering the gray earth below.

Tiny silver Christmas stars,
Born of the frosty heavens,
Drifting to the gray earth below.
A symbol of His love:
Gentle, pure, radiant;
Covering the gray earth below.

PATRICIA PEARCE '56

The Majestic Menagerie

Bed animals are decorations for a bed. They resemble every kind of beast one finds in a zoo, except that bed animals are not ferocious and never disobey their keeper's orders. If they are as docile as that, why, then, do they cause trouble? The answer is simple: they have a terrible effect on the human mind, reducing it to utter imbecility.

Imagine heaping a bed, which is made for rest and relaxation, with a collection of (is it cruel to say "stuffed"?) figures. This is harmlessly juvenile; but to ponder for hours over the problem of how to place the creatures is clearly imbecilic.

Yet it is being done. A certain zookeeper actually talked like this to herself, while contemplating her charges' positions: "Eli, the bulldog, simply can't be next to William and Mary, the skunks. Everyone knows what happens when bulldogs and skunks tangle. Eli can sit next to Snuffy, the bloodhound. But that puts Eli next to Curtis, the rabbit! Perhaps Snuffy can keep Eli out of mischief even though his eyes *are* always closed. Rand, the tiger, will watch them all to make sure they behave. I do hope Rand doesn't pay too much attention to Curtis. Rabbits are so sensitive. . . ."

The things that bed animals could say, if they could talk! If people were judged from their point of view, the prestige of the human race would hit a new low; according to bed animals, the mentality of human beings makes that of a cuckoo bird seem brilliant in comparison.

The climax of this absurd routine comes at night when the bed must be put to use. All the cuddly little darlings are given vigorous hugs, soft pats on the head, loving kisses, and are then violently heaved into an already overloaded chair. Squeaks and squeals of distress are heard as the stuffed creatures protest. It is of no avail. For the loving zookeeper has retired, leaving her charges cold and bitter on the chair or on the rough floor.

Is this behavior incredibly cruel? Never fear, tomorrow morning brings another deluge of smothering love. Life will be rosy again for the animals, and the human element will once more sink to the depths of foolishness.

PATRICIA HIPPLE '56



Spear-Fishing

I stood on the high cliffs overlooking the Pacific Ocean off La Jolla, California, and searched for a path down to the beach. It was a typical California coast line: the mountains rose almost directly from the sea. In these early morning hours the ocean shielded itself with a gossamer veil of fog which made sky and sea a uniform watery blue. The smell of weeds and salt was pungent and the air, chilling.

My Uncle Noble picked up his harpoon and tire and started down the precipice. I followed, scattering pebbles that somersaulted to the beach.

We fitted on our goggles, flippers, heavy sweaters and gloves. We waded out waist-deep into the cold water, flopped down on our rubber tires, and kicked our way out into the sea perhaps a hundred yards. We peered into the water, hunting for rocks and weeds where fish might be hiding. The fog was still thick, and without the sun's light the ocean floor was a mysterious mixture of greens, browns, and grays. The dimness did not help our hunting. We anchored our tires with rocks and searched among the weeds. They were half-green, half-gold in color and waved with the tide like a hay field in the summer breeze: bending and rippling golden side up. At last we came to rocks and searched them, without luck.

We admitted we were cold and flipped back to shore for a rest. Our sweaters hung heavily on our shoulders and our hands were purple. We rubbed ourselves hard, ran circles over the sand for warmth, put on dry shirts, and searched for coral scraps on the beach. The sun burned through the fog and felt wonderful on our backs, but as if in response to the many movements of the day, the ocean had also begun to move with more force. Now the waves came harder on the beach. They rolled the pebbles loudly against each other and swept them out in a strong undertow.

We knew we had better start quickly to make the most of what little calm remained. We had to watch the waves and time them carefully so that we could kick our way out before being driven back by the next one. We had our eyes set on another spot near a mass of surface weeds or kelp. The kelp is a thick-stalked, sturdy vine,

autumn-colored. It extends down into the water perhaps four or five feet, forming an ideal spot for fish but a danger zone for the fisherman, for, once the waves start the kelp swirling or moving on the surface, it may easily entrap the diver, and, once in its tough clutches he is helpless.

My uncle dove and I acted as guard. I saw him slip down among the grasses, his harpoon ready to shoot; he kicked his flippers gently and wound his way among newly-found rocks. I covered every move, watching his distance from the kelp and the strength of the waves. I saw him level his harpoon and shoot, then straighten and return to the surface with a fish. I handed him my harpoon and he dove again quickly. I heard his harpoon twang and he returned to the surface triumphantly. We knew his catches were good food and placed them into the gunny sack suspended from our tires.

It was my turn at last, and I dove down, my flippers dangling behind me. I was off to the bottom and, indeed, to another world. The sun played upon the rocks, revealing no longer an ominous gray, but blue, pink, white, and orange. There were beds of coral, and dark caves in the rocks. Fish swam among the weeds: gray fish with ember-red stripes that glimmered in the sun; long, short and flat fish; some whose eyes shone and blinked unconcernedly as if they knew they made poor table fare, and could, therefore, ridicule these aliens who invaded their realm. The waves hurled me back and forth and I looked up for a check on my position. I saw my uncle guarding me, his arms and legs curiously distorted by the refraction of the water. I swam on, searching for rocks where the snail-like abalone clutch. I saw several clinging to a ledge, their hard shells camouflaged beautifully by barnacles. I took my lever, wedged it under the shell, and pried at the muscle. It resisted, and the shell clamped hard on the rock. My lever was well placed, and I forced the muscle from its hold and drew the abalone from the rock cave. I was glad of the heavy sweater and gloves that protected me from rocks and sharp barnacles. Having returned to the surface with my prize, which I handed to my uncle, I dove again, but the waves had blown me too far and I could no longer find my rocks. There were only weeds and grasses, here and there patches of sand, and always the quiet which seemed to rule undisputed.

The sun was high now, and the day well on. There was lunch to

bring to a hungry family, and what a lunch it would be! We rested once more on our tires and then, pulling up anchor, we rode into the beach with the waves.

As we scrambled up the cliffs we felt that we were climbing to civilization, abandoning a strange world.

ANNE PIERREPONT LUQUER '57

Skyscraper

Ten, twenty, thirty months they work.
Men together, men apart
Write on paper,
Pound on steel
With throbbing pulse
That the world must feel.
Men and machines
Raise the girders,
Set the stones,
Building flesh on its cold steel bones.
We watch in awe as the structure grows
Clean,
New,
Strong.
We call it ultra-modern.
It reaches full growth.
The job is well done.

* * * * *

Ten, twenty, thirty years it stands;
The times move on.
Its youth has gone.
We called it ultra-modern.

JUDITH ROBBINS '56

Limbo

I stood on the last piece of solidity and looked out upon nothing. Behind the horizon the heat of Tartarus rose and mingled with the fog in an unearthly glow. A tiny constellation shone bravely on the right and was joined momentarily by two lights that sped past it out of sight, leaving a hastily-formed impression of a silvery thread winding somewhere in the midst of nothing.

Suddenly a loon's piercing cry burst out from the middle of the fog. It was muffled instantly, lest it tell some truth, lest it break the spell. The dock shivered a little, as a restless punt bumped against it. And the wavelets, that had stopped momentarily in suspense, continued their rhythmic beating against the dock.

ELIZABETH EDMONDS '56

William C. Ward

This is something I have been meaning to write about for quite some time. It concerns the rather intricate personality of my dog. He is a black and white speckled springer spaniel named William the Conqueror. This name, although I wouldn't like it to be known, isn't really appropriate, as the only foes the dear beast has ever managed to conquer are an unusually large number of flies — house and butter.

I am his mother, although this may sound preposterous, but somebody has to teach him some manners. For instance, one of his greatest joys is "The Game." Let's take this as a typical example. William, for once in his life, is being forced to stay home, because my Mom (his grandmother) and I are on our way out to dinner. As we close the door firmly in his face, we tell him it won't be long, since we will be home at such and such an hour. Later that evening, we return at the prescribed hour, full of food and anticipation of seeing our beloved canine friend again. Upon opening the front door, the first thing that meets our eye is William's shining face as he leaps back and forth in blissful joy at our return. However, entering the

living room, we immediately notice that, without exception, every pillow on every chair has been thoroughly pounced upon. Going upstairs, the same scene meets our wrathful eye in each bedroom. In the meantime, our "beloved" William is running ahead of us, unmindful of our state of mind. It is absolutely useless to punish him, as he simply repeats the performance, with some variety, next time.

However, I am really treating William quite unjustly, as I have only mentioned his worst trait. Actually, he is a highly intelligent, enthusiastic dog, one of the most lovable I have ever known. He is just part of the family, and he is treated in much the same way as a younger brother would have been treated. At night he sleeps at the foot of my bed, and seems enormous. I usually wake up in the morning to find myself almost on the floor. Actually though, I don't know what we would do without him. He is so loyal to all of us, and he has certainly contributed more than his share to our family life.

WINIFRED WARD '56



Sonnet I

The spot that I love best on all the earth
Lies in beneath the rich, dark pines, where streams
Of golden sunlight drift with their sweet mirth
And fall on violets in the path. My dreams
And prayers are dreamt beneath the ancient oak.
Some stranger built a cross of birch, and 'way
Below this shrine the valley spreads its cloak
Of green. The river flows to meet the gray
Unfeeling sea, but here the day is warm.
The tide runs fast and free, and from the shore
The apple orchards rise. Above, a swarm
Of gulls play in the blue; they dip and soar.
The cross stands out against the sky, — a sign
That God protects and loves this place divine.

JANE SWEETSIR '56

Sonnet II

When by the silent lake I stand, and gaze
Into its brooding depths, or lift my eyes
Unto the peaceful hills where lies the haze,
'Tis then, and only then I realize
The beauty of life and all the tranquil joy
That comes of watching God's own hand at work.
When, as I seek the sea and tossing buoys,
I hurry through the wood where shadows lurk,
Or when I roam through pastures green, and rest
Beside a crystal stream that nestles in
The banks of thyme; when to the hill's warm crest
I climb to view the setting sun, the sin
Is washed from out my soul; I am revived
And glad I am to live — to be alive!

JANE SWEETSIR '56

A Sullivan

If an object named a sullivan existed, it would be defined on page 849 of *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, between the words sullen and sully. For company the sullivan would have fifty-five other words, of which twenty-one would be familiar to it.

The most impressive of these fifty-five words would be sum, with nine different meanings and seven listed synonyms. The meaning of the sullivan would have something to do with chemistry, perhaps, and particularly with sulfur, because on page 849 there are twenty-seven words related to sulfur. Among these are sulphate, sulphate process, sulfatize, sulfide, sulfinyl, sulfite, sulfo—, sulfonal, sulfonamide, sulfonate, sulfone, sulfonic, sulfonic acid, sulfonium, sulfonmenthane, sulfonyl, sulfate, sulfurous, sulfurel, sulph—, sulphurebottom, sulfurous acid, sulfuryl, and sulphur yellow, all of which would be unknown to this Sullivan who is not a chemist.

The sullivan could also be connected with medicine, for more of its companions are drugs made from sulfa, such as sulfapyrazine, sulfapyridine, sulfarsenide, Sulfasuxidine, and sulfathizole. However, this Sullivan is no more a doctor than a chemist, and these impressive nouns are far over her head.

A summary of the sullivan's acquaintances on page 849 includes unfamiliar words such as the dark sullage, together with the more cheerful Sulu, Sumerian, and sultanate, all of which would be strangers to the sullivan upon its arrival. It would feel more at home, however, when it found that it also had as companions more common words ranging from the dismal sullen and sulky to the bright sultry, with exotic sultans and sultanas thrown in as a foreign touch.

Probably, from among the strangers, the sullivan would choose as friends sullage and sultanate, for most of its other companions are very technical words, quite esoteric. Sullage and sultanate are more useful helpers than the others and might be very handy to the sullivan some day.

The sullivan would have a very interesting life, spending its time among drugs, bright colors, heat, filth, gloom, foreigners both royal and common, and quantities of chemicals. Despite its disagreeable next-door-neighbors sullen and sully, it would probably be very contented to be living in *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*.

SARAH SULLIVAN '56

Music

I am one diverse character of all feelings combined. Every shiny black disc that spins in the juke-box, every echo of a guitar and harmonica heard round the fire on a clear, cool night on the range, every aria that rings seven flights up through the Metropolitan Opera House and chills the spine of every listener — I am all these. I am spread over an audience listening to every note of "Claire de Lune" on a single piano.

My name? Music. I can draw you into any mood I wish, change your feelings in one moment from sad to joyful and back again.

Take the part of me known as jazz, which can lift a person completely out of himself and drop him into the red-hot, ice-blue world of changing colors, moods, heats. I can bring your whole being to life. If I lead you on, I can make you scream louder than I, or make your head hang, your body limp, and your heart cry. You will laugh and clap and move your whole body in rhythm with me — but I'm tough to produce, for I'm intricate and follow no rules.

I am thankful to all the composers of the past who built my foundation with the very best materials and highest skills in the classical field. People lie on their backs on the cool grass of a warm summer's night, gazing at the stars and thinking beautiful thoughts as they listen to me. Sometimes they feel a swelling inside as I build in depth or volume. Others sit erect, listening intently and drinking in every message I have to offer. Either specialized for concert piano or written for a complete orchestra, I am perfect listening for a dark, rainy afternoon in the warm comforts of home, or a good companion on a short ride in a cozily heated automobile slowly passing by farms and fields flooded by these fresh rains.

The self which I consider my most powerful is opera music. This part has such depth that whether seated among hundreds of silent beings or completely alone, I guarantee that your thoughts will be lifted and placed completely in my power. My gay waltzes will thrill your heart and imprint their melody in your mind. My sad love songs will make you break into tears without the least embarrassment but rather a proud sensation because you have felt the fullest meaning of the tune, one that is solely yours.

I feel that all my aspects are necessary pieces of our puzzle world, something to draw one out of today's troubles and worries into that fascinating and unexplainable world—imagination.

MARIAN PEARCE '57

Why—A Lyrical Ballad

“Old man — old man, why do I cry?
What makes me sad and afraid?
Why does my mother weep at night?
Please, old man, tell me why.

“Old man — old man, does the sea never end?
Is there fighting over there?
When will my father come sailing back?
Will I ever see him again?

“Old man — old man, does he think of me?
Does he dream of Mother and home?
Can't someone stop this dreadful war?
Could there be a world for the free?

“Old man — old man . . .”
“Hush, my son —
Soon this strife will end.
Though the present be dim, the future is bright.
God willing — the world will be one.

“Men must fight, for oppression must cease;
Men must die in this cause.
Strength and faith are needed now
For a world united in Peace.”

PHOEBE BECKNER ESTES '56

Mr. Sartoni

As assistant property mistress of the Corning Summer Theatre last year, I shared the job of equipping the stage with appropriate furniture and hand props. This had to be done at the least possible expense, for, needless to say, our theatre, like most theatres, was short of money. In other words, Barbie (the property mistress) and I were sleuths on the trail of objects which would satisfy the set designer's dreams at minimum rates. Sometimes the only expenditure necessary was a heavy outlay of our powers of persuasion. The neighborhood housewives were extremely cooperative and willingly lent us their precious possessions. But the town merchants were less susceptible to our pleas and often responded with that short answer "no".

One shopkeeper in particular, an Italian named Mr. Sartoni, was a major obstacle. This formidable man ran a small second-hand shop on the edge of town. His shop was crammed with everything you could think of, from fifteenth-century Japanese dolls to Victorian love-seats. In short, it was a property mistress's paradise — except for the owner. Although Mr. Sartoni had been in America for a good many years, he had apparently thought it unnecessary to learn how to speak English. At first it was impossible to understand the man's wild language, a mixture of terribly rapid Italian (which neither Barbie nor I understood) and broken English. To communicate with one another we had to use sign language — and Mr. Sartoni's gestures were as wild as his words. We learned that he was excitable as soon as we succeeded in making him understand who we were and what we wanted. Since he was considerably shorter than either of us girls, he leapt on to a stool when he tried to emphasize his points; from this perch he shouted his meaningless jargon, gesticulating wildly. The ridiculous part of it was that, after finishing his lengthy oration, which, we gathered, was a denunciation of the theatre, property mistresses included, he hopped down from the stool, heaved a great sigh, and in his grouchiest tone asked us what we wanted to borrow. After we became better acquainted with him (we used something from his shop every week), we learned that he was really generous, to his friends, that is. If you were a newcomer

to his establishment, however, unless you were very shrewd, you would probably be charged outrageous prices. When and if you became a regular customer, you would learn how to coax him into lower prices.

After a time we became so accustomed to hearing Mr. Sartoni's mixture of languages that we were able to comprehend him fairly well. We discovered that he wouldn't hesitate to insult customers he disliked, unlike many salesmen who are polite to the point of boredom. One day when we walked into the shop, he was busy with a lady who was protesting profusely about the price of a Limoges platter she wished to buy. Her remonstrances so irritated Mr. Sartoni that he snatched the platter from her, jabbering angrily about her being so stupid that he wouldn't sell it to her if she paid twice the amount on the price tag. The insulted lady, trembling with indignation, stalked from the shop, and (I'm sure) never returned.

Another of Mr. Sartoni's eccentricities came near to spoiling our happy relationship. He had an intense passion for cats — huge alley cats, tiny fuzzy kittens, sleek tiger cats, black cats, Siamese cats, every type imaginable. We were told that he had no less than twenty-eight of these animals living in his home at the back of the shop, and we were certainly ready to verify the fact. For his shop was so jammed with the overflow that it was a task to take more than three steps without coming into contact with a furry body. Once I jumped over one cat only to land on another's tail. The startled pet (a Siamese) emitted a loud squeal. Mr. Sartoni whirled around and with blazing eyes began shouting at me as though I'd purposely set out to annihilate his beloved cat. Even after my most humble apologies, he wouldn't speak to me for a week, and always thereafter regarded me rather suspiciously. Meanwhile, our stage sets suffered.

As I look back on my experience with Mr. Sartoni, it seems to me that I failed to realize at the time how important a part of our work he was. Without his rich contribution of kindness, comedy, and art objects, my summer in the theatre would have been far less fascinating.

SUSAN BRADLEY '56

To Aurora

Oh beautiful dawn, thou seemest so fair
To poets and authors; with rapture they stare
Long at thee.
Your colors superb slowly lighten the skies.
By many you're praised; by many you're prized;
Not by me.
The ring of the bell is an order. How sad
That I must arise; it's pure torture. How glad
I would be
To remain clothed in slumber, ignoring all noise.
To day-dream or sleep are the utmost in joys,
Seems to me.
Oh, down with you, Morn, let me sleep 'til mid-day.
From Abbot, I beg you, please stay far away.
Let me be.
For the day you'll pass Andover by I await.
I vow, if you do so, I forever grate-
Ful will be
To thee.
Merci.

SARAH SULLIVAN '56

Reflection

Gently, the delicate flakes drifted from above, settling slowly on the ground. The trees were tinted a frosty white, and everything seemed sculptured from exquisite marble.

The small boy was fascinated. Again the snow fell as he vigorously shook the clear glass paperweight.

PENELOPE POST '57

Nightmare

From the depths of an alarming dream she slowly dragged herself into a state of semi-wakefulness. Her mind was gripped by remnants of the dream: a confused impression of foreign invasions, plus a vague terror. As the grogginess left her, so did the thought of invasion, but the fear mounted within her, an indefinable dread of a presence somewhere in the impenetrable darkness of the room. She hardly dared move her hand, much less reach out to the light. Perspiration broke out over her entire body, but she didn't notice it. Stiff with fear, she slowly turned her head, straining to see through the blackness.

After an eternity she slowly began to relax, assuring herself of the absurdity of her terror. She turned over carefully, trying to soothe her nerves. Suddenly every muscle tightened. She was sure she had heard a quick breath in the far corner. Impossible, she reasoned. What was it about darkness that made every sound so loud, so frightening? Exasperated with herself, she tried to divert her attention. She couldn't spend the night like this! But what was she to do? She began to recite the twenty-third psalm, but she couldn't remember which came first. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures", or "He leadeth me beside the still waters." Oh dear, this would never do; so tired, but unable to sleep. . . .

She started up from a doze. Would this night never end? She had just been conversing quite normally with Death, who had been standing by her with a sword. She shuddered mentally at the memory. A noise by the window startled her. Was He still there, then? She felt she would suffocate with fear if the day did not come soon. What if it never did come? Oh, to have no imagination! How was she going to endure until dawn (provided dawn was going to *appear* at all)?

Naturally, the sun eventually rose, but she did not awake until long afterward. Light flooded the room and she stretched lazily. What a ridiculous night! How could darkness have such terrifying power? She swung her legs over the side of the bed and stepped on something cold. It was a small, gold pen-knife.

BARBARA HENRY '56

How I Lost My Reputation

There I was, shivering, fifteen rows above the forty-yard-line, peering between large and numerous snowflakes to see Yale defeat Harvard in their annual football game. A few minutes earlier, feeling extremely sporting, I had watched the kick-off in the snow, but now I only felt cold. In fact, I was sure that I could feel my blood turning to ice.

What to do? Obviously there were two possible actions: stay in the Bowl to see the rest of the game, or leave. Finding the mere thought of leaving the contest before its close shocking, I immediately discarded the idea. Nonetheless, the fact remained that I was about to turn into a snow-woman.

I gave the matter serious thought. My feet, the coldest part of me, received my attention first. I could sit on them, thus protecting them from the snow. But the slush that covered my loafers was sure to ruin my polo coat. While I could remove the shoes, the realization that they would be filled with snow by the end of the game made me shiver even more, and I hastily forgot that plan. I could see only one more path: to leave my feet alone, hoping that all cases of frost-bite don't necessarily end in amputation.

Next, my head and neck. My scarf, only six feet long, not long enough to protect both, was by now saturated and of very little service to me. I could see no other choice than to turn up the collar of my coat. I did, whereupon several tons of snow fell down my back, adding to the general state of things.

My fingers, stiff from the cold, would not obey orders from my brain. Here were two possible ways of proceeding — to rub my hands briskly together to restore the circulation, or to remain helpless. To do the former would require the removal of my hands from my pockets into the snow, which defeated my purpose. I remained helpless.

My close survey of the facts led me to the conclusion that my decision would not be difficult: either I could stay and develop pneumonia, or I could stay and develop pneumonia. Or... I could disgrace myself, my family, and my friends by leaving the game at

half-time. Standing up, I shook several inches of snow from my coat, cracked the sheet of ice which had formed around me. Then, without a single regret, I ruined my reputation: I left the game.

SARAH SULLIVAN '56

Five Minutes of Darkness

Imagine yourself an ignorant farmer, living in a primitive land. You are working in the fields at noon, when, without warning, twilight falls. Imagine your superstitious terror as you flee in panic, not knowing or caring where you are going as long as you escape this evil.

Although a total solar eclipse is now an accepted and predicted phenomenon in most parts of the world, it remains an awe-inspiring, almost frightening occurrence. I once watched one from the roof of an apartment building with some friends, and during the preliminary stages we looked through the customary smoked glass. As the moon ate slowly into the sun, the air took on a curious quality, as if artificially lighted.

An instant before the totality, all movement halted in the streets. The scene below resembled a Norman Rockwell painting, everyone craning his neck and squinting upward. A tiny portion of the sun, as yet uncovered, shone out like the diamond in an engagement ring.

We discarded our smoked glass as the moon suddenly slid perfectly into place. The clouds on the horizon assimilated the colors of sunset, the birds were silenced, hundreds of little gnats descended, and the temperature dropped several degrees. From the city arose a great triumphant shout, as if the eclipse had been contrived by man; neon signs, street lamps, and automobile headlights went on, while fireworks were even set off in some sections.

A few moments later, the moon slipped suddenly, then gradually loosed its grip; the twilight effect lifted slowly, and the sky brightened, warming the air and restoring the earth to normal.

BARBARA HENRY '56

On Dieting

Have *you* ever been on a diet? Have *you* ever experienced that delightful empty, gnawing feeling in the pit of your stomach? No? Well, let me outline for you the highlights of the joys involved, and I am sure that when you are through you too will dash to the newsstand to pick up your copy of "Calories and Cadavers."

The first morning all goes well. You sit down at the table with grim determination, eat your way through a boiled egg with a martyr-like air, and look smugly around, thinking with fiendish delight of how fat the others at the table will become.

By the end of the morning you can practically feel those pounds dropping off. Lunch rolls around, and with a fiery eye and an empty stomach, you pass up the chipped beef for fruit salad, hoping shamelessly that the kitchen will have run out of fruit.

As the afternoon progresses, you wonder if it is really worth it. Taking a glance at some of your more obese friends, however, you are spurred on to a savory dinner of steak and a salad that would have revolted Peter Rabbit.

With one day under your belt, no pun intended, the rest should theoretically be easier. Optimistic friends have told you. . . First day is the hardest, ha, ha. . . you'll be looking like a sylph in no time. Ha, ha. . . As the days roll by, you not only discover that the first day was far from being the most difficult, but, still more depressing, the full length mirror reveals the fact that it will be quite a while before you are endowed with a figure that in the farthest stretch of the imagination could ever be called willowy.

It is even more infuriating to be blessed with many anemic friends whose ribs one could count on a moonless night, but who are suffering under the delusion that they too must join you in disposing of extra weight. It is perfectly obvious that the only thing these lucky souls could even shift around would be their floating ribs, but nevertheless, they insist on bouncing through exercises and starving through meals with you, making you feel so inferior that you want to throw in your lot for that of a fat and happy member of one of Barnum and Bailey's side shows.

But then comes Weighing-In Day. You approach the scales with glee, with the anticipation of seeing proof of those vanished pounds glowing in your eye. With one cautious foot you gently probe the scale. Then, throwing caution to the winds, you take an iron stance and glance at the results. Impossible! You take a deep breath and look again. This time it is certain... the net result of your labor, of your restraint and temperance, comes to a grand total of a loss of two pounds. Need more be said?

VIRGINIA DAKIN '56

Morning

I stood alone.
One edge of time lay at my feet.
The milky depths of heaven's eyes were dimmed
Upon the velvet night, while azure turned to flame.
The golden fingers licked at heaven's gate
And sallied forth to herald god.
Apollo came.

JANE SWEETSIR '56

The Wind In My Window: A Vignette

At night I open my window from the top. When I hear the wind, I climb on to my radiator and look out upon a part of the campus.

Directly beneath me is pavement and I see the shadow of the watchman smoking his pipe in the light of a doorway. There are also lights in the doorways of the chapel and the infirmary and one behind the gym which seems to blink because of the branches blowing before it.

There is no moon tonight, but the light of the stars filters through the many clouds which sweep across the sky. My eyes detect a slight movement on the grass. I watch and see a small rabbit hop across the lawn and disappear in the shadow of a tree.

The wind is getting stronger and colder and I am cold. I should like to stay and watch the night, but I retreat from the wind and my window.

JACQUELINE GOODSPEED '57

On Umbrellas

What instrument in the civilized world can be simultaneously a menace and a boon to mankind? What can serve one person faithfully while being an object of torture to others? Consider the umbrella — that piece of cloth, stretched over metal ribs, all on a pointed stick — the comfort and the despair of the rainy day.

Perhaps it would be wise to learn a little of the umbrella's history in order to understand it better. I do not know its origin; yet we could explain this first instrument of protection from the elements as being the product of some enterprising native in the damper regions of the world. A palm leaf or a frond held over his head in a downpour might have protected his war-paint and kept him fairly dry. Subsequently, the idea of holding something over one's head in the rain was handed down through the ages, culminating in the umbrella of today.

The modern umbrella comes in all sizes, shapes, and colors, and almost invariably has a long, pointed tip. When opened, the umbrella forms a protective canopy — protective for the holder, that is. For those who reap the benefits of the umbrella are those of one class only, — the umbrella wielders.

On a rainy day have you ever noticed the resemblance between umbrella holders and charging bulls? And don't those not carrying these instruments resemble cowardly matadors, frantically trying to dodge the horns of the bull, in this case the umbrella point? Many people have the idea that to carry the umbrella correctly one must use it as a sword. The reason for this remains a mystery to me — for this method of carrying it explodes the whole "umbrellic" theory. What good is an instrument protecting you from the rain, if your rear area gets wet?

One remedy for this abuse of umbrellas might be provided by the stores which sell them. With the purchase of every umbrella the customer would be admitted to a class in the Correct Procedure of Umbrella Handling. At the end of the course, when the candidate had shown himself to be an able umbrella-holder, he would receive the degree of U.H.B.

Nor is the umbrella a menace to non-holders *only* in its open state. On a crowded bus what can be used more effectively to push your way in and obtain a seat than the closed umbrella, jabbed into someone's ribs at a strategic moment? Thus we see a defensive against the rain turned into an instrument of attack.

Which brings us back to the history of the umbrella. Why couldn't it have remained as in the days of old — the simple leaf? Why did this harmless protective device against the forces of nature yield to progress and become metallic, hence dangerous? Are we better protected against the rain now? As a matter of fact, the umbrella doesn't even seem to be wanted, as it is always being left on buses and in restaurants and theatres. What a pity that the original idea of the leaf or frond was not borrowed by modern designers and umbrellas made of some soft, flexible material. Think, for one thing, of the ease in packing.

Walking in the rain has become a pastime for only the valiant and daring. Therefore I say: "Citizens of the world, unite against metal-tipped and pointed umbrellas!" or better yet, stay at home when it rains!

SHEILA PRIAL '56

Hint

3 A.M., black as the Hong Kong underworld, — silence. KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! A groan from the bed, — KNOCK! KNOCK! Another groan, — KNOCK! A muffled comment, — KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Several more less-muffled and more vehement comments, — KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! A rumpled form emerging from the bed, a scuffle, — KNOCK! A raised chair ——— CRASH!!!! A rumpled form crawling back into bed, and — the Abbey House pipes are still.

JAN GALIPEAU '59

Vinegar Valley

In the Berkshires of Western Massachusetts is a village named Lyonsville. Primarily a farming community, Lyonsville is located in the fertile Pioneer Valley area which is naturally irrigated by the many small streams and rivers flowing down from the mountains to the broad Connecticut River.

I know Lyonsville very well because of my uncle's farm, where we usually spend two weeks every summer working in the fields, helping with the sale of crops, and canning tomatoes, corn, peas, and strawberries.

The farm is in Vinegar Valley surrounded by mountains which protectively enclose it. During a summer storm the mountains present an awe-inspiring show. Thunder rumbles and echoes through the hills like the voices of angry gods while lightning flashes and sends terrifying reports as if thousands of firecrackers were all exploding at once.

A river runs through Vinegar Valley. There are many deep pools where fish lie in wait for the fisherman's hook. Children dive off the old red covered bridge into the dammed-up pools which make perfect swimming holes.

Across the valley from the farmhouse, part way up the mountain, is a small white church with a tall steeple. It is an inspiring view, especially at night when the steeple is lighted from beneath, a symbol of faith and hope against the dark form of the mountain.

I remember picking strawberries in the rain, with the wet green leaves hiding the beautiful red shining jewels. I remember the tall green corn and waving yellow grass; the covered bridge creaking and groaning as farm trucks and heavy modern cars rumble across the old beams that were meant for horse and buggy; the wonderful sweet taste of the wild berries which grow on the mountain behind the house.

To me, Vinegar Valley is a place of serenity and beauty, refreshing my mind and filling my heart with peace.

ELLEN PARKER '57

Tragedienne

I encountered her by the sea as the waves broke hungrily around her bare feet and the wind pulled relentlessly at her frail body. She didn't see me and the turbulent sea drowned out my approach.

Her back was to me, and her long blond hair, sprinkled with spume, tossed wildly as if to free itself of the foamy halo. She was tall and of a slight build. A simple light blue frock, faded and worn, clung desperately to her. With shoulders thrown back and arms stretched open, she seemed to challenge the wailing wind and treacherous tides.

I could faintly hear the young girl's voice; a strange, high, mournful sound, like the wind in a wood at night: howling, and moaning, and sighing. Suddenly she whirled and faced me. Her gaunt face was pale, paler than the sand dunes behind me, but a feverish pink splotched each hollow cheek. Then I looked at her eyes. Oh God, — her eyes were a deep blue and vacant as a sleeping lake. They filled with panic and seemed to drift away from me. One thin, quivering hand flew to her unpainted mouth. She stood thus paralyzed for a few seconds and then, without warning, turned away and flung herself into the sea.

The bellowing waves withdrew and a weird silence filled the air, save for a lonely, high wail from the motionless depths before me.

PATRICIA PEARCE '56

A Debutante Party

The tinkling of two champagne cocktail glasses, cigarette smoke drifting lazily to the ceiling, the band playing softly in the background, the couples melted together on the dance floor—this is another debutante party. The time: four o'clock in the morning. An hour later the dancers drift apart, leaving behind them wispy trails of smoke, bunches of tired flowers on the floor, several over-turned glasses, and a paper streamer or two lying dejectedly over a chair or table.

WINIFRED WARD '56

To F.G.G.

Many are the times I've stood
Quietly in solitude,
Thinking of the times I could
Have roamed alone with you.

You loved me once, I missed the chance. . .
Now, quietly in solitude
I'm dreaming of the lost romance,
When once I should have loved you too.

J. A. G.

Skiers

Although most people don't realize it, skiers fall into five different categories. There are no strict class distinctions, as each skier is an individual.

The first and worst type of skier is the "schuss-boomer." He sets his course for the bottom of the mountain, points his skis downhill, and takes off in a cloud of snow. Unfortunate is the person who happens to be in his path, for his skis never deviate from their chosen way. Either the person moves, or he is carried off the mountain in a toboggan.

Occasionally the same results happen when a "snow-bunny" attempts to reach the bottom of the slope, only the causes are different. A "schuss-boomer" can stop or turn, but he won't. A "snow-bunny" wants to stop or turn and can't.

A "snow-bunny" seems to have the least intelligence of them all. Never having been on skis before, he goes to the top of the mountain. Why not go to ski school? It looks too easy! On his way down he racks up quite a record: five trees in critical condition, two not expected to live, four people knocked down, with five broken skis, three split poles, and numerous bruises as the result. A word to the wise: SKI CLEAR OF "SNOW-BUNNIES"!

The "socialite" is perfectly harmless, as you won't meet her on the slope. Dressed to the teeth, she can be found at the warming hut any time of the day. To hear her talk, one would think she had won a gold medal at the last Olympics. Large dangle earrings, pancake make-up and heavy perfume are her only claims to fame. Confidentially, she has never been on a pair of skis in her life.

Take some of the "schuss-boomer," a little of the "socialite," add a few other disagreeable ingredients and you have the party skier. He loves skiing at a mad pace, too, but he usually goes by instead of into you. This skier gets first prize for noise, as he is always with a large boisterous group. He skis all day and parties all night. When Monday morning rolls 'round he has a beautiful hangover!

Finally there is the true skier. He is addicted to the sport. Sometimes he schusses, but always in control. He too loves parties, but doesn't wind up with the same results. The true skier is seen on the slopes from the first snowfall in November to the last patch of snow in April. Blizzards or even drizzling rain can't keep him from going to the mountain. It is this last category that keeps the sport alive.

CAROL REED '56

Youth

Our youth is but a nibble from
The mighty fare of all life's years,
A crumb in loaves of destiny,
A laughing speck which heeds not fears.

The giant silver knife of time
Soon cuts a slice as all knives must.
And all too soon the bread is gone
And left — a single moldy crust.

SUSAN KNOX '56

Winter's Soliloquy

I open the door of the warm, dark house and look out at the glass world before me.

Everything is still. The only sound is the occasional sharp crack of an ice-coated tree as she surrenders to the bitter cold. Great pines droop in lazy slumber under their frosty burden.

The sun, with a frigid stare, deftly paints brilliant rainbows and somber shadows, until the crystal sheet glistens with blinding splendor.

Everything is clean. There is not a blemish in view; only the thick, ivory blanket muffling the tumult, burying the filth, and protecting the naked earth.

I close the door. The suffocating embrace of the warm, dark house surrounds me once more.

PATRICIA PEARCE '56

Morning by the Sea

I love to feel the mists roll by
from off the foaming sea
And hear the lovely, distant sigh
of winds that call to me.

The early sun on tossing spray
asparkle 'neath the sky
I love to watch this birth of day
that flames, but soon must die.

MARY LOUISE STIEGLER '56

Waiting for the Ferry

The autumn night was dark and cold, and the two girls, whom their mother had sent to meet the new cook, stood alone on the Vineyard Haven dock. Although the ferry from Woods Hole was due in five minutes, there was still no sign of it. Scattered through the blackness were pinpoints of light — the riding lights of boats

moored in the harbor. No sound could be heard but that of tiny waves reaching shore. The younger girl, shivering, began to pace back and forth on the pier, while her sister stared out to sea.

A pick-up truck screeched to a stop and two young workmen jumped out. Hitching up their khakis, they sauntered toward the girls, but receiving no encouragement, they returned to the truck and turned the radio on to a dance band.

Still there was no sign of the ferry: no red and green lights in the distance growing larger and larger. An outboard motor boat roared past, its single spotlight illuminating the inky water.

Three taxi-cabs drove up. The drivers looked tired and bored; it was too late to expect many fares. The men in the truck snapped off the radio abruptly. Somewhere a dog barked; on the wharf no one spoke.

A red light flashed in the distance, then a green one. Lighting a cigarette, one of the cab drivers walked from his car to the pier. The older girl pointed to a dimly discernible shape between the lights. The younger grinned and nodded, too cold to speak, yet cheered by the thought that before long she would be warm and comfortable at home. The ferry came closer.

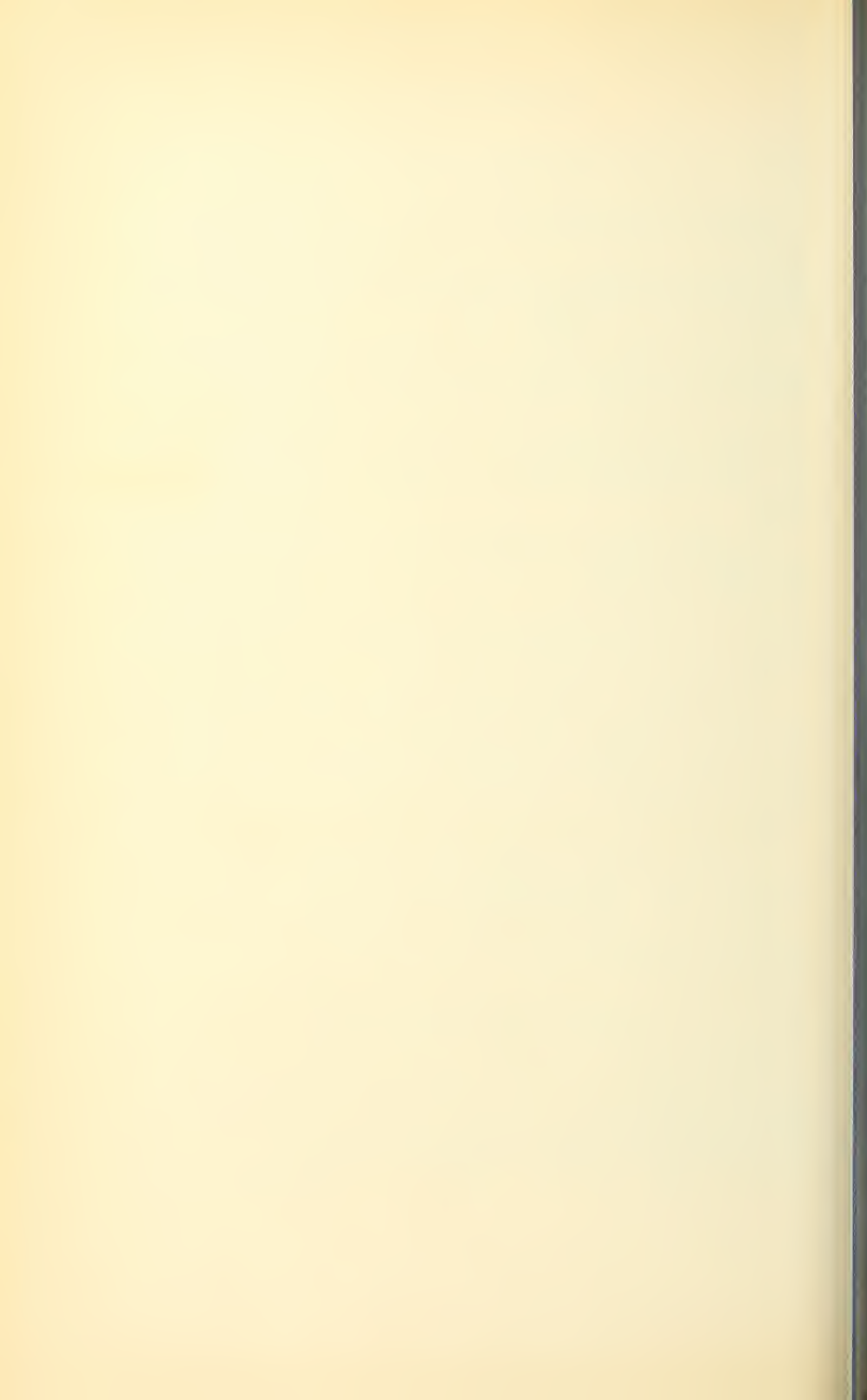
A few yards from the wharf, the engines were reversed. With a loud sound of straining motors, the heavy boat slowly moved in to meet the pier, jolting the wooden boards which groaned under the impact. The gangplank was lowered, and, rattling noisily, the chain separating the boat from the dock was removed.

Three lone passengers walked out: two middle-aged men, and a large competent-looking woman. Close behind them came the baggage train, filled with trunks, mail sacks, and express packages.

As the three taxi-cabs drove away, two with fares and the third with only a grumbling driver, the two girls led the cook to a waiting station-wagon. With another screech of tires, the truck, now laden with large rectangular bundles, streaked off into the dark. The empty baggage train was driven slowly back into the boat.

Scraping the dock as it pulled away, the ferry set out for its return trip. The night grew darker and colder, and the wharf was empty. The waves lapped against the shore, and in the distance two lights, one red, one green, slowly disappeared into the black.

SARAH SULLIVAN '56





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Editor-in-Chief

Sarah Sullivan

Art Editor

Jane Sweetsir

Exchange Editor

Barbara Hurd

Elizabeth Edmonds

Carolyn Green

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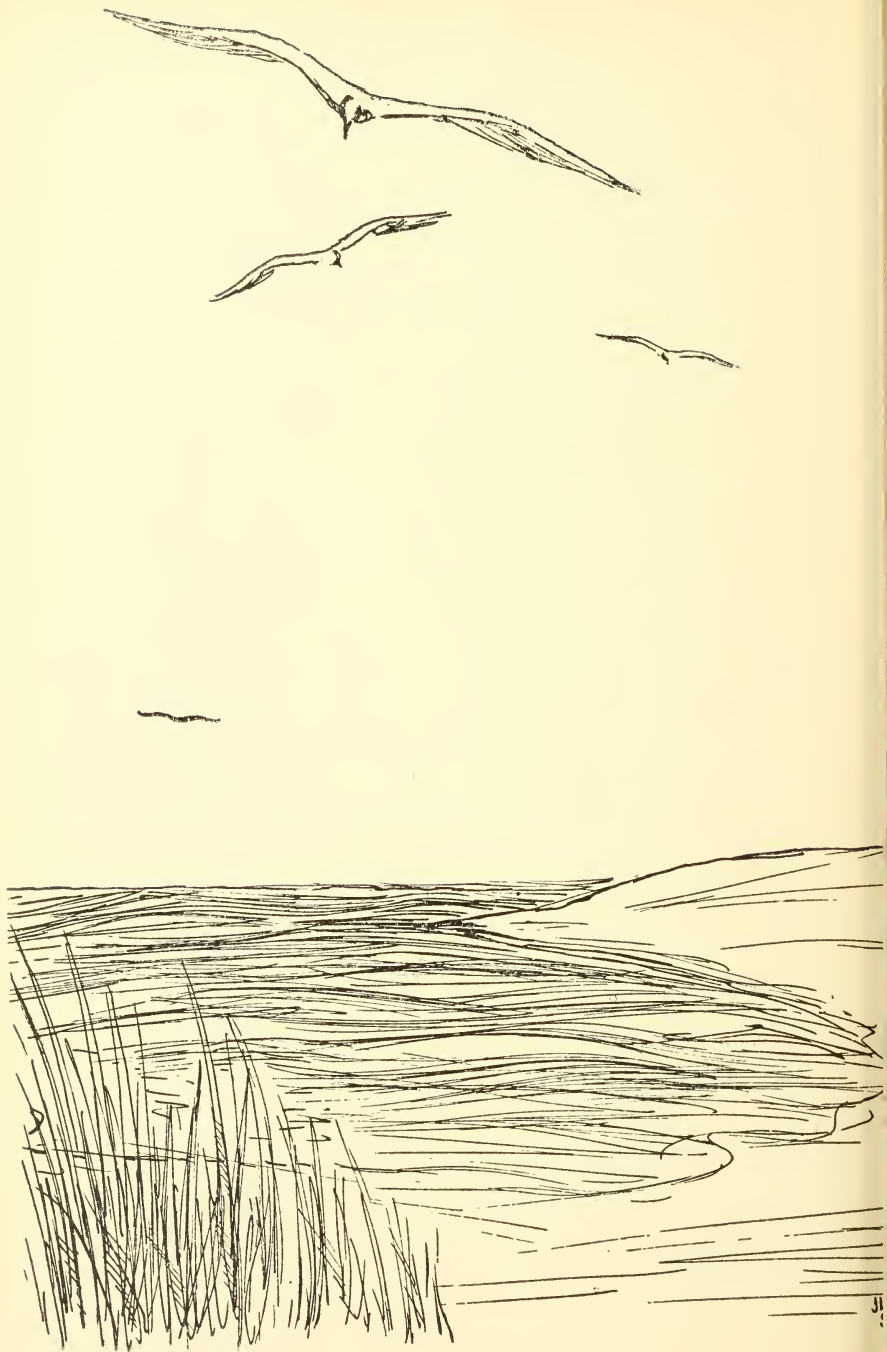
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Alone

FIRST PRIZE, POETRY, WRITING CONTEST

Before my eyes extends the lonely beach,
Washed clean by rain. The popcorn boxes and
The old discarded packs of cigarettes
Have all been washed away. And left — the sand:
The ever-changing, ever-present sand.
The wind has come and gone. I stand alone
And watch the gulls return from secret nests
To ride the waves once more. They come in pairs
And flocks and swarms: together, not alone.
But I? I stand alone and view the sea
And wind-swept beach. Alone, without a friend
To break the desolation of the scene.
And so it all becomes a part of me.
The gulls cry on; the beach remains. I'm cold,
And weary of this place. I turn my back
And slowly start for home. Alone.

SUSAN KNOX '56

European Incident

FIRST PRIZE, PROSE, WRITING CONTEST

The conductor kept poking his head into the compartment and nodding. He would grin a wide, reassuring grin and gabble some unintelligible German. Because this time I picked up the words "passport" and "Strasbourg," I pulled out my passport and pushed up the shade. The sunset outside was turning everything on land black and everything in the sky orange, so that it was impossible to see any of the countryside.

The brakes of the train screeched to a slow stop, and on came the customs officials. Nothing interesting happened. They didn't even search my bags. After they had left, soldiers started to file on; they came for what seemed to be hours, each one looking into my compartment, seeing me and my American baggage, groaning, and walking on. I really couldn't figure it out. Usually, upon seeing a lone American girl in a train compartment, a European soldier would join her with *no* hesitation. . . . A voice that seemed miles away howled an order, and the soldiers sat everywhere except near, or in, my compartment.

Finally, the voice was just outside my door. Its owner looked in. He turned out to be a man whose uniform was so decorated that it might have been made of medals and bars. I thought that maybe he was the chief of the forces, but when he spoke in French, I decided otherwise.

"Mademoiselle, may I join you?" That sounds rather ordinary, but his French was so colored with the guttural German accent that I love, and his voice was so low and friendly, that I regained all my lost confidence and said something like: "Certainly, your honor," for lack of knowledge of what to call such a highly-decorated officer. He chuckled and threw his battered briefcase up on the luggage rack.

"These boys of mine are just like babies. The last time that we came on a mission, they spent the whole time bothering the girls on the train, so this time they can't even talk to them." I hoped that this explained the soldiers' lack of interest. I don't mean to be obnoxious, but one gets used to complimentary remarks and when

suddenly one is treated as a mere fly on the wall, one begins to wonder if one has recently become extremely ugly.

By now, the General, as I was to call him, had brought out a box into which his nose was stuck, or so it seemed.

"Aha, so she did pack me some!"

"Some what?" I assumed that he was talking of his wife. He looked as though he would make a good husband — adoring and hen-pecked, at least. He pulled out a chunk of sausage and started munching.

"Can I offer you some?"

"No, thank you, sir — ah — General."

"You're American, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir, I am." The conversation was stilted until now.

"You wouldn't like this then — too spicy."

"Oh, but we have spicy things too; hot dogs, and —"

"Yes, I know, hamburgers. I've been there, you know." He said this as if to say that he, too, had been to Utopia. "Yes," he went on, still munching, "in 1924 I played with my band in a beer garden in a place you maybe have heard of — New Haven, in Connecticut State? Yes, it's a wonderful country, so alive and so busy." Since I am from that town in Connecticut State called New Haven, I immediately felt a special sort of kinship towards this tubby, red-faced officer. We talked on in poor French and I heard about his large family, which he obviously adored.

"Five children — three girls and two boys — I have, and what little devils they are too. Always laughing, it seems. Someday, mademoiselle, I hope that you'll be as lucky."

"Yes, General, I hope so." And I really did hope so.

"You Americans are always lucky, I think. Everything is always right for you — nothing is ever missing." He had finished chomping on the sausage and had extricated from the box a hunk of cheese. "Let me tell you though, my friend, for all your money and cars and riches, we have a much more devoted family life here, and that, I think, can replace anything."

"Yes, I guess it can." I began to say that I thought that I had both, but he interrupted.

"You never realize how good a family is until it is the only thing that you have left. We have had two wars to show us, but you have

never really had anything like that, so I don't think that you know."

I had been listening to this man for a long time. We heard the conductor coming down the corridor. He stuck his head in and gabbled more German that was translated by my friend to mean that we were arriving at Liège.

"Young lady, you have been an excellent travelling companion, but now I must leave you." As he pulled down his briefcase, he said in a rather paternal tone, "I wish you all the luck in the future, and give my regards to that New Haven town." I said good-bye and he stepped out into the hallway.

He roared an order, and his battalion started marching off. I watched them file away, my tubby general bearing up the rear. He turned and stepped out of the ranks, and with a little jump into the air, blew me a kiss — which I returned.

ALEXANDRA KUBLER '56

The Bride

The newly-starched curtains blew gently in the warm spring breeze that flowed in through the open window. A gilt-edged mirror reflected an undulating image of a large, well-furnished room filled with flowers. They swayed slightly as the breeze brushed past them, carrying their perfume through the room. Gay and beautiful, they seemed to be whispering amongst themselves. The vainest ones preened their petals as they gazed at their reflections in the high sheen of the mahogany tables.

A long table bedecked with elegant gifts extended along one wall. The china displayed upon it tinkled, as three young children dashed madly about with shouts of glee. A glow permeated the room from the bright silver and finely-cut glass beside the lustrous china. In the center, posing proudly, was a magnificent burnished copper bowl. Suddenly everything in the room was stilled and dulled by a greater light. The bride had entered.

CAROL REED '56

Prejudice

It was a Sunday morning in November and Mother and I were watching television at the Hotel Madison. A veterinary show was proceeding with bandaging techniques. There was a young colored man handling the animals. His hands were long and slender and his touch was gentle as he held the pets. He murmured soothing syllables to the excited animals until they became quiet. When the program came to an end, the young colored man stood between the two women who owned the veterinary hospital. Miss Simpson, the mistress of ceremonies, shook hands with the first woman and thanked her. The young colored man put out his hand; but he withdrew it slowly, with sadness and pain in his eyes, as Miss Simpson skipped over him and shook hands with the next woman. . . . The mistress of ceremonies was still talking too brightly as I turned off the television.

On March seventh, Mr. Beck, the assistant headmaster, was reading his morning mail, when he came to a letter postmarked Virginia. It was a letter from a young professor who wished to teach at the school the following year. It was well written and his references were good. When Mr. Beck reached the end of the letter he found a postscript. It said, "I am a Negro."

As I waited for the bell to ring, I was approached by a blond classmate. "There's a new girl in our class this morning," she said. I asked where she was and was told that the girl was in the classroom. "Don't you think we should introduce ourselves and make her feel welcome?" I asked. The blond looked wise and replied, "No, of course not. She's a Negro." . . . The bell rang and I turned slowly, with a knot in the pit of my stomach.

We know it is wrong for anyone to refuse the hand of a Negro. And there should be no necessity for a man to say he is a Negro in a letter such as the one I spoke of. A colored girl should be accepted as readily as a white girl. If each of us would go through life helping, and if each of us could teach our children to regard Negroes as equals and friends, our generation could help stamp out prejudice.

CAROLYN GREEN '57

Acorns

The old house stood tall and stately, almost hidden by two immense poplars lining the driveway. As I walked up the steps, I could smell the ubiquitous odor of decaying wood. I pushed open the creaking door and entered, almost falling into a gaping hole just below the rickety staircase. At the sound of my footsteps the mice and rats scurried to safety, hiding in their holes along the walls. The sun barely shone through the dark shades on the windows, leaving the room in a murky gloom. Quickly I stepped outside and ran down the driveway, leaving the weatherbeaten old house standing alone.

BARBARA QUIMBY '59

* * *

An old slave made his way toward the place where the auction was being held. He had a decided limp and his movements showed great anxiety and tension. As the old man turned toward his pretty young granddaughter, standing timidly by the auction block, being examined from head to foot by likely buyers, a sudden rage forced him to limp up to his daughter's child, yelling and pushing at the surrounding crowd. All was silent. However, immediately realizing the uselessness of his outburst, the slave kissed his granddaughter tenderly and stumbled outside with tears in his eyes and a heavy heart.

MARY BERNSTEIN '59

* * *

Tigs sits peacefully on the shelf, gracefully swishing her tail. Her eyes intent on the fishes in the bowl, her whiskers dripping from previous attempts, she twitches as if to say to me, "Quiet, please." Gradually, as the seconds pass, she extends a paw and her face deeper into the bowl. With a lightning snatch she gulps down a fish and leaps softly from the counter. Perhaps you feel I should be upset, but I'm not; the mistress isn't home and one yet remains for me.

ELSIE TAYLOR '59

A narrow dirt road winds slowly through the country. Recently, a summer shower had drenched the land, leaving behind a freshness. Now, small puddles lie glistening in the sun. Rid of their dusty load, the leaves are light and springy while a greenish sparkle is on each. It is very hard to leave such tranquility, but our destination is the busy city.

CORNELIA JONES '59

Fear

A cold cruel world,
He stands alone.
Friends he has,
And yet no friends.
For who can tell
 The things
 A heart
 And mind
Alone can know
In this cold world?

Who can drive
Fear from heart
 And mind?
Eat,
 Work,
 Sleep,
All with fear.
Accept, and conquer.
If fear leaves,
The world might friendly be.

GAIL TITCOMB '56

Snap! Crackle! Flop!

The alarm clock is a wonderful invention. With its loud, persistent clanging it can usually awaken the soundest sleeper. However, there are those few whom no amount of bell ringing will disturb. It is for them that cold cereals have been created. What could be a better rising signal than an explosion from the kitchen? That explosion is not a new bride using the pressure cooker — it is simply someone pouring milk over a bowl of Pep Crispies.

Picture yourself rushing into the dining-room for breakfast. Wouldn't you rather be greeted by a bowl of lively, active food than some dormant concoction? It is a challenge to your morning reflexes to be able to catch your cereal before it jumps out of the bowl. And the noise — what better means of waking you up than a steady pop! crackle! hiss! Pep Crispies will serve you well — they'll make you travel faster than a locomotive, give you more power than a speeding bullet. That's why they are the favorite food of baseball, football, tennis, basketball, track, and hockey stars.

Pep Crispies are not only valued for their nutrition and their awakening power, but also for their box tops. For just five dollars (to cover handling costs) and fifty box tops from the super-gigantic economy size of Pep Crispies you may, while the supply lasts, obtain one stocking in any color desired. This stocking will have great value as a spare and as the box top says, "it's an offer not to be dismissed lightly."

In some homes, Junior may be the proud possessor of the box tops, and if he can save enough money for handling costs he may send away for a "powerful, lethal ray-gun" designed to stun teachers, little girls, and other enemies. Of course, this gun will be a replica of the one used by Captain Black Stallion of the Mars Secret Police. (Incidentally, Captain Black Stallion eats Pep Crispies, too.)

Thus we see cold cereal as a boon to mankind. With it, one may become healthy, wealthy, and wide-awake.

SHEILA PRIAL '56

Interlude

In the distance the young man could hear the muffled roar of the sea and the whine of the twilight wind as it whirled about the shore. Quickening his pace, he suddenly rounded the edge of the dune, and the road beneath his feet crumbled into a vast expanse of beach. The sands still blushed from the last rays of the sun and the waves tossed pink foam towards the deepening sky. It was a peaceful, lonely spot, and with a sigh of relief he flung himself down and rested his head on his arm. The sand was cool and gritty and its damp, pungent odor teased his nostrils. He rolled over on his back and flung his arms out wide, wriggling a little until he had burrowed into a comfortable position. Breathing deeply, he sucked in the brisk salty air that swept in from the water. He smiled a little just for the joy of being alone. He winked at a twinkling star that flickered into existence above him and laughed at his own foolishness. A gull glided silently by, borne on a swooping breeze across the sky. He closed his eyes and listened to the slap and gush of the waves as they rolled forward to engulf the shore, exploded in foam, and slid quietly back in defeat. Lulled by the drowsy tempo of the ebbing tide, his thoughts began to drift weightlessly into space. Dreams slid past at random and he seemed suspended in a world unbounded by time.

Suddenly he was cold and he awoke with a start. A fine mist had crept in upon the land and his hair clung damply to his head. An acrid odor of wet wool arose from his baggy sweater, which was caked with sand. The breath of the sea was moist and salty on his lips. It was dark and all traces of the moon and stars were smothered in the fog. He pulled himself to his feet and stretched, yawning. Thrusting his hands in his pockets and hunching his shoulders against the wind, he strode off into the darkness. The sand eddied about the spot where he had lain and soon its surface was again smooth and unruffled. The crunch of his footsteps faded in the distance and all was quiet save for the song of the sea and the winds.

MARY LOUISE STIEGLER '56

Darcy

I first met Darcy Willett in third grade. She had just moved to Wyomissing from Nova Scotia. She had, she told us, five brothers and sisters in Canada, and as soon as her parents were settled in Pennsylvania, the rest of the family would arrive.

Darcy became one of the group in a few weeks. She was well liked and fun to be with. However, one thing bothered us all: her five brothers and sisters never appeared. All kinds of excuses flowed blithely from Darcy's lips, until finally, our curiosity at the breaking point, a classmate asked Darcy's mother when the other Willetts were scheduled to arrive. It was then that the truth came out: Darcy was an only child!

It may sound silly to say that this trivial episode affected Darcy's future; nonetheless, such was the case. From that moment, Darcy's reputation was lost. In the eyes of us eight-year-olds, Darcy was crazy. We were too young to try to understand the workings of the child's confused mind. If only we could have seen the shame and loneliness that must have been associated in her head with the state of being an only child.

Through the years Darcy acquired few close friends. After a year of teasing the poor girl, everyone took it as an accepted fact that Darcy was a "square." She was almost literally shoved into a corner and forgotten.

Two years ago I renewed my acquaintance with Darcy. Meeting me one day on the street, she told me that she had decided to go to a preparatory school for her final two years of high school and asked me to recommend some good ones. One thing led to another and we eventually became good friends. Right away I could see how the years of ostracism in Wyomissing had left their mark on Darcy's personality.

The sad fact is that Darcy became a mama's baby. It is appalling to witness the ritual she has to go through whenever she leaves the house, even for an hour's drive in the evening. Besides adding several sweaters and the like to her apparel, she must kiss her mother good-bye five or six times, submit to a tearful hug, and promise to be a good girl. All of this is very sweet; so sweet that it is sickening.

Sentiment is nice — to an extent. Still, it is an unfortunate situation to have a mother and daughter so dependent on each other for love. Darcy's father is not on good terms with his wife and is away from home at least twenty-five days out of every month. Since neither mother nor daughter has had many friends, they seem to need constant reassurance of each other's love.

In return for her mother's affection, Darcy tries to appear good and trustworthy, even perfect, to her mother. For example, she carries a tube of toothpaste with her at all times in case she decides to be "bad" and have a cigarette. She has never been forbidden to smoke; in fact, she has never dared to ask her mother for permission. Obviously she is afraid of her mother — afraid perhaps that her mother will no longer love her if she isn't perfect.

Her desperate need for friendship, her tenseness and self-consciousness when she meets strangers, have ruined several promising relationships. She tries her best to be ingratiating, but her best is rather a failure. For she chatters incessantly, usually about herself. Boys are frightened away because she flirts so outrageously; and her flirting, of course, antagonizes many girls.

On the other hand, when Darcy is with a person whom she knows she doesn't have to impress, and therefore is completely natural, she is very amusing company, full of wit and brilliant ideas. And since she has been at boarding-school I have watched her grow more confident and sure of herself in social situations. I am sure that community life at school is responsible for subduing her inferiority complex and releasing her personality. When she is safe in college, on her own, completely away from mother's loving arms, I am sure that her personality will round out and her true nature will be revealed to more people. I have great faith in the person Darcy could be.

SARAH SULLIVAN '56

The City

SECOND PRIZE, POETRY, WRITING CONTEST

8 A.M.

For three quiet hours
I had watched the sun
Streaming through
Crevices between
My lofty buildings . . .
She is bright and clear behind them,
But only a fuzzy, dusty
Light reaches through and sketches
Shadows on sidewalks,
Streets, walls, windows.
I felt fresh and clean
As doors had begun
To open, voices call,
Horns peep, whistles blow,
Pigeons strut and nibble.
And now, three hours later,
I am wide awake.
Feet stroll, walk, run
On my sidewalks —
Shiny polished feet,
Old grimy feet —
But every one of them
Mine —.
Taxis are squeezing
Between taxis like speedy bugs.
Buses trudge along spasmodically,
Stopping often to exude
New felt hats and bare heads,
To absorb hat boxes,
Print dresses, and old cigars.
Cuffs are pulled and
Watches glanced at as

Paces quicken — hurry!
To work they go — to work.
As the heat of day
Mounts and thickens
And the sun beats heavier
On the steaming streets,
I see less bustle,
And all around me hear
Typists typing, salesmen selling,
Waiters waiting, writers writing,
Plumbers plumbing, actors acting —
With hardly time for a quick breath.

5 P.M.

For nine noisy hours
I had watched the sun
Streaming through
Crevices between
My lofty buildings.
Now she is fading
Into the evening,
Sketching soft grey
Shadows on sidewalks,
Streets, walls, windows.
I feel hot and sweaty
As doors again open,
Voices call, horns peep,
Whistles blow, pigeons
Still strut about nibbling.
I have one phase through which
I still must pass . . .
No feet stroll or walk,
But only run and hurry —
No shiny new feet,
But all old grimy feet,
Every one of them dirty
And tired —
Suddenly the buildings explode

As people pour endlessly
From the deflated wreckage.
As if escaping a huge monster
They tear along the sidewalks,
Pack into buses,
And rush home . . . home.
Collars are loosened,
Necks and foreheads wiped —
Packages crushed in the rush!
Home they go . . . home,
As the sun crawls
Into the earth and the soft dusk
Creeps further into every crack
To cover the whole city.
I see every little movement,
And in the distance see
Papers read and presents opened,
Suppers cooked, letters written,
Showers taken, voices talking —
I shall take a long, deep breath
The air feels damp
And tiny drops of rain
Sprinkle my body,
Cool my mind, my skin,
My whole self — calm my
Inhabitants and patter them to sleep.

MARION PEARCE '57

Greed

Blue, red, yellow, the hot flames tear towards the sky. Sparks smolder, sizzle, then leap and scatter in a thousand directions like buckshot fired from a twenty-two rifle. Across the mill the cry goes up, "More ore! More coal! More fire! More heat! More, more, more!" Then down from huge pots the fiery liquid pours: molten steel mixed with the sweat of men.

JUDITH ROBBINS '56

A Butterfly

The sun rose from behind the big pine trees and started a new day. He chased the pink clouds out of sight, tinted the sky a deeper blue, and cast his beneficent smile on all his dominion.

In one corner of the great fields, in a bed of wild strawberries, near the pine grove, a great struggle was taking place. She tried to stretch; she couldn't. She gasped for breath; there was none. Then she kicked the sides and roof of the cocoon; they wouldn't give. Instead the cocoon bounced in the dewy grass and twisted itself into queer contortions. Finally, however, the roof cracked and split wide open. She was free! She crawled out and collapsed.

"What a struggle! Another minute and I would have suffocated."

The sun shone down and dried her wings. He gave her warmth and courage. It was her first meal of sunbeams and she drank them in gratefully. Strength returned and she became aware of her surroundings: a chorus of birds were hailing the sun; a lonely cow mooed in the distance, answered only by an echo.

"How lovely the world is! So bright and filled with song." She unfolded her wings and gracefully glided to a daisy.

"Where do you come from, little butterfly?" asked the daisy.

"Oh I don't know," she answered gaily. "Perhaps from over yonder, behind those pine trees."

She had forgotten her struggle and thought only of the warmth and beauty of life. The daisy nodded her head with misgiving. But the butterfly was none the wiser for such inclinations to soberness, for she had flitted away to smell the lilacs.

And so she passed her morning, visiting this flower and that. She crossed the brook but did not stop to talk with the old bullfrog. He was ugly and seemed frightfully cross. Why, he looked as though he'd snap her head off if she gave him a chance. Then she rested on the fence and lifted her head to the sun. He beamed down on her and gave her new strength. She didn't understand where this source of energy came from, but she could feel her body absorb it and tingle with contentment.

A merry peal of laughter broke the silence. It was the farmer's children. "What good playmates they'd make," she thought, and flew over the barn, lighting on the lawn.

"Johnny, come quick! Look! Pretty, pretty butterfly!"

They admired her greatly and tried to touch her. But she flitted away, only to swoop down again. And so the butterfly played at tag, always just a little ahead of the babies, who toddled after her, rocking with laughter and shouting "Pretty! Pretty!" The farmer's wife came to the door and laughed, too. Then she called the children to lunch. The farmer came from the garden, mopping his dripping forehead. He laid his hoe down and ushered in the children.

The butterfly was left alone. But she wasn't sorry. They had told her she was pretty. She had never thought of that. Was it possible? She would go to the brook and look at herself in the water. Off she flitted, glancing back now and then at her wings. They *were* pretty! A delicate golden color with black. . . .

"Be careful, miss!" came a kindly voice from the shadows.

She swung her head back quickly, but it was too late. "Oh! What's happened? Where am I? Let go of me! Can't you see you're tearing my pretty wings?" she cried.

No one answered. The sun didn't shine here and she had difficulty adjusting her eyes to the darkness. Finally she made out what seemed to be a fly.

"Who are you?" she asked in an awe-filled voice. "What are you doing here and when did you come?"

"I'm nothing but a common house fly, and I've been here for hours. As for what I'm doing, I'm caught like yourself, and waiting for that spider's dinner."

"A spider? How ugly he is!" She shuddered with terror. "But let's escape!"

"No, it's no use."

But the poor butterfly struggled madly. She was young and beautiful. How could she face death calmly? She looked out from the shadows and saw the sun setting. The world grew dusky. She became tired and gradually stopped struggling. Both her wings were torn to shreds by this time, and she had lost all the gold powder that she had been so proud of. As she watched the world grow darker, she sank into a stupor of despair. Night came and the world slept.

* * *

The next morning in the shadows of the barn there was nothing left but a very fat and sleepy spider.

The butterfly had lived and died in one short day. The sun forgot her in his daily tasks; the flowers only remembered how much wiser they had been; and the farmer's children soon found another toy.

ELIZABETH EDMONDS '56

Pain

The icicles which pierce the heart,
The hungry cries of Eastern babes,
The solemn stillness of the grave,
The fog which divides,
The terror which joins,
The crop that fails,
The bread unmade,
The gun that kills,
The youth who dies,
His loved ones who live:
All this is pain.

JUDITH ROBBINS '56

Thanksgiving

Whene'er I wander down a wooded lane
And hear the soft wind rustling through the pines,
My heart o'erflows with joy that not in vain
Has God created earth. For earthly shrines,
As trees and wind, revive in me anew
The faith which causes love for fellow man
And helps me follow paths which Jesus knew.
My soul rejoices in His gifts which span
All human striving, error, and defeat,
Renewing all through loveliness and peace.
These blissful thoughts giv'n by those gifts so sweet
Will ever throughout life my thanks increase.

SUSAN WATEROUS '56

Doodles



Doodles are exceedingly winning animals. There is nothing profound about these creatures; they are both affable and beguiling. When properly trained, they make excellent pets.

If you have been working laboriously, Doodles can be very relaxing. Sit down and play with a Doodle for half an hour. Doodles are prolific animals, and though you start with only one, you will probably end up with an infinite number. You will undoubtedly be found, wearing a sheepish grin, amid a heap of crumpled papers. You are now more relaxed, however, and you just might discover some hidden creative genius. If your Doodles are nonsensical enough and have a connotation of the ridiculous, you can insert an *r* in their name (Droodles) and publish a book.

Doodles which are negligently brought up acquire many bad characteristics. Diabolic Doodles have the hapless habit of appearing in the most inappropriate places. One of their favorites is the middle of English compositions or church bulletins. Uncouth Doodles make astonishingly recognizable characterizations of such things as obese men in bathing suits. Unfortunately, they have a flair for turning up at the wrong moments — in front of their subjects! This causes their masters extreme embarrassment.



If you decide you would like some of these fellows as pets, all you have to do is pick up your pencil — and doodle!

SANDRA BENSEN '58

Spring

A blond boy, barefoot and freckled, bamboo pole in hand —
A peeking bud encompassed by emerald grass shoots —
A sky of ceramic blue marred only by a cotton cloud —
A sun warming the hibernating depths of every woodland stream —
A gentle breeze caressing the rejuvenated earth —
A soft rain cooling, comforting, and calming all things —
A host of frogs droning the hypnotic chant of Spring —

PATRICIA PEARCE '56

The Trials of Wifehood

Matilda had been married for one short, blissful month, and she still regarded the fact as a miracle. There had always been two grave obstacles in her life to the possibility of marriage. First, men were not interested in girls who were "plain but sweet," to use her mother's phrase; secondly, who would marry a girl named Matilda? The impossibility of the name continually provoked her. It simply could not be disguised, because Matty or Tilly sounded even more gruesome. Consequently, Matilda was convinced that she would never have the opportunity to exhibit what she secretly believed to be her chief virtue: a boundless capacity for selfless, uncomplaining devotion.

Then she met a wonderful man who liked plain, sweet girls, a man whose name, incredibly, was more sepulchral than her own. Exactly three months after their first meeting, Matilda and Mortimer Huxley were married. She had insisted that their wedding day be the anniversary of their first meeting, with a finality which sprang, she was convinced, from her deep appreciation of the romantic possibilities of life.

And now there remained in Matilda's heart but one unfulfilled desire: the longing to prove herself mature enough to rise above petty weaknesses and strong enough to be a firm, unselfish support to her husband. But how was she to meet the challenge of his needs and failings when he apparently had none? In her eyes, Mortimer was a hopeless paragon.

Another month passed as blissfully as the first, and Matilda began to wonder how it was possible for such perfection to exist in human form. She had always considered herself sufficiently realistic to face the disillusionments of marriage without allowing the essential sense of romance to leave her life. But where was the virtue in being realistic if there were no disillusionments to meet?

Matilda began to brood. In the evenings she would sit and stare at her husband while the thought trudged back and forth through her brain: "He's perfect; he's perfect; he doesn't need me; he's perfect," and when he spoke she often snapped at him unnecessarily.

The crisis finally came. One night, after saying something unwar-

rantably nasty, she lost control entirely and began to weep. Mortimer was instantly by her chair with his arm about her, pleading, "Darling, I'm sorry; am I really that difficult to live with?"

For once Matilda did not appreciate the romance of the situation. She shook her head violently and gulped in protest, "No! That's just it. I mean —." She struggled for words. "Perfect, perfect, perfect, perfect," rang in her mind. At last she understood. His perfection was the one flaw in an otherwise flawless character; the one flaw she had been searching for since the day of her wedding. She suddenly felt rejuvenated, strong, superior. She reached out, and with a brave smile took his hand.

"I'm so sorry, dear; I must be tired. No, you're not difficult. In fact, you're wonderful." And she kissed him gently.

From then on, Matilda bloomed until her friends actually conceded that she was pretty. And at bridge parties, when the conversation turned to talk of the annoying idiosyncrasies of husbands, she would straighten her shoulders as if settling a burden, and with a heavy sigh which conveyed her meaning exactly, would say, "I don't mean to complain, and I love him in spite of it, but my husband is perfect."

BARBARA HENRY '56

X

Life is nothing, more or less, than a giant geometry problem.
Love? What is love but the eternal futile attempt to square the circle?
Sin? What is sin? The shortest distance between two points.
Madness — a figure eight drawn by a broken compass.
And frustration: parallel lines — they never meet.
Happiness — a series of concentric circles, with each new joy reaching farther toward eternity.

Then Death

The eraser, which obliterates our feeble scribbings.

SUSAN KNOX and SARAH SULLIVAN '56

Annapurna

Through cold, bleak storms you stand,
A massive bulk
Of rock and earth.
You thrust your peaks toward heaven,
The fearsome foe
Of your frail challenger.
A mountain of moods;
Of bold, swift changes —
Awesome and cruel;
Though unaware of tragedy.
This you have dealt
To many men
Of courage, faith,
And other gifts,
Far greater than your own.
Your victory
By strength is won.
Humanity succumbs.

MARJORIE ORR '56

His Last Prayer

High on a cliff a monk knelt praying,
A cross in his hands, a symbol of life.
As he bowed there, the sea heard him saying,
"Please, dear Lord, put to rest struggle and strife."

The wind whistled by, a symbol of despair.
He thought of God and of foolhardy man.
Whose salvation he sought though the world did not care.
"Please, dear Lord, help them — You can."

The rain poured upon him; his body was cold;
The sea churned and ne'er answered the plea.
His time had come; his life was old.
"Please, dear Lord, save them — for me."

ELIZABETH MCGUIRE '57



“ . . . and a Black Leather Jacket with an Eagle
on the Back . . . ”

Carolyn stepped off the train and automatically scanned the crowd in hopes of finding someone to fit the description given her. Everyone around her soon paired off with his or her week-end date and her search was in vain. They had said he might be late, yet it was a strange feeling to be the only unattached person left on the platform. Quickly she entered the waiting room and found a seat. The laughter of departing couples soon vanished, and the small, dingy station settled down to its quiet, almost deserted state, usual between trains.

The dusty room was far from crowded, and as she was the only member of the feminine sex under forty-five present, she had no qualms about his being able to find her. But could she pick him out of the crowd and, if so, how? The only clues to his appearance that she had were “pretty tall and wears glasses”; she knew nothing more.

The station door opened and an eligible-looking prospect entered, but before she could finish asking herself, “I wonder if . . . ?” or “Could this be . . . ?”, he had acquired a timetable from the clerk at the desk and had disappeared through the same door. To avoid any more of these upsets, she decided to consider only the persons entering with expectant, yet worried, looks on their faces, but even with this narrowing down there were many false alarms. Before long, two little boys in black leather motorcycle jackets passed by and her immediate reaction was to look for a brilliant eagle on the back of each. There must have been a half-off sale on motorcycle jackets in that town because she counted at least nine more during the next fifteen or twenty minutes of her wait.

“Whatever would I do if my date arrived in one of these? Should I laugh at his keen sense of humor, ask if he's equipped with black denim trousers and motorcycle boots also? compliment his excellent taste? or simply admire the umpteen number of flashy silver zippers and studs that adorn it?”

This indeed was a problem which required deep consideration. The mere thought of a twenty-five-mile ride on the back of one of those “two-wheeled terrors” was enough to make her wish that she were

anywhere but there, so she quickly tried to dismiss the idea from her mind.

Along with the detailed account of his appearance, she had also been given a complete character analysis of Harry — he was a “nice guy”. With this very definite and precise information to go on, she began to think about his likes and dislikes, and about what topic of conversation would interest him most, and, in fact, about anything that would keep her mind away from those dreadful jackets. She could always start off their acquaintance with her favorite question: “Ever been to Texas?” And no matter what his reply was, she would proceed to brag about her state and convince him of its greatness. When this topic was exhausted, it would be strictly up to him to carry on. “But conversation doesn’t matter. I’ll take that as it comes. It’s the idea of that rocky jacket that worries me.”

A few minutes later, as she was busily contemplating the cracks in the floor, she heard a casual voice say, “You aren’t from Texas, are you?”

“Could be!” Looking up as she answered, she thought, “No, it *can’t* be, yet it must be — my imagination’s never that far out of focus —” For there was Harry before her bedecked in — a black leather jacket, no less.

“And your name isn’t Carolyn, is it?”

“Well, as a matter of fact —”

The irony of the black leather was so great that she did not realize until her third glance that it was no motorcycle jacket but a cast-off Air Force jacket. No eagle decorated the back. Life was worth living again, and there was hope for a successful weekend after all.

MOLLIE LUPE '56

Elysium

What a shock it is to see childhood days vanish forever! How happy I used to be, wandering with my lively Irish setter in the beautiful park near our house. Its green grass was such a startling contrast to the rich auburn color of my dog. I would anxiously wait for the moment when we could roam over our Elysium. It stretched out for two miles, and the scenery was extremely varied. Our big white house, overlooking this domain, was on a very steep hill. From one window I could gaze at the restless Long Island Sound, and from another I could see the serene landscape of the park. There was a pond at the bottom of our hill. On one side the land was flat, and flower borders, changed every season, swayed with the breeze. On the other side of the pond the land gently sloped up and up. At the top of this incline there was a thick wood and a massive formation of grey rock. My hide-out was on these rocks. Once, while climbing there, I happened to find an opening to a cave; it was about ten feet long and five feet wide, dark and very damp, with moss and wet leaves covering its roof and walls. I used to spend many hours in that cave, enjoying its solitude.

A longer lake connected with the pond in front of our house. Running along its banks, I always had the wild ducks (which were tame) to chat with. How I loved to watch them! I never ceased to be interested in them, for they seemed to have their own society.

An estuary leading into the Sound filled both the lake and pond. A rickety bridge led to a little shelter on a tiny island thirty-one yards from the land. The shelter, put together by some pine splices, had a pointed roof which was the only real protection the shelter offered from the rain; the rest of the structure merely lent support to keep up the roof. I remember how often I would hear the shrill cry of a sea gull, swooping gracefully down through the air towards some defenseless fish or eel.

Today none of this remains. I can see the park only in my memory. It is only now, after I realize I will never again be able to roam over my Elysium, that I truly appreciate it. I have passed the first stage of my life, "golden childhood", and will never be able to bring back those happy days.

A bomb could not have done a more thorough job of destruction than the blasters who are making the park over for a foundation for a modern highway. When I first saw the transformation, I was speechless. My rocks, hills, flowers, and tiny island are gone. All that remains are a few lonely ducks swimming near the foundation of a modern bridge in the dirty water of the estuary.

VALERIE OGDEN '57

Reverie

To see the crimson of a lake
Upon whose visage sun has set;
To walk in woods and try to make
A friend of all I've never met;
To catch a glimpse of graceful deer
That dart behind a stalwart tree;
When all is quiet, just to hear
The murmur of eternity;
This is my wish.

To reach my realm of ecstasy;
To feel that ageless, throbbing pain;
To know that I shall always be
A link to bind a human chain;
To sense the sobs, the very same
Which echoed in another time,
When Dido and Delilah came
To suffer through a love sublime;
This is my dream.

To find that hidden solitude,
Where deep philosophy will reign;
A pause, a rest, an interlude,
Before I turn to toil again;
To be alone with just my thought;
To follow paths where thinkers trod;
To listen keenly and be taught
The seldom-heeded words of God;
This is my prayer.

SUSAN RAIRDON '57

The Twins

I spent the summer of my eleventh year at a camp in the woods of New Hampshire. I lived in a cabin with five other girls and a counsellor, and what a group we were! Rules were made to be broken, we agreed, and we did our best. By causing as much trouble as we could, we made ourselves generally obnoxious. And, as is usual with eleven-year-olds, there was one person whom we particularly disliked. She was a cabinmate, Lucy Martell. Short, with frizzy mouse-colored hair, Lucy was fat. Most of us were quite plump, but Lucy was obese. We could not see beyond the blubber to her sweet face and lovable nature. We teased her unceasingly. The butt of all our practical jokes, she took them all smiling, and never said a nasty word to us. If she was disturbed we never knew it, and, of course, we were disappointed. As a result, we increased our efforts.

Lucy came from Arlington, Virginia, but spent most of her time in Washington. She was, she told us, the god-daughter of Alben Barkley, and many were the times when she had played piano duets with President Truman. We were not impressed.

We knew that Lucy's mother was expecting a baby soon, and Lucy was quite excited, as up to now she had been an only child. She came running into the cabin one afternoon, a letter clutched in her hand, and tears streaming down her face, to tell us that twin boys had been born to her mother. Before we had time to offer our congratulations, Lucy sobbed: "But they both died!" and threw herself, weeping, onto her bed.

This was a new turn of events. Some bit of kindness in us five brats made us sympathetic, and we comforted her as best we could. In fact, the whole camp comforted her. Lucy, the girl who had never had any friends, was now the center of attention. She was smothered in sympathy, kindness, and understanding.

We soon grew bored with the situation, and after four days of listening to the misfortune of the Martell family our pity was gone and our patience was wearing thin. Nonetheless, we realized that we had to be nice to her.

The afternoon of the fourth day, our counsellor and another talked worriedly in a corner for forty-five minutes. Try as we would,

we could not hear what they were saying, but it obviously was of a serious nature. When they left, they took Lucy with them. An hour later she was back, her eyes red, but this was not unusual and we paid no attention.

From that moment, however, there was a startling lack of references to the twin brothers. We were pleased but puzzled, for this was not like Lucy. But if she wished to avoid the subject, we certainly would not object, and soon things were back to normal.

A week later one of us came across a grimy, tear-stained envelope lying on the floor. We recognized it as the letter from Lucy's father containing the news of her mother. Naturally we opened it. In a childish handwriting was penciled:

DEAR LUCY,

Mommy had twin boys today but they died. It is too bad. I am sorry for you. I love you.

DADDY

Immediately we understood. Startled, we stared at each other, then examined the envelope. It was addressed to Lucy in the same young scrawl, and in the upper right-hand corner was a cancelled three-cent stamp, but there was no postmark!

SARAH SULLIVAN '56

Reincarnation

I came upon a shore that dreamt in solitude
Beneath a tawny sky,
And when I walked among the shifting pyramids of sand,
And heard the anguished prayer the sea gave up,
I knew that I had looked on this
Before the River Lethe purged my laden soul.
I know not when,
For the dream departed in a mist,
And fled behind the hidden stars,
And laughing, died.

JANE SWEETSIR '56

On Bargain Basements

Are you tired of the everyday routine of quiet living? The cure is within your reach. Take a trip to the nearest bargain basement.

Wishing to brighten my existence, I ventured one day into Filene's in Boston. As I descended to the basement, I came upon seething humanity at its most seething. The sight converted me immediately into a staunch supporter of Darwin's theory of evolution. Women, who at home are polite and gracious, were tearing at clothes in a manner befitting Neanderthal man. Their eyes shone with the excitement of conquest, and as they pawed over the merchandise, cries of victory could be distinguished above the general din.

Braving the horde, I stepped on to the floor of the main room. Instantly, I was carried along by a rush of people. Many dialects reached my ears, and it seemed as if the shoppers were sending a code to their friends, signaling the location of the best bargains. Although I tried to retreat, my steps were blocked at every turn. Instead, I was pushed in front of a counter full of mangled sweaters. I picked one up and poked my thumb through a large hole. I dropped the sweater, which was immediately snatched from the counter and purchased by another shopper.

Thinking that perhaps the hole was part of the sweater's design, I picked up another one and examined it closely. On this one no hole was visible, but by some odd mistake one of its sleeves was of a different color from the other!

Disenchanted with bargains, I decided to depart. Elbows thrust out, I shoved through the crowd like a professional. The sounds and smells of humanity were turning me into a misanthrope. I charged through the crowd until I managed to reach the stairway. Here the whole scene changed. The effect of the *mêlée* was completely different from what it had been when I was a part of it. Standing away from and above the crowd set the scene in an entirely new perspective. Individual cries from the frenzied shoppers could no longer be heard; they sounded now like a throbbing roar in a mixture of accents and tones. The shoppers moved in rhythmic patterns, while the color of their clothing blended into a spectrum of brightness.

I no longer felt the frustration and disgust which had engulfed me

while I was on the floor in direct contact with all those women. I half-closed my eyes in a painter's squint and saw a flow of color and movement. There were no distinct lines or shapes; there was simply a melting of outlines into one mass, circulating below me.

In the future, I think that all my bargain shopping will be done from this position.

SHEILA PRIAL '56

The Hand of the Mummy

Craig Fitzgerald leaned back against the deck rail and watched the girl in the red shorts playing shuffleboard with the young man named Eric. When she had entered the dining room the evening before, Eric's eyes had followed her across the floor, and his face had assumed a moronic quality which intensely annoyed Craig, whose own gaze was one of cool, appreciative curiosity.

The girl had seated herself next to a tall, graceful woman who could have been mistaken for a sister, but, judging by the greater degree of maturity in her face, was probably her mother. Craig observed the woman with distaste. He had never been able to reconcile himself to the fact that a female could conceal her age to such an extent. He took for granted his ability to fit people into categories, and he found it irritating to be baffled by a clever make-up job. He resolved to break down her disguise.

* * *

As his eyes took in the progress of the shuffleboard game, his mind dreamed vacantly. Suddenly, somehow, his thoughts came into focus and his gaze was drawn from the game to a spot some distance along the deck, where the girl's mother stood, watching him. At his smile she approached.

"Good morning," he said lightly. Then, nodding toward the game, "Your daughter plays very well."

"Why, thank you." As he had expected, her voice was quiet and controlled. "Is that young man your son?"

His immediate reaction was one of revulsion, but he checked the instinctive "God forbid!" and said carefully, "No, I'm afraid I'm

not married." Even her laugh was pleasantly moderate. "Oh, you needn't apologize!"

Something about her complete assurance disturbed him. He was so accustomed to recognizing and branding false sophistication, that he resented her apparently genuine lack of self-consciousness. He felt a compulsion somehow to shock her out of her complacency, but he realized the importance of patience. Anything unconventional at this stage would only lower him in her estimation, which was far from what he wished to accomplish. It would be necessary to plan elaborately, but he already had an idea. . . .

The ship was to dock at Cairo in three days, and he suddenly decided that he was very anxious to see the pyramids. He suggested to Eric that they make up a small group and take a little excursion out to these tombs. Eric was naturally enthusiastic, and immediately suggested that they invite Phyllis and her mother.

"Yes, the Slades will be a charming addition," he replied, "and of course we must ask Mrs. Merriwell." Mrs. Merriwell was a plump, goodnatured scandal-monger, and a close friend of the Slades: a perfect addition to his plot.

They set out early, Mrs. Slade with a basket of sandwiches and a thermos bottle, and Craig carrying a small, empty box. He said it was for souvenirs.

While the group was inspecting certain hieroglyphics, Craig quietly detached himself and made his way into the chamber which contained the mummy. After a few words, by which he managed to convince the guard of Eric's intention to make off with anything he could conceal on his person, Craig found himself alone. In a few moments he was joined by Eric, who was followed still later by the rest of the party. Mrs. Merriwell immediately pounced on the mummy, with an exclamation: "Look, Pauline, dear! How curious! The mummy's hand is missing!"

After making sure that Mrs. Slade had noticed the fact, Craig abruptly changed the subject: "I hate to be a wet blanket, but I'm afraid this heat is a bit too much for me. I have a racking headache and I know I'll be sick if I stay much longer. You go on though; I'll get back all right." They let him go reluctantly, and he returned to the ship. Once in his cabin, he opened his box and carefully removed the mummy's hand. He looked at it for a moment thinking

of the marvelous confusion it would cause, "and I even have my souvenir," after which he returned it to the box and placed it in a drawer which contained six to eight more boxes, identical to the original in every respect but that they were empty.

The next morning, an hour before the ship's scheduled departure, the passengers were called on deck, where they were confronted by a group of important-looking Egyptian officials who politely apologized for the inconvenience. A distraught looking man, who appeared to be the guard from the pyramid, stepped forth from among the officers and peered eagerly at the faces before him. Suddenly, with a cry of triumph, he leaped forward and pulled someone from the throng. It was Eric, looking extremely bewildered and protesting weakly. One of the officials said calmly, "Is this he?" The reply was hysterical but affirmative. The official gazed sternly at Eric. "We have come for the hand of the mummy which was so cleverly stolen last night. The guard tells us that you were there during the day."

There was a loud, incredulous gasp from Mrs. Merriwell: "Pauline! The hand! *That's* what happened to the hand!" At this, Eric turned frantically to Mrs. Slade. She approached the officer and assured him of Eric's innocence.

The official bowed courteously. "We appreciate your testimony, Madame; nevertheless, we do feel it necessary to make a search of this man's cabin." To this Eric agreed with relief. As the ensuing quest revealed nothing, they made a cursory examination of Craig's room, with the same result, and regretfully gave up. Then they thanked all for their indulgence and left the ship, the dejected guard, after a puzzled, suspicious stare at Eric, following reluctantly.

Mrs. Merriwell, as soon as they had gone, clutched at Pauline's arm. "But Eric went in ahead of us!" Pauline, looking rather pale, said, "I know, but so did Mr. Fitzgerald." This was dismissed by the other with a derisive sniff and an "Oh, really, dear!" but Pauline turned to go, feeling a bit queer. The ship had begun to move; perhaps she was a little seasick. As she reached the passageway she saw Craig walking quickly toward deck. After a slight hesitation she followed cautiously. He was carrying a box which he took to the rail and threw overboard.

Pauline immediately realized that her suspicions had been con-

firmed, but that the evidence had just disappeared. Thinking sadly about the despicable cowardice he had shown, she stood for a moment. Suddenly he emerged again from the passageway, with another box. This, too, he flung into the ocean. Six times he repeated the performance as she watched with growing fascination. Suddenly he saw her. He started realistically and regarded her with a look of intense discomfort. He stammered, "I — uh — suppose you'd like to know what I'm doing." She made no reply, so he went on: "You see, this is my caterpillar collection. They've begun to eat their way out of those boxes (I never thought caterpillars ate cardboard) so I had to get rid of them. It was the only way." He smiled mournfully, as if to make the best of the loss. She returned the smile dazedly.

* * *

Pauline Slade did not quite recover from the confusion inflicted upon her orderly world; she was indisposed for the remainder of the voyage. Craig, however, continued in excellent health, until the last day on board, when he discovered that one of the boxes which he dropped into the sea had contained a mummy's hand, while the one which he had carefully preserved from destruction was empty.

BARBARA HENRY '56

Wind in the Night

O wind of the night, blow loud and long,
Sweep over the land with a gusty roar;
The blackness is pierced by your mournful song,
And the certainty of daylight is no more.

Why have you come, O breathless force?
Is it to cleanse Earth of man-made dust,
Wielding your broom on an impetuous course
Like a determined sweeper who will not rest?

And why do you howl, deep voice of the night?
Don't sigh for the past with heart-rending moans
Lest I cry in the cold and shiver in fright;
But tell of the future in strong sure tones.

PRISCILLA GRANT '58

Please

A pathway in my dreams
Down which I walk
Each night,
Has brought me many times
To your cold heart
Whereat I cannot seem to
Knock.

This path leads to my soul —
And I hate hurt.
Must I forever knock on empty doors
Behind which no love lies
To yield to my deep longing
Need?

JAN GALIPEAU '59

What a Question!

I was astonished. She had just asked me, "What's the Kentucky Derby?" I was honestly amazed. It had never occurred to me that everybody did not know about this internationally famous race. She stood there waiting for my reply while I cogitated a suitable answer.

I thought of Churchill Downs in the glorious May sunshine, as thousands of people anxiously await the bugle call which signals the start. The fastest three-year-olds in the world parade on the track, their jockeys arrayed in their stable colors: red, green, white, blue, and gold.

The spectators glance at the tote board to jot down the last odds. The favored horse passes the grandstands and the crowd can be heard roaring and cheering throughout the countryside. On the club-house porch the owners of the horses calmly sip mint juleps, but their anxious eyes follow each smooth, sleek beauty approaching the gate. The stable boys nervously clutch their hats and the trainers shield their eyes to get a better view. The stable dogs run alongside the horses. Above the confusion the loud-speaker blares.

A last look at the racing sheet.
A final check of the tote ticket.
The crowd is hushed.

Then, there in the brilliant Kentucky sunlight a bell is heard, and **THEY'RE OFF!**

Binoculars are raised; people jump on to chairs and boxes. The fury mounts as the three-year-olds fight it out for a mile and a quarter. Around the stretch: body to body, length by length, neck and neck. The fans go wild; the frantic onlookers scream as if to move the horses faster. Here they come — streaks of brown, chestnut, and bay; manes in the wind; hooves beating out the tremendous pulse of racing.

Then the glorious, glittering beauties, streaked with sweat, go sailing past the stands and, finally, the finishing line.

It's over! A new king is born.
Win, and show, and place.

The fortunate ones hurry to the ticket windows, while others shake their heads and turn to the bar for another bourbon and soda.

The winner's circle; the garland of roses; the flash of press cameras.

And the deserted turf begins to settle down only to tremble again under the next race, only to shake under the sport of sports. How can I describe this feeling?...

"The Derby? Oh — it's a horse race."

PHOEBE BECKNER ESTES '56

A Prayer

Dear God,
 our Father,
In this lovely world of Thine,
 with its sunny skies
 and its daily miracle
 of new and growing life,
 may I have eyes
 which see Thy presence
 in every living thing.
Open my ears
 not only to
 the sound of pleasant music
 and the cheerful songs of birds,
 but also to the cries
 of the unhappy
 and the overburdened,
 that I may help,
 in any way I can,
 to relieve their sufferings.
May my lips
 constantly echo Thy love,
And my smile
 be visible praise of Thy goodness.
Give me a compassionate heart
 which will accept and love others,
 as they are.
Let my mind know Thy peace,
 realizing Thy love,
 and sensing Thy will.
May all my senses
 be constantly aware of Thy existence,
 through the beauty of Thy creations.
Amen.

PENELOPE POST '57

Did God?

I've often wondered if, should I die now,
The world would end. Being myself,
I cannot comprehend how large a part
I play.

If by the will of fate my life should cease,
Might not the whole world do the same?

Because you are a multitude, you see,
I feel there is a difference. As I look out
Of these eyes that are mine, I often ask,
"Did God create a universe
For me?"

JAN GALIPEAU '59

On Solitude

I stand amongst two hundred people
Grouped. And through the trees
A steeple, looped in light of God
Stands out, alone, as I, upon a
Winter night.

And then, as though all barriers
Unbarred against me lay, I knew —
And in that knowledge, solitude
Was good.
How small a part am I of this great
Universe! And when I leave,
My passing will be known
To so few souls —

JAN GALIPEAU '59

What Is A Star?

SECOND PRIZE, PROSE, WRITING CONTEST

A white-coated man sat at a smooth, shiny desk, carefully writing his definition. " 'Star', " he said, " is the familiar designation for any heavenly body which looks like a point of light. However, as a scientific term it applies only to those enormous, incandescent bodies which maintain nearly the same relative positions in the sky. "

... Such is the astronomer's answer, and yet a different kind of star, miniature and flashing, comes into the eyes of people at especially happy moments...

* * *

Glasses clinked and chimed softly, blending with the muted murmur of voices absorbed in conversation. The terrace outside where she stood was lighted only by the glowing moon and the millions of stars above. But they merely reflected the stars in her own eyes as she turned to meet him.

* * *

A slow and measured " tick-tock, tick-tock, " came from the clock on the wall. Johnny paused in his restless, excited tossing and took another glance at the time. Five o'clock — he could not wait another motionless minute. Quietly he crawled out of bed and tiptoed down the stairs. The half-burned logs in the fireplace spread a dim light about the room, making the fragile balls on the tree gleam, revealing in a far corner the large metal shape of a bicycle, and lighting bright stars in Johnny's eyes as joy bubbled up from his heart.

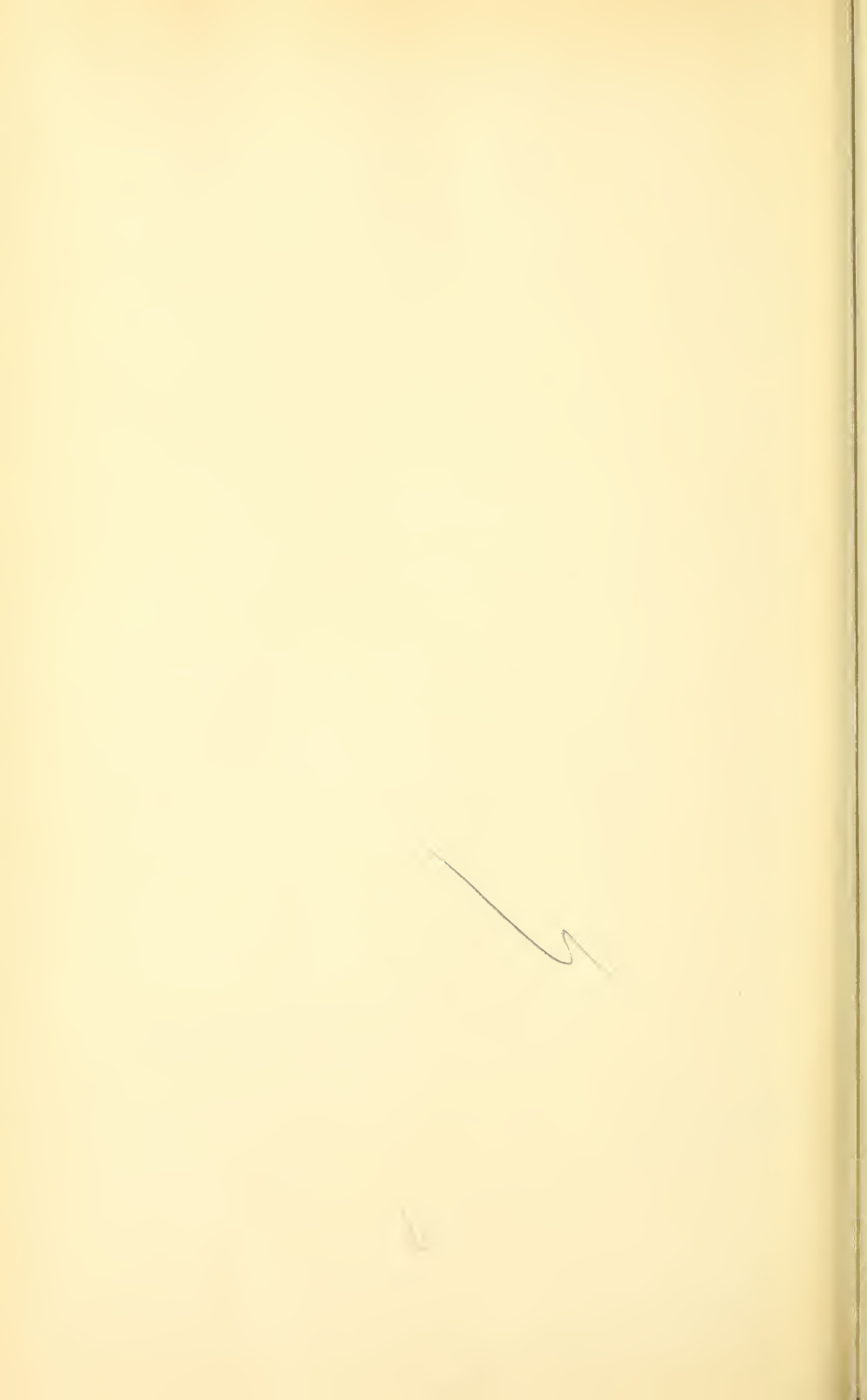
* * *

But are these the only kinds of stars? When I gaze up at them on a clear night, I wonder...

at the great Hand which placed those swirling, shining balls of fire in the orderly patterns they form,
if, anywhere, beings with an awareness like ours see our sun and wonder, too, if they are alone in the universe as they live and die on their planet,
and I try to conceive of the time and the space with neither end nor beginning, which those distant stars occupy.

... What is a star?

PENELOPE POST '57





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